

A SUPPLEMENT

TO

DODSLEY'S OLD PLAYS.

EDITED BY

THOMAS AMYOT, J. PAYNE COLLIER, W. DURRANT COOPER,
REV A. DYCE, BARRON FIELD, J. O. HALLIWELL,
AND THOMAS WRIGHT

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

FIRST SKETCH OF THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

FIRST SKETCHES OF SECOND AND THIRD PARTS OF
HENRY VI.

TRUE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD III.

PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY,

AND TO BE HAD OF

W. SKEFFINGTON, AGENT TO THE SOCIETY, 192, PICCADILLY.

1853.

LONDON :

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

THE OLD
TAMING OF A SHREW,
UPON WHICH SHAKESPEARE FOUNDED
HIS COMEDY,
REPRINTED FROM THE EDITION OF 1594,
AND COLLATED WITH THE SUBSEQUENT EDITIONS OF
1596 AND 1607.

EDITED BY
THOMAS AMYOT, ESQ.,
F.R.S., TREAS. S.A.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1844.

FREDERICK SHOBERL, JUNIOR,
PRINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

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INTRODUCTION.

Having undertaken, with the concurrence of the Council of the Shakespeare Society, to prepare for the press a reprint of the old Play of "The Taming of *a* Shrew," on which Shakespeare founded his lively and popular Comedy of "The Taming of *the* Shrew," my desire has been to give, with scrupulous accuracy, the texts of the three earliest editions, published in 1594, 1596, and 1607. As these are all of the greatest rarity, there being but one copy known to be preserved of the first and second, and only three copies of the last of these editions, it seems desirable that a concise notice of each should be given, adverting to the circumstances which placed them in my hands.

The unique copy of the first edition, with the date of 1594, is the property of the Duke of Devonshire, for whom it was purchased at the sale of Mr. Heber's library in 1834, at no less a price than £97. Great as was its pecuniary and intrinsic value, increased no doubt

by its extraordinarily fine condition, his Grace most obligingly permitted it to remain in my hands for an indefinite period, in order that it might be transcribed for the press, and collated with the proof-sheets. To this favour his Grace added a further obligation, in allowing a fac-simile of the original title-page to be made on stone, which has been performed with the greatest care and fidelity by Mr. Netherclift. The head and tail-pieces have also been faithfully copied from accurate tracings, and executed on wood.

For the use of the copy of the second edition, printed in 1596, also unique, a debt of obligation is justly due to Lord Francis Egerton, in whose rich dramatic library it had long been deposited. His lordship most liberally and kindly permitted it to be used for the purpose of collating its text with those of the editions of 1594 and 1607. For the loan of the edition of 1607, thanks must again be rendered to the Duke of Devonshire, who became possessed of it in one of the very numerous volumes of Old Plays collected by the late distinguished ornament of the stage, John Philip Kemble, the whole assemblage, with many subsequent and most important additions, being now in his Grace's library. It appears that Pope had seen the copy of the edition of 1594: before that of 1607 passed into the hands of Mr. Kemble, it was the property of George Steevens, who, in 1779, reprinted it in his collection of "Six Old Plays," on which Shakespeare had founded six. After Steevens's death the copy produced £20 at the sale of his library in 1800, it being then erroneously stated in the catalogue to be the *first* edition.

Of the use which Shakespeare, in his "Taming of *the Shrew*," made of this play, as well as of its "Induction," it is not necessary to advert at any length. The texts, both of the old plays and of the "Induction," are but faint outlines, which by his hands were embodied and enriched. To him, indeed, with reference to this and to many others of his plays, may be justly applied the praise which Johnson bestowed on Goldsmith, in his well-known epitaph, "*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*" Conjectures would now be hopeless as to the name of the author of the old play: all that is at present known on this subject will be found in Mr. Collier's Introduction to Shakespeare's Comedy, in his recent and valuable edition of the Works of Shakespeare.¹ The silence of Meres in 1598 seems conclusively to prove that "The Taming of *the Shrew*" was not then in existence. On the other hand, as Mr. Collier mentions, "The Taming of *a Shrew*" was spoken of by Sir John Harington, in 1596, and had been several times entered on the Registers of the Stationers' Company, the first entry bearing date on the 2nd of May, 1594, just prior to the appearance of the edition from which the following reprint has been made. There can hardly be a reasonable doubt of the disappearance of the old play from the stage, after Shakespeare's had been acted and printed. That the latter became a popular performance seems equally certain; yet, so far as the records of the stage are to be relied on, it had not been acted from the restoration of the stage in 1660, till the present year, 1844. So far, in-

¹ Shakespeare's Works, published by Whittaker and Co., vol. iii., page 103.

deed, as the plot relates to Katherine and Petruchio, the afterpiece bearing that title, adapted to the stage by Garrick, and placed on it by him at Drury Lane in 1754, served as an amusing substitute for Shakespeare's Comedy during ninety years, the two principal characters, male and female, being always coveted by popular and distinguished performers. An attempt was however made, in 1828, at Drury Lane Theatre, to restore the double plots to the stage in the form of an Opera, written by Reynolds: it was played but four nights; and it remained for the present lessee of the Haymarket Theatre to bring before the public, in March last, Shakespeare's Comedy with its genuine text. A very valuable member of the Council of the Shakespeare Society, Mr. Planché, was principally instrumental in this revival, in the form in which it was conceived to have been exhibited at the Globe or Blackfriars' Theatre in the lifetime of its author. The scene was not changed during the whole performance, and the characters in the "Induction," the Lord, his Page, and Christopher Sly, remained on the stage as audience. The play proved successful, and, being frequently repeated, was understood to have remunerated the lessee for his novel undertaking.

At the suggestion of my friend Mr. Collier, our Director, to whom, indeed, my obligations are due for some of the information I have already given, I now thank him for suggesting, as an Appendix, the republication of an old humorous poem, long considered to be connected with the principal plot of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," to which, in general points, it certainly has a strong resemblance. The quaint title it

bears is, "A Merry Jest of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morel's Skin." It is, indeed, already known to the readers of old English popular literature, from its having been reprinted in my friend Mr. Utterson's "Pieces of Early Poetry," its accomplished editor willingly assenting to this republication. As Mr. Collier has kindly prepared a separate Introduction to the Poem, and has also superintended the printing of the text, I am glad to leave it in his hands, hoping that its readers will make due allowances for the style and character of the period in which it was written.

T. A.

November, 1844.

Since the above Introduction was written, I have, through the kindness of Mr. Tomlins, the Secretary of the Shakespeare Society, received a communication addressed to him, which, with the writer's consent, will probably appear in the next volume of the Shakespeare Society's Papers, containing apparently the original story on which the Inductions of "The Taming of a Shrew" and of "The Taming of the Shrew" were founded. As the discovery has been made since the ensuing play was printed, and has not yet been reported to the Council of the Society, I do not feel myself warranted in anticipating the contents of the writer's communication.

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A
Pleasant Conceited
Historie, called The taming
of a Shrew.

As it was sundry times acted by the
Right honorable the Earle of
Pembroke his seruants,



Printed at London by Peter Short and
are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his
shop at the Royall Exchange.
1594.



A PLEASANT CONCEITED HISTORIE,

CALLED

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores *Slie Droonken*.

Tapster.

You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night.

Exit Tapster.

Slie. Tilly, vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instegation, *Omne bene*
Heere Ile lie awhile, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere.
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.

He fals asleepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drisling lookes,
Leapes from th' antarticke world vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darkesome night oreshades the christall heauens,

Here breake we off our hunting for to night ;
 Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
 And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
 For they haue all deseru'd it well to daie, .
 But soft, what sleepeie fellow is this lies heere ?
 Or is he dead, see one what he dooth lacke ?

Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken
 sleepe,

His head is too heaueie for his bodie,
 And he hath drunke so much that he can go no furdur.

Lord. Fie, how the slauish villaine stinkes of drinke.
 Ho, sirha arise. What so sound asleepe ?
 Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
 And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
 And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
 And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
 And put my richest garmentes on his backe,
 Then set him at the Table in a chaire :
 When that is doone against he shall awake,
 Let heauenlie musicke play about him still,
 Go two of you awaie and beare him hence,
 And then Ile tell you what I haue deuisde,
 But see in any case you wake him not.

Exeunt two with Slie.

Now take my cloake and gyue me one of yours,
 Al fellowes now, and see you take me so,
 For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
 To see his countnance when he dooth awake
 And finde him selfe clothed in such attire,
 With heauenlie musicke sounding in his eares,
 And such a banquet set before his eies,
 The fellow sure will thinke he is in heauen,
 But we will be¹ about him when he wakes,

¹ "bc" is omitted in editions 1596 and 1607.

And see you call him Lord, at euerie word,
 And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,
 And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
 And I will aske what sutes he meanes to weare,
 And what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh,
 But still perswade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Mes. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
 And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,
 Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
 Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
 For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the players with packs at their backs, and
 a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you ?

San. Marrie my lord you maie haue a Tragical
 Or a comoditie, or what you will.

The other. A Comedie thou shouldst say, souns thout shame
 vs all.

Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie ?

San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a shrew
 Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y^t are married men.

Lord. The taming of a shrew, thats excellent sure,
 Go see that you make you readie straight,
 For you must play before a lord to night,
 Say you are his men and I your fellow,
 Hees something foolish, but what so ere he saes,
 See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
 And sirha go you make you ready straight,
 And dresse your selfe like some louelie ladie,
 And when I call see that you come to me,
 For I will say to him thou art his wife, .

Dallie with him and hug him in thine armes,
 And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,
 Then faine some scuse and say thou wilt anon.
 Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.

Boy. Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough
 And make him thinke I loue him mightilie.

Ex. boy.

Lord. Now sirs go you and make you ready to,
 For you must play assoone as he dooth wake.

San. O braue, sirha Tom, we must play before
 A foolish Lord, come lets go make us ready,
 Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
 And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must
 Haue a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
 And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.

Lord. Very well : sirha see that they want nothing.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other
 with *Slie* asleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the
 musicke plaieng.

One. So : sirha now go call my Lord,
 And tel him that all things is¹ ready as he wild it.

Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
 And then Ile go fetch my Lord presentlie.

Exit.

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie ?

One. I² my Lord.

Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him straight,
 And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.

My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundlie : My Lord.

Slie. Tapster, gis a little small ale. Heigh ho.

¹ "are" in edition 1607.

² "Yea" in edition 1607.

Lord. Heers wine my lord, the purest of the grape.

Slie. For which Lord?

Lord. For your honour my Lord.

Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Jesus what fine apparell haue I got.

Lord. More richer farre your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will fetch them straight.

Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you¹ lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlie ouer the² *Persian* plaines.

Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the deere,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore.
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?

Lord. *Simon* and³ it please your honour.

Slie. *Simon*, thats as much to say *Simion* or *Simon*
Put foorth thy hand and fill the pot.
Give me thy hand, *Sim* am I a lord indeed?

Lord. I my gracious Lord, and your louelie ladie
Long time hath moorned for your absence heere,
And now with ioy behold where she dooth come
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Slie. Sim. Is this she?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Masse tis a prettie wench, whats her name?

Boy. Oh that my louelie Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,

¹ "your." Edition 1607.

² "the" is omitted in editions 1596 and 1607.

³ and "if" it please your honour. Editions 1596 and 1607.

To paint in words what ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.

Slie. Harke you mistrese, will you eat a peece of bread,
Come sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
For she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord. May it please you, your honors plaiers be come ;
To offer your honour a plaie.

Slie. A plaie *Sim*, O braue, be they my plaiers ?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie ?

Lord. Yes my lord.

Slie. When wil they plaie *Sim* ?

Lord. Euen when it please your honor, they be readie.

Boy. My lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy. I warrant you, my lord, I will not leaue you thus.

Exit boy.

Slie. Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers ? *Sim* stand by me and
weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

Lord. Ile cal them my lord. Hoe where are you there ?

Sound Trumpets.

Enter two yoong Gentlemen, and a man and a boie.

Pol. Welcome to *Athens* my beloued friend,
To *Platoes* schooles and *Aristotles* walkes,
Welcome from *Cestus* famous for the loue
Of good *Leander* and his Tragedie,
For whom the Helespont weepes brinish teares,
The greatest grieve is I cannot as I would
Give entertainment to my deerest friend.

Aurel. Thankes noble *Polidor* my second selfe,
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of *Cestus* thrise renowned seate,
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out,
Which since I haue so happilie attained,

My fortune now I doo account as great
As earst did *Cesar* when he conquered most,
But tell me noble friend where shal we lodge,
For I am vnacquainted in this place.

Pol. My Lord if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
My house, my selfe, and all is yours to vse,
You and your men shall staie and lodge with me.

Aurel. With all my hart, I will requite thy loue.

Enter *Simon*, *Alphonsus*, and his three daughters.

But staie ; what dames are these so bright of hew
Whose eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
More loulie farre then is the morning sunne,
When first she opes hir orientall gates.

Alfon. Daughters be gone, and hie you to y^e church,
And I will hie me downe vnto the key,
To see what Marchandise is come ashore.

Ex. Omnes.

Pol. Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
To see these damsels passe away so soone ?

Aurel. Trust me my friend, I must confesse to thee,
I tooke so much delight in these faire dames,
As I doo wish they had not gone so soone,
But if thou canst, resolute me what they be,
And what old man it was that went with them,
For I doo long to see them once againe.

Pol. I cannot blame your honor good my lord,
For they are both louely, wise, faire and yong,
And one of them the yoongest of the three
I long haue lou'd (sweet friend) and she lou'd me,
But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
How we might compasse our desired ioyes.

Aurel. Why, is not her father willing to the match ?

Pol. Yes trust me, but he hath solemnlie sworne,

His eldest daughter first shall be espowse,
 Before he grauntes his yoongest leaue to loue,
 And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,
 Must first prouide for her if he will speed,
 And he that hath her shall be fettred¹ so
 As good be wedded to the diuell him selfe,
 For such a skould as she did neuer liue,
 And till that she be sped none else can speed,
 Which makes me thinke that all my labours lost,
 And whosoere can get hir firme good will,
 A large dowrie he shall be sure to haue,
 For her father is a man of mightie wealth,
 And an ancient Cittizen of the towne,
 And that was he that went along with them.

Aurel. But he shall keepe hir still by my aduise,
 And yet I needs must loue his second daughter
 The image of honor and Nobilitie,
 In whose sweet person is comprisde the somme
 Of natures skill and heauenlie maiestie.

Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine
 Then if you like to follow on your loue,
 We must deuise a meanes and find² some one
 That wil attempt to wed this deuilish skould,
 And I doo know the man. Come hither boy,
 Go your waies sirha to *Ferandoes* house,
 Desire him³ take the paines to come to me,
 For I must speake with him immediatlie.

Boy. I will sir, and fetch him presentlie.

Pol. A man I thinke will fit hir humor right,
 As blunt in speech as she is sharpe of⁴ toong,

¹ "fretted." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "means to find." Editions 1596 and 1607.

³ "to take" Editions 1596 and 1607

⁴ "sharpe in tongue." Editions 1596 and 1607.

And he I thinke will match hir euerie waie,
 And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,
 And for his person, worth as good as she,
 And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
 Then may we freeleie visite both our loues.

Aurel. O might I see the center¹ of my soule
 Whose sacred beautie hath enchanted me,
 More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*
 For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,
 That came with thousand shippes to *Tenedos*,
 But when we come vnto hir fathers house,
 Tell him I am a Marchants sonne of *Cestus*,
 That comes for traffike vnto *Athens* heere,
 And heere sirha I will change with you for once.
 And now be thou the Duke of *Cestus* sonne,
 Reuell and spend as if thou wert myselfe,
 For I will court my² loue in this disguise.

Val. My lord, how if the Duke your father should
 By some meanes come to *Athens* for to see
 How you doo profit in these publike schooles,
 And find me clothed thus in your attire,
 How would he take it then thinke you my lord?

Aurel. Tush feare not *Valeria* let me alone,
 But staie, heere comes some other companie.

Enter *Ferando* and his man *Saunders* with a blew coat.

Pol. Here comes the man that I did tel you of.

Feran. Good morrow gentlemen to all at once.
 How now *Polidor*, what man still in loue?
 Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed,
 God send me better luck when I shall woo.

San. I warrant you maister & you take my councell.

¹ "censer." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "thy." Edition 1607.

Feran. Why sirha, are you so cunning?

San. Who I, twere better for you by fiue marke
And you could tel how to doo it as well as I.

Pol. I would thy maister once were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could woe a wench.

Feran. Faith I am euen now a going

San. Ifaith sir, my maisters going to this geere now

Pol. Whither in faith *Ferando*, tell me true.

Feran. To bonie Kate, the patientst wench aliue
The diuel himselfe dares scarce venter to woo her,
Signior *Alfonso's* eldest daughter,
And he hath promiske me six thousand crownes
If I can win her once to be my wife,
And she and I must woo with skoulding sure,
And I will hold hir toot till she be wearie,
Or else Ile make her yeeld to graunt me loue.

Pol. How like you this *Aurelius*, I thinke he knew
Our mindes before we sent to him,
But tell me, when doo you meane to speake with her?

Feran. Faith presentlie, doo you but stand aside
And I will make her father bring hir hither,
And she, and I, and he, will talke alone.

Pol. With al our heartes,¹ Come *Aurelius*
Let vs be gone and leaue him heere alone.

Exit.

Feran. Ho Signiour *Alfonso*, whose within there?

Alfon. Signiour *Ferando* your welcome hartilie,
You are a stranger sir vnto my house
Harke you sir, looke what I did promise you
Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.

Feran. Then when I haue talkt a word or two with hir,
Doo you step in and giue her hand to me
And tell her when the marriage daie shal be
For I doo know she would be married faine,

¹ "my heart." Edition 1607.

And when our nuptiall rites be once performde
Let me alone to tame hir well enough,
Now call hir foorth that I may speake with hir.

Enter *Kate*.

Alfon. Ha *Kate*, Come hither wench & list to me,
Vse this gentleman friendlie as thou canst.

Feran. 'Twentie good morrowes to my louely *Kate*

Kate. You iest I am sure, is she yours alreadie?

Feran. I tell thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well

Kate. The deuill you doo, who told you so?

Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.

Kate. Was euer seene so grose an asse as this?

Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.

Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I wil set my ten commandments in your face.

Feran. I prethe doo *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better for I would haue thee so.

Kate. Let go my hand for feare it reech your eare.

Feran. No *Kate*, this hand is mine and I thy loue.

Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcock wants his taile.

Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.

Alfon. How now, *Ferando*, what saies¹ my daughter?

Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.

Kate. 'Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

Alfon. Come hither *Kate* and let me giue thy hand
To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,
And thou tomorrow shalt be wed to him.

Kate. Why father what do you meane to do with me,
To giue me thus vnto this brainsick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?

She turnes aside and speakes.

¹ *saies* is omitted in edition 1607.

But yet I will consent and marrie him,
 For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,
 And match him to, or else his manhoods good.

Alfon. Giue me thy hand *Ferando* loues thee wel
 And will with wealth and ease maintaine thy state,
 Here *Ferando* take her for thy wife,
 And Sunday next shall be your¹ wedding day.

Feran. Why so, did I not tell thee I should be the man
 Father, I leaue my louelie *Kate* with you,
 Prouide your selues against our mariage daie ;
 For I must hie me to my countrie house
 In hast to see prouision may be made,
 To entertaine my *Kate* when she dooth come.

Alfon. Doo so, come *Kate* why doost thou looke
 So sad, be merrie wench thy wedding daies at hand.
 Sonne fare you well, and see you keepe your promise.

Exit Alfonso and Kate.

Feran. So, all thus farre goes well. Ho *Saunder*.

Enter *Saunder* laughing.

San. *Sander* I faith your a beast I crië God hartilie
 Mercie, my harts readie to run out of my bellie with
 Laughing. I stood behind the doore all this while,
 And heard what you said to hir.

Feran. Why didst² thou think that I did not speake wel
 to hir.

San. You spoke like an asse to her, Ile tel you what,
 And I had been there to haue woode hir, and had this
 Cloke on³ that you haue, chud haue had her before she
 Had gone a foot further, and you talke of Wood cocks with
 her, and I cannot tell you what.

¹ "our wedding day." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "doost." Edition 1607.

³ "on" omitted in edition 1607.

Feran. Wel sirha & yet thou seest I haue got her for all this.

San. I marry twas more by hap then any good cunning
I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the parish
shortly.

Feran. Wel sirha leaue your iesting and go to *Polidors*
house,

The yong gentleman that was here with me,
And tell him the circunstance of all thou knowst,
Tell him on Sunday next we must be inarried,
And if he aske thee whither I am gone,
Tell him into the countrie to my house,
And vpon sundaie Ile be heere againe. *Ex. Ferando.*

San. I warrant you Maister feare not me
For dooing of my businesse.
Now hang him that has not a liuerie cote
To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest
On them. Why looke you now Ile scarce put vp
Plaine *Saunder* now at any of their handes, for and any
Bodie haue any thing to doo with my maister, straight
They come crouching vpon me, I beseech you good M.
Saunder speake a good word for me, and then am I¹ so
Stout and takes it vpon me, & stands vpon my panto filles
To them out of all crie, why I haue a life like a giant
Now, but that my maister hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now a² late, and I haue a prettie wench
To my sister, and I had thought to have preferd my
Maister to her, and that would haue beene a good
Deale in my waie but that hees sped alreadie.

Enter *Polidors* boie.

Boy. Friend, well met.

¹ "*I am.*" Edition 1607.

² "*of late.*" Editions 1596 and 1607.

San. Souns, friend wel met, I hold my life he sees
Not my maisters luerie coat,
Plaine friend hop of my thum kno you who we are.

Boy. Trust me sir, it is the vse where I was borne,
To salute men after this manner, yet notwithstanding
If you be angrie with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more sorie for it, hoping the stile
Of a foole will make you amends for all.

San. The slaue is sorie for his fault, now we cannot be
Angrie, wel whats the matter that you would do with vs.

Boy. Marry sir, I heare you pertain to signior *Ferando*.

San. I and thou beest not blind thou maiest see, *Ecce
signum*, heere.

Boy. Shall I intreat you to doo me a message to your
Maister?

San. I it may be & you tel vs from whence you com.

Boy. Marrie sir I serue young *Polidor* your maisters
friend.

San. Do you serue him and whats your name?

Boy. My name sirha, I tell thee sirha is cald Catapie.

San. Cake and pie, O my teeth waters to have a peece of
thee.

Boy. Why slave wouldst thou eate me?

San. Eate thee, who would not eate Cake and pie?

Boy. Why villaine my name is Catapie,
Bvt wilt thou tell me where thy maister is.

San. Nay thou must first tell me where thy maister is,
For I haue good newes for him, I can tell thee.

Boy. Why see where he comes.

Enter *Polidor*, *Aurelius*, and *Valeria*.

Pol. Come sweet *Aurelius* my faithfull friend
Now will we go to see those loulie dames
Richer in beawtie then the orient pearle
Whiter then is the Alpine Christall mould,

And farre more loulie then the terean plant,
That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.
What *Sander*, what newes with you ?

San. Marry sir, my maister sends you word
That you must come to his wedding to morrow.

Pol. What shall he be married then ?

San. Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as
you doo.

Pol. Whither is thy maister gone now ?

San. Marrie hees gone to our house in the Countrie,
To make all thinges in a readinesse against my new
Mistresse comes thither, but heele come againe to morrow.

Pol. This is suddainlie dispatcht belike,
Well sirha boy, take *Saunder* in with you
And haue him to the buttrie presentlie.

Boy. I will sir : come *Saunder*.

Exit Saunder and the Boy.

Aurel. *Valeria* as erste we did deuise,
Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonso's* house,
And say that *Polidor* sent thee thither.

Pol. I *Valeria* for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know will fit his turne so well
As thou shalt get great fauour at his handes,
Begon *Valeria* and say I sent thee to him.

Vale. I will sir, and stay your comming at *Alfonso's* house.

Exit Valeria.

Pol. Now sweete *Aurelius* by this deuise
Shall we haue leisure for to courte our loues
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,
Hir sisters may take time to steele abroad,
For otherwise shele keep them both within,
And make them worke whilst she hirselfe doth play,
But come lets go vnto *Alfonso's* house,

And see how *Valeria* and *Kate* agree,
 I doute his Musick skarse will please his skoller,
 But stay here comes *Alfonso*.

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfonso. What M. *Polidor* you are well mett,
 I thanke you for the man you sent to me,
 A good Musition I thinke he is,
 I haue set my daughter and him togither,
 But is this gentellman a frend of youres?

Pol. He is. I praie you sir bid him welcome,
 He's a wealthe Marchants sonne of *Cestus*.

Alfon. Your welcom sir and if my house aforde
 You any thing that may content your mind,
 I pray you sir make bold with me.

Aurel. I thanke you sir, and if what I haue got,
 By marchandise or trauell on the seas,
 Sattens or lawnes or azure colloured silke,
 Or pretious frie pointed stones of Indie,
 You shall command both them myselfe and all.

Alfon. Thanks gentle sir, *Polidor* take him in,
 And bid him welcome to¹ vnto my house,
 For thou I thinke must be my second sonne.

Ferando. *Polidor* doost thou not know
 Must marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.

Pol. Such newes I heard, and *I* came now to know.

Alfon. *Polidor* tis true, goc let me alone,
 For I must see against the bridegroome come,
 That all thinges be according to his mind,
 And so Ile leaue you for an houre or two.

Exit.

Pol. Come then *Aurelius* come in with me,

¹ "to" omitted in editions 1607; "too" was, probably, the word meant in the first and second editions, completing the measure, and improving the meaning of *Alfonso's* Instruction to *Polydor*.

And weelee go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them foorth to take the aire.

Exit.

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. Sim, when will the foole come againe?

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.

Lord. So I doo my Lord.

Slie. Here *Sim*, I drinke to thee.

Lord. My Lord heere comes the plaiers againe,

Slie. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter *Valeria* with a lute, and *Kate* with him.

Val. The sencelesse trees by musick haue been moou'd
And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,
Haue sauage beastes hung downe theer listning heads,
As though they had beene cast into a trance,
Then it may be that she¹ whom nought can please,
With musickes sound in time may be surprisde,
Come louelye mistresse will you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last?

Kate. It is no matter whether I doo or no,
For trust me I take no great delight in it.

Val. I would sweet mistresse that it laie in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.

Kate. In you with a pestlence, are you so kind?
Then make a night cap of your fiddles case,
To warme your head, and hide your filthie face.

Val. If that sweet mistresse were your harts content,
You should command a greater thing then that,
Although it were ten times to my disgrace.

¹ "to whom." Edition 1607.

Kate. Your so kind twere pittie you should be hang'd,
And yet methinkes the foole dooth looke asquint.

Val. Why mistresse doo you mocke me ?

Kate. No but I meane to moue thee.

Val. Well, will you plaie a little ?

Kate. I¹ giue me the lute.

She plaies.

Val. That stop was false, play it againe.

Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.

Val. What, doo you bid me kisse your arse ?

Kate. How now iacksause, your a iollie mate,
Your best be still least I crosse your pate,
And make your musicke flie about your eares,
Ile make it and your foolish² coxcombe meet.

She offers to strike him with the lute.

Val. Hold mistresse, souns will you breake my lute ?

Kate. I³ on thy head, and if thou speake to me,
There take it vp and fiddle some where else.

She throwes it downe.

And see you come no more into this place,

Least that I clap your fiddle on your face.

Ex Kate.

Val. Souns, teach hir to play vpon⁴ the lute ?
The deuill shall teach her first, I am glad shees gone,
For I was neare so fraid in all my life,
But that my lute should flie about mine cares,
My maister shall teach her his selfe⁵ for me,
For Ile keepe me far enough without hir reach,
For he and *Polydor* sent me before.
To be with her and teach her on the lute,
Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen,
And heere methinkes they come together.

¹ "Yea." Edition 1607.

² "foolish," omitted in edition 1607.

³ "Yea." Edition 1607.

⁴ "on the lute." Edition 1607.

⁵ "himselfe." Edition 1607.

Enter *Aurelius*, *Polidor*, *Emelia*, and *Philena*.

Pol. How now *Valeria*, whears your mistresse?

Val. At the vengeance I thinke and no where else.

Aurel. Why *Valeria*, will she not learne apace?

Val. Yes ber lady she has learnt too much already,
And that I had felt had I not spoke hir faire
But she shall neare be learnt for me againe.

Aurel. Well *Valeria* go to my chamber,
And beare him companie that came to daie
From *Cestus*, where our aged father dwels.

Ex. Valeria.

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* my louelie loue,
Brighter then the burnisht pallace of the sunne,
The eie sight of the glorious firmament,
In whose bright lookes sparkles the radiant fire,
Wilie *Prometheus* slilie stole from *Joue*,
Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,
To euerie obiect striken by thine eies.

Oh faire *Emelia* I pine for thee,
And either must enioy thy loue, or die.

Eme. Fie man, I know you will not die for loue.
Ah *Polidor* thou needst not to complaine,
Eternall heauen sooner be dissolude,
And all that pearseth Phebus siluer eie,
Before such hap befall to *Polidor*.

Pol. Thanks faire *Emelia* for these sweet words,
But what saith *Phylena* to hir friend?

Phyle. Why I am buying marchandise of him.

Aurel. Mistresse you shall not need to buie of me,
For when I crost the bubling Canibey,
And sailde along the Cristall Helispont,
I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
Where I did cause Millions of labouring Moores
To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,

And diue into the sea to gather pearle,
As faire as *Iuno* offered *Priams* sonne,
And you shall take your liberall choice of all.

Phyle. I thanke you sir and would *Phylena* might
In any curtesie requite you so,
As she with willing hart could well bestow.

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfon. How now daughters, is *Ferando* come?

Eme. Not yet father. I wonder he staies so long.

Alfon. And wheres your sister that she is not heere?

Phyle. She is making of hir readie father
To goe to church and if that he were come.

Pol. I warrant you heele not be long awaie.

Alfon. Go daughters get you in, and bid your
Sister prouide her selfe against that we doo come,
And see you goe to church along with vs.

Exit Philena and Emelia.

I maruell that *Ferando* comes not away.

Pol. His Tailor it may be hath bin too slacke,
In his apparrell which he meanes to weare,
For no question but some fantasticke sutes
He is determined to weare to day,
And richly powdered with pretious stones
Spotted with liquid gold, thick set with pearle,
And such he meanes shall be his wedding sutes.

Alfon. I carde not I what cost he did bestow,
In gold or silke, so he himselfe were heere,
For I had rather lose a thousand crownes,
Then that he should deceiue vs heere to daie,
But soft I thinke I see him come.

Enter *Ferando* baselie attired, and a red cap on his head.

Feran. Godmorow father, *Polidor* well met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.

Alfon. I¹ marrie son, we were almost perswaded,
That we should scarse haue had our bridegroome heere,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

Feran. Thus richlie father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am² married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out
Sheele pul my costlie sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired awhile,
For manie thinges I tell you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we shall liue like lammes and Lions sure,
Nor Lammes to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lions pawes
As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.

Pol. Fie *Ferando* not thus atired for shame
Come to my Chamber and there sute thy selfe,
Of twentie sutes that I did neuer were.

Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many sutes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so
As any in Athens and as richlie wrought
As was the Massie Robe that late adorn'd,
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.

Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.

Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at all.

Enter *Kate*.

But soft se where my *Kate* doth come,
I must salute hir: how fares my louely *Kate*?
What art thou readie? shall we go to church?

¹ "yca." Edition 1607.

² "are." Edition 1607.

Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tirde,
To marrie such a filthie slauish groome
That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus haue come to vs.

Feran. Tush *Kate* these words addes greater loue in me
And makes me thinke thee fairrer then before,
Sweete *Kate* the¹ louelier then Dianas purple robe,
Whiter then are the snowie Apenis,
Or icie haire that groes on Boreas chin.
Father I sweare by Ibis golden beake,
More faire and Radiente is my bonie *Kate*,
Then siluer Zanthus when he doth imbracc,
The ruddie Simies at Idas feete,
And care not thou swete *Kate* how Ibe clad,
Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median silke,
Enchast with pretious Iewells fecht from far,
By Italian Marchants that with Russian stemes,
Plous vp huge forrowes in the *Terren Maine*,
And better farre my louely *Kate* shall weare,
Then come sweet loue and let vs to the church,
For this I sweare shall be my wedding sute *Exeunt Omnes.*

Alfon. Come gentlemen go along with vs,
For thus doo what we can he will be wed. *Exit.*

Enter *Polidors* boy and *Sander*.

Boy. Come hither sirha boy.

San. Boy, oh disgrace to my person, souns boy
Of your face, you haue many boies with such
Pickadeuantes I am sure, souns would you
Not haue a bloudie nose for this?

Boy. Come, come, I did but iest, where is that
Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keepe.

San. The pie? I you haue more minde of your bellie
Then to go see what your maister dooes.

¹ "*thou*." Editions 1596 and 1607.

Boy. Tush tis no matter man I prethe giue it me,
I am verie hungry I promise thee.

San. Why you may take it and the deuill burst
You with it, one cannot saue a bit after supper,
But you are alwaies readie to munch it vp.

Boy. Why come man, we shall haue good cheere
Anon at the bridehouse, for your maisters gone to
Church to be married already, and thears
Such cheere as passeth.

San. O braue, I would I had eate no meat this week
For I haue neuer a corner left in my bellie
To put a venson pastie in, I thinke I shall burst my selfe
With eating, for Ile so cramme me downe the tarts
And the marchpaines, out of all crie.

Boy. I, but how wilt thou doo now thy maisters
Married, thy mistresse is such a deuill as sheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, sheele beat thee so.

San. Let my maister alone with hir for that, for
Heele make hir tame wel inough ere long I warent thee
For he's such a churle waxen now of late that and he be
Neuer so little angry he thums me out of all crie,
But in my minde sirra the yongest is a verie
Prettie wench, and if I thought thy maister would
Not haue hir Ide haue a flinge at hir
My selfe Ile see soone whether twill be a match
Or no : and it will not Ile set the matter
Hard for myselfe I warrant thee.

Boy. Sounes you slaue will you be a Riual with
My maister in his loue, speake but such
Another worde and Ile cut off one of thy legges.

San. Oh, cruell iudgment, nay then sirra
My tongue shall talke no more to you, marry my
Timber shall tell the trustie message of his maister
Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious
Villaine, therefore prepare thyselfe.

Boy. Come hither thou Imperfecksious slaue in
 Regard of thy beggery, holde thee theres
 Two shillings for thee? to pay for the
 Healing of thy left legge which I meane
 Furiously to inuade or to maime at the least.

San. O supernodicall foule? well Ile take your two shillings
 but Ile barre striking at legges.

Boy. Not I, for Ile strike any where.

San. Here here¹ take your two shillings again
 Ile see thee hangd ere Ile fight with thee,
 I gat a broken shin the other day,
 Tis not, whole yet and therefore Ile not fight
 Come come why should we fall out?

Boy. Well sirray your faire words hath somethineg
 Alaied my Coller: I am content for this once
 To put it vp and be frends with thee,
 But soft see where they come all from church,
 Belike they be Married allredy.

*Enter Ferando and Kate and Alfonso and Polidor and Amelia
 and Aurelius and Philema.*

Feran. Father farwell, my *Kate* and I must home,
 Sirra go make ready my horse presentlie.

Alfon. Your horse? What son I hope you doo but rest
 I am sure you will not go so suddainly.

Kate. Let him go or tarry I am resolu'de to stay,
 And not to trauell on my wedding day.

Feran. Tut *Kate* I tell thee we must needes go home,
 Villaine hast thou saddled my horse?

San. Which horse, your curtall?

Feran. Sounes you slaue stand you prating here?
 Saddell the bay gelding for your Mistris.

Kate. Not for me: for Ile² not go.

¹ "*Here*" is not repeated in editions 1596 and 1607

² "I will." Edition 1607

San. The ostler will not let me haue him you owe tenpence
For his meate and 6 pence for stuffing my Mistris saddle.

Feran. Here villaine go pay him straight.

San. Shall I giue them another pecke of lauender.

Feran. Out slaue and bring them presently to the dore.

Alfon. Why son I hope at least youle dine with vs.

San. I pray you maister lets stay till dinner be don.

Feran. Sounes villaine art thou here yet? *Ex Sander.*

Come *Kate* our dinner is prouided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine
Ile haue my will in this as well as you,
Though you in madding mood would leaue your frends
Despite of you Ile tarry with them still.

Feran. I *Kate* so thou shalt but at some other time,
When as thy sisters here shall be espoused,
Then thou and I will keepe our wedding day,
In better sort then now we can prouide,
For here I promise thee before them all,
We will ere long returne to them againe,
Come *Kate* stand not on termes we will awaie,
'This is my day, tomorrow thou shalt rule,
And I will doo what euer thou commandes.
Gentlemen farwell, wele take our leues,
It will be late before that we come home.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Pol. Farwell *Ferando* since you will be gone.

Alfon. So mad a cupple did I neuer see.

Emel. They're euen as well macht as I would wish.

Phile. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame her.
For when he has don she will do what she list.

Aurel. Her manhood then is good I do beleeeve.

Pol. *Aurelius* or else I misse my marke
Her tounge will walke if she doth hold her handes,
I am in dout ere halfe a month be past
Hele curse the priest that married him so soone.

And yet it may be she will be reclaimde,
For she is verie patient grone of late.

Alfon. God hold it that it may continue still
I would be loth that they should disagree
But he I hope will holde her in a while.

Pol. Within this¹ two daies I will ride to him,
And see how louingly they do agree.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this,
What haue you sent to *Cestus* as you said,
To certifie your father of your loue
For I would gladlie he would like of it,
And if he be the man you tell to me,
I gesse he is a Marchant of great wealth.

And I haue seene him oft at *Athens* here,
And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

Pol. And so to me whilst *Polidor* doth liue.

Aurel. I find it so right worthie gentlemen,
And of what² worth your frendship I esteme,
I leue censure of your seuerall thoughts,
But for requitall of your fauours past,
Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues
I vow shalbe remembred to the full,
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.

Alfon. Inough *Aurelius*? but we forget
Our Marriage dinner now the bride is gon,
Come let vs see what there they left behind. *Exit Omnes.*

Enter Sanders with two or three seruing men.

San. Come sirs prouide all thinges as fast as you can,
For my Masters hard at hand and my new Mistris
And all, and he sent me before to see all thinges redy.

Tom. Welcome home Sander sirra how lookes our
New Mistris they say she's a plagie shrew.

¹ "these." Edition 1607

² "that." Edition 1607.

San. I¹ and that thou shalt find I can tell thee and² thou
Dost not please her well, why my Maister
Has such a doo with hir as it passeth and he's euen
Like a madman.

Will. Why Sander what dos³ he say.

San. Why Ile tell you what : when they should
Go to church to be married he puts on an olde
Jerkin and a paire of canuas breeches downe to the
Small of his legge and a red cap on his head and he
Lookes as thou wilt⁴ burst thy selfe with laughing
When thou seest him : he's ene as good as a
Foole for me : and then when they should go to dinner
He made me saddle the horse and away he came.

And nere tarried for dinner : and therefore you had best
Get supper redde against they come, for
They be hard at hand I am sure by this time.

Tom. Sounes see where they be all redde.

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate* : where's these villains
Here, what ? not supper yet vpon the borde :
Nor table spread nor nothing don at all,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.

San. Now, *ad sum*, sir.

Feran. Come hether you villaine Ile cut your nose,
You Rogue : helpe me of with my bootes : wilt please
You to lay the cloth ? sounes the villaine
Hurts my foote ? pull easely I say ; yet againe.

He beates them all.

They couer the bord and fetch in the meate.

Sounes ? burnt and skorcht who drest this meate ?

¹ "Yea." Edition 1607.

² "and if." Edition 1607.

³ "doth." Edition 1607.

⁴ "wouldst." Edition 1607.

Will. Forsouth Iohn cooke.

He throwes downe the table and meate and all, and beates them.¹

Feran. Go you villaines bringe you² me such meate,
Out of my sight I say and beare it hence,
Come *Kate* wele haue other meate prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?

San. I forsooth.

Exit³ Ferando and Kate.

Manent seruing men and eate vp all the meate.

Tom. Sounes? I thinke of my conscience my Masters
Mad since he was married.

Will. I laft what a boxe he gaue *Sunder*
For pulling of his bootes.

Enter Ferando againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

Feran. Did you so you damned villaine.

He beates them all out againe.

This humor must I holde me to awhile,
To bridle and holde backe my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger : ease : and want of sleepe,
Nor sleepe nor meate shall she inioie to night,
Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make her gentlie come vnto the lure,
Were she as stuborne or as full of strength
As were⁴ the *Thracian* horse *Alcides* tamde,
That King *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pull her downe and make her come
As hungry hawkes do flie vnto there lure.

Exit.

¹ "them *all*" in edition 1607.

² "you," omitted in edition 1607.

³ "Exeunt." Edition 1607.

⁴ "*was*." Edition 1607.

Enter *Aurelius* and *Valeria*.

Aurel. *Valeria* attend : I haue a louely loue,
As bright as is the heauen cristalline,
As faire as is the milkewhite way of Ioue,
As chast as *Phæbe* in her sonimer sportes,
As softe and tender as the asure downe,
That circles *Cithereas* siluer doues.
Her do I meane to make my louely bride,
And in her bed to breath the sweete content,
That I thou knowst long time haue aimed at,
Now *Valeria* it rests in thee to helpe
To compasse this, that I might gaine my loue,
Which easilie thou maist performe at will,
If that the marchant which thou toldst me of,
Will as he sayd go to *Alfonso's* house,
And say he is my fater, and there with all
Pas ouer certain deedes of land to me,
That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire,
And he is promised reward of me.

Val. Feare not my Lord Ile fetch him straight to you,
For hele do any thing that you command,
But tell me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then ?

Aurel. He is : and *Polidor* shortly shall be wed,
And he meanes to tame his wife erelong.

Val. He saies so.

Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.

Vale. The taming schoole ; why is there such a place ?

Aurel. I : and *Ferando* is the Maister of the schoole.

Val. Thats rare : but what *decorum* dos¹ he vse ?

Aurel. Faith I know not : but by som odde deuise
Or other, but come *Valeria* I long to see the man,
By whome we must comprise our plotted drift,
That I may tell him what we haue to doo.

Val. Then come my Lord and I will bring you to him straight.

¹ "doth." Edition 1607.

Aurel. Agreed, then lets go.

Exeunt.

Enter Sander and his Mistres.

San. Come Mistris.

Kate. *Sander* I prethe helpe me to some meate,
I am so faint that I can scarsely stande.

San. I marry mistris but you know my maister
Has giuen me a charge that you must eate nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy Maister needs never know it.

San. You say true indede: why looke you Mistris,
What say you to a peece of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meate, canst thou helpe me
to some?

San. I, I could helpe you to some but that
I doubt the mustard is too colerick for you,
But what say you to a sheepes head and garlick?

Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.

San. I but the garlike I doubt will make your breath
stincke,
and then my maister will course me for letting
You eate it: But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate. Thats meate for a King sweet *Sander* helpe
Me to some of it.

San. Nay ber lady then tis too deere for vs, we must
Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawsinesse.

She beates him.

San. Sounes are you so light fingerd with a murrin,
Ile keepe you fasting for it this¹ two daies.

Kate. I tell thee villaine Ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it and thou prates² to me thus.

San. Here comes my Maister now hele course you.

¹ "these" Edition 1607

² "prate" Edition 1607

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vppon his daggers¹ point,
and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. Se here Kate I haue prouided meate for thee
Here take it what ist not worthie thankses,
Goe sirra? take it awaie againe you shal be
Thankefull for the next you haue.

Kate. Why I thanke you for it.

Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin go sirray and take it
hence I say.

San. Yes sir Ile Carrie it hence : Maister let her
Haue none for she can fight as hungrie as she is.

Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for Ile eate
Some with her my selfe.

Feran. Well sirra set it downe againe.

Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it hence,
And keepe it for your owne diete for Ile none,
Ile nere be beholding to you for your Meate,
I tell thee flatlie here vnto the thy teethe
Thou shalt not keepe me nor feede me as thou list,
For I will home againe vnto my fathers house ;

Feran. I, when you'r meeke and gentell but not
Before, I know your stomack is not yet come downe,
Therefore no maruell thou canste not eate,
And I will goe vnto your fathers house ;
Come *Polidor* let vs goe in againe,
And *Kate* come in with vs I know ere longe
That thou and I shall louingly agree.

Ex Omnes.

Enter Aurelius Valeria and Phylotus the Marchant.

Aurel. Now Senior *Phylotus* we will go
Vnto *Alfonso's* house, and be sure you say
As I did tell you concerning the man

¹ "dagger." Edition 1607.

That dwells in¹ *Cestus*, whose son I said I was
 For you doo very much resemble him,
 And feare not : you may be bold to speake your mind,

Phylo. I warrant you sir take you no care,
 Ile vse my selfe so cunning in the cause,
 As you shall soon inioie your harts delight.

Aurel. Thankes sweet *Phylotus*, then stay you here,
 And I will go and fetch him hither straight.
 Ho, Senior *Alfonso* a word with you.

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfon. Whose there ? What *Aurelius* whats the
 matter

That you stand so like a stranger at the doore ?

Aurel. My father sir is newly come to towne,
 And I haue brought him here to speake with you,
 Concerning those² matters that I tolde you of,
 And he can certifie you of the truth.

Alfon. Is this your father ? You are welcome sir.

Phylo. Thankes *Alfonso*, for thats your name I gesse
 I understand my son hath set his mind
 And bent his liking to your daughters loue,
 And for because he is my only son,
 And I would gladly that he should doo well,
 I tell you sir I not mislike his choise,
 If you agree to giue him your consent,
 He shall haue liuing to maintaine his state,³
 Three hundred poundes a yeare I will assure
 To him and to his heyres, and if they do ioynе,
 And knit themselues in holy wedlock bande,
 A thousand massie ingots of pure gold,
 And twise as many bares of siluer plate,

¹ "at." Edition 1607.

² "these." Edition 1607.

³ "estate." Edition 1607.

I freely giue him and in writing straight,
I will confirme what I have said in wordes.

Alfon. Trust me I must commend your liberall mind,
And louing care you beare vnto your son,
And here I giue him freely my consent,
As for my daughter I thinke he knowes her mind,
And I will inlarge her dowrie for your sake.
And solemnise with ioie your nuptiall rites,
But is this gentleman of *Cestus* too ?

Aurel. He is the *Duke of Cestus* thrise renowned son,
Who for the loue his honour beares to me
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

Alfon. You weare to blame you told me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
Your honour had bin here in place with me
I would haue donne my dutie to your honour.

Val. Thankes good *Alfonso* : but I did come to see
When as¹ these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptialls you vouchsafe
To honour thus the prince of *Cestus* frend,
In celebration of his spousall rites
He shall remaine a lasting friend to you,
What saies *Aurelius* father.

Philo. I humbly thanke your honour good my Lord,
And ere we parte before your honor here
Shall articles of such content be drawne,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternallie this league of peace shall last,
Inuiolat and pure on either part :

Alfon. With all my heart, and if your honour please,
To walke along with vs unto my house,
We will confirme these leagues of lasting loue.

Val. Come then *Aurelius* I will go with you. *Ex Omnes.*

¹ "as" is omitted in Edition 1607.

Enter *Ferando and Kate and Sander.*

San. Master the haberdasher has brought my
Mistresse home hir cappe here.

Feran. Come hither sirra : what haue you there ?

Habar. A veluet cappe sir and it please you.

Feran. Who spoake for it ? didst thou *Kate* ?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirra, giue me
The cap, Ile see if it will fit me.

She sets it one hir head.

Feran. O monstrous, why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate* : here sirra take it hence
This cappe is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good inough : belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.

Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee
To haue thee put on such a curtald cappe,
Sirra begon with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my Mistris gowne.

Feran. Let me see it *Taylor* : what with cuts and iaggess.
Sounes you' villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.

Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man gaue me direction.
You may reade the note here.

Feran. Come hither sirra *Taylor* reade the note.

Taylor. Item. a faire round compast cape.

San. I thats true.

Taylor. And a large truncke sleeue.

San. Thats a lie maister. I sayd two truncke sleeues.

Feran. Well sir goe forward.

Taylor. Item a loose bodied gowne.

San. Maister if euer I sayd loose bodies gowne,

Sew me in a seame and beate me to death,
With¹ bottome of browne thred.

Taylor. I made it as the note bad me.

San. I say the note lies in his throute and thou too
And thou sayst it.

Taylor. Nay nay nere be so hot sirra, for I feare you not.

San. Doost thou heare *Taylor*, thou hast braued
Many men : braue not me.
Thou'st faste many men.

Taylor. Well sir.

San. Face not me Ile neither be faste nor braued.
At thy handes I can tell thee.

Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well enough,
Heres more a do then needs Ile haue it, I
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shall haue nothing by your will.

Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your maisters vse.

San. Souns villaine not for thy life touch it not,
Souns take vp my mistris gowne to his
Maisters vse?

Feran. Well sir whats your conceit of it.

San. I haue a deeper conceite in it then you thinke for, take
vp my mistris gowne
To his maisters vse?

Feran. *Taylor* come hether ; for this time take it
Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

Taylor. I thanke you sir.

Exit Taylor.

Feran. Come *Kate* we now will go see thy fathers house
Euen in these honest meane abilliments,
Our purses shall be rich our garments plaine,
To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more

¹ with a bottome. Editions 1596 and 1607.

Thy sisters *Kate* to morrow must be wed,
 And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
 The morning is well vp lets hast away,
 It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.

Kate. Nine a clock, why tis allreadie past two
 In the after noone by all the clocks in the towne.

Feran. I say tis but nine a clock in the morning.

Kate. I say tis two a clock in the after noone.

Feran. It shall be nine then ere we¹ go to your fathers,
 Come backe againe we will not go to day.
 Nothing but crossing of² me still,
 Ile haue you say as I doo ere you³ go. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter *Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philema.*

Pol. Faire *Emelia* sommers sun bright⁴ Queene,
 Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
 Where *Phæbus* in his bright equator sits,
 Creating gold and pressious minneralls
 What would *Emelia* doo? if I were forst
 To leaue faire *Athens* and to range the world.

Eme. Should thou assay to scale the seate of Ioue,
 Mounting the suttile ayrie regions
 Or be snacht vp as erste was *Ganimed*
 Loue should giue winges vnto my swift desires
 And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
 Or fall and perish as did *Icarus*.

Aurel. Sweetly resolved faire *Emelia*,
 But would *Philema* say as much to me
 If I should aske a question now of thee
 What if the Duke of *Cestus* only son
 Which came with me vnto your fathers house,

¹ "you." Edition 1607.

² "of" omitted. Edition 1607.

³ "I." Edition 1607

⁴ "bright sun" in editions 1596 and 1607.

Should seeke to get *Phylemas* loue from me,
And make thee Duches of that statly towne
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his loue?

Phyle. Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Ioue* himselfe,
Will *Phylema* leaue *Aurelius* loue,
Could he install me *Empres* of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidres of the heauens
Yet would I not exchange thy¹ loue for his,
Thy company is poore *Philemas* heauen,
And without thee heauen were hell to me.

Eme. And should my loue as erste did *Hercules*
Attempt to passe² the burning valtes of hell,
I would with piteous lookes and pleasing wordes
As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,
And rauishing sound of his melodious harpe,
Intreate grim *Pluto* and of him obtaine,
That thou mightest go and safe retourne againe.

Phyle. And should my loue as earst *Leander* did,
Attempt to swimme the boyling helispont
For *Heros* loue: no towers of brasse should hold
But I would follow thee through those raging flouds
With lockes disheuered and my brest all bare
With bended knees vpon *Abidas* shoore,
I would with smokie sighes and brinish teares,
Importune *Neptune* and the watry Gods
To send a guard of silver scaled *Dolphyns*
With sounding *Tritons* to be our conuoy,
And to transport vs safe vnto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy louely necke,
Redoubling kisse on kisse vpon thy cheekes,
And with our pastime still the swelling waues.

Eme. Should *Polidor* as great³ *Achilles* did,

¹ "my." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "to passe" omitted in edition 1607.

³ "great" omitted. Edition 1607.

Onely imploy himselfe to follow armes,
 Like to the warlike *Amazonian* Queene
Penthesilea Hectors paramore,
 Who foyld the bloudie *Pirrhus* murderous greeke,
 Ile thrust myselfe amongst the thickest throngs,
 And with my utmost force assist my loue.

Phyle. Let *Eole* storme : be mild and quiet thou,
 Let *Neptune* swell, be *Aurelius* calme and pleased,
 I care not I, betide what may betide,
 Let fates and fortune doo the worst they can
 I recke them not : they not discord with me,
 Whilst that my loue and I do well agree.

Aurel. Sweet *Phylema* bewties mynerall,
 From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
 And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies
 And now my liefest loue the time drawes nie,
 That *Himen* mounted in his saffron robe,
 Must with his torches waight vpon thy traine,
 As *Hellens* brothers on the horned Moone,
 Now *Iuno* to thy number shall I adde,
 The fairest bride that euer Marchant had.

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* the preeste is gon,
 And at the church your father and the reste
 Do stay to see our marriage rites performde,
 And knit in sight of heauen this *Gordian* knot,
 That teeth of fretting time may nere untwist,
 Then come faire loue and gratulate with me
 This daies content and sweet solemnity.

Ex. Omnes.

Slie. *Sim* must they be married now ?

Lord. I my Lord.

Enter *Ferando* and *Kate* and *Sander*.

Slie. Looke *Sim* the foole is come again now.

Feran. Sirra go fetch our horssees forth and bring
 Them to the backe gate presentlie.

San. I will sir I warrant you.

Exit Sander.

Feran. Come *Kate* the Moone shines cleare to night
Methinkes.

Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiued
It is the sun.

Feran. Yet againe come backe againe it shall be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why Ile say as you say it is the moone.

Feran. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomack is come downe,
I know it well thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast donne before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not named the moone,
We had gon back againe as sure as death,
But soft whose this thats comming here.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus alone.*

Duke. Thus all alone from *Cestus* am I come,
And left my princelie courte and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes
But stay, heres some it may be Trauells thether,
Good sir can you direct me the way to *Athens*?

Ferando speakes to the olde man.

Faire louely maide yoong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautifull,
Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amithests* or glistering *Hiasinthe*,
More amiable farre then is the plain
Where glistring *Cepherus* in siluer boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweete *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.

Kate. Faire louely lady brighte and Christalline,

Bewteous and stately as the eie traind bird,
 As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
 Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
 And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
 Wrap¹ vp thy radiations in some cloud,
 Least that thy bewty make this stately towne
 Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*
 With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd,
 That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
 But they are mad sure, and therefore Ile begon,
 And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
 And vnto *Athens* hast to seeke my son. *Exit Duke.*

Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
 And kindly too, why thus must we two liue,
 One minde, one heart and one content for both,
 This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
 And glad he is² I am sure, that he is gonne,
 But come sweet *Kate* for we will after him,
 And now perswade him to his shape againe. *Ex Omnes.*

*Enter Alfonso and Philotus and Valeria Polidor, Emelia,
 Aurelius and Phylema.*

Alfon. Come louely sonnes your marriage rites performed,
 Lets hie vs home to see what cheere we haue,
 I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
 Comes³ not to see this great solemnitie.

Pol. No maruell if *Ferando* be away,
 His wife I think hath troubled so his wits,
 That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
 For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe sayes,
 Hath brought him to his night cappe long agoe.

¹ "wrapt." Editions 1596 and 1607. ² "is he." Edition 1607.

³ "come." Editions 1596 and 1607.

Philo. But *Polidor* let my son and you take heede,
 That *Ferando* say not ere long as much to you,
 And now *Alfonso* more to shew my loue,
 If vnto *Cestus* you do send your ships,
 Myselfe will fraught them with *Arabian* silkes,
 Rich affrick spices *Arras* counter poines¹
 Muske *Cassia* : sweet smelling *Ambergreece*,
 Pearle, curroll,² christall, iett and iuorie,
 To gratulate the fauors of my son,
 And friendly loue that you haue shone to him.

Vale. And for to honour him, and this³ faire bride.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus*.

Ile yerly send you from my⁴ fathers courte,
 Chests of refind suger seuerally,
 Ten tunne of tunis wine, sucket sweet druges,
 To celebrate and solemnise this day
 And custome free your marchants shall conuerse⁵
 And interchange the profits of your land,
 Sending you gold for brasse, siluer for leade,
 Casses of silke for packes of woll and cloth,
 To binde this friendship and confirme this league.

Duke. I am glad sir that you would be so franke,
 Are you become the *Duke of Cestus* son,
 And reuels with my treasure in the towne,
 Base villaine that thus dishonorest me.

Val. Sounes it is the *Duke* what shall I doo
 Dishonour thee why, knowst thou what thou saist ?

Duke. Her's no villaine : he will not know me now.
 But what say you ? have you forgot me too ?

Phylo. Why sir are you acquainted with my son ?

¹ "*pointes*." Edition 1607.

² "*curtol*." Edition 1607.

³ "*his*." Edition 1607.

⁴ "*your*." Edition 1607.

⁵ "*commerce*." Edition 1607.

Duke. With thy son? No trust me if he be thine,
I pray you sir who am I?

Aurel. Pardon me father: humblie on my knees,
I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.

Duke. Peace villaine: lay handes on them,
And send them to prison straight.

Phylotus and Valeria runnes away.

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. I say wele haue no sending to prison.

Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.

Slie. I tell thee *Sim* wele haue no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vary*?
Therefore I say they shall not go to prison.

Lord. No more they shall not my Lord,
They be run away.

Slie. Are they run away *Sim*? thats well,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here my Lord.

Slie drinckes and then falls asleepe.

Duke. Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,
To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,
I sweare by fayre *Cintheas* burning rayes
By *Merops* head and by seaauen mouthed *Nile*
Had I but knowne ere thou hadst wedded her,
Were in thy brest the worlds immortall soule,
This angrie sword should rip thy hatefull chest,
And hewd thee smaller then the *Libian* sandes,
Turne hence thy face oh cruell impious boy,
Alfonso I did not thinke you would presume
To mach your daughter with my princely house
And nere make me acquainted with the cause:

Alfon. My Lord by heauens I sweare vnto your grace
I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,
Had bin the *Duke* of *Cestus* noble son,
Nor did my daughter I dare sweare for her.

Duke. That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whome I did send¹ guide vnto my son
Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish feendes,
To rack his heart and teare his impious soule.
The ceaselesse turning of celestiaall orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in fitting aire,
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest.

Aurel. Then let my death sweet father end your grieffe
For I it is that thus haue wrought your woes,
Then be reuengd on me for here I sweare,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut of *Hydraes* hed
To make the toplesse *Alpes* a champion² field
To kill vntained monsters with my sword,
To trauell dayly in the hottest sun
And watch in winter when the nightes be colde,
I would with gladnesse vndertake them all
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my returne,
Would but forget and pardon my offence.

Phile. Let me intreat your grace vpon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd gainst him.

Pol. And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace
To purge your stomack of this Melancholy,
Taynt not your princely minde with grieffe my Lord
But pardon and forgiue these louers faults,
That kneeling craue your gracious fauor here.

Emel. Great prince of *Cestus*, let a womans wordes
Intreat a pardon in your lordly brest,
Both for your princely son, and vs my Lord.

¹ "for guide." Editions 1596 and 1607.

² "champaine." Edition 1607.

Duke. Aurelius stand vp I pardon thee,
 I see that vertue will haue enemies,
 And fortune will be thwarting honour still,
 And you faire virgin too I am content,
 To accept you for my daughter since tis don,
 And see you princely vsde in *Cestus* court.

Phyle. Thankes good my Lord and I no longer liue
 Then I obey and honour you in all.

Alfon. Let me giue thankes vnto your royall grace.
 For this great honor don to me and mine,
 And if your grace will walke vnto my house
 I will in humblest maner I can, show
 The eternall seruice I doo owe your grace.

Duke. Thanks good *Alfonso*, but I came alone,
 And not as did besceme the *Cestian Duke*,
 Nor would I haue it knowne within the towne.
 That I was here and thus without my traine,
 But as I came alone so will I go,
 And leaue my son to solemnise his feast,
 And ere't belong Ile come againe to you,
 And do him honour as bescemes the son
 Of mightie *Ierobell* the *Cestian Duke*,
 Till when Ile leaue you, Farwell *Aurelius*.

Aurel. Not yet my Lord, Ile bring you to your ship.

Ereunt Omnes.

Shee sleepes.

Lord. Whose within there? come hither sirs my Lords
 Asleepe againe : go take him easily vp,
 And put him in his one¹ apparel againe,
 And lay him in the place where we did find him,
 Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below,
 But see you wake him not in any case.

Boy. It shall be don my Lord come helpe to beare him
 hence,

Exit.

¹ "own." Editions 1596 and 1607

Enter *Ferando, Aurelius and Polidor and his boy and Valeria and Sander.*

Feran. Come gentlemen now that suppers donne
How shall we spend the time till we go to bed ?

Aurel. Faith if you will in triall of our wiues,
Who will come sownest at their husband's call.

Pol. Nay then *Ferando* he must needes sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife will come before she list.

Feran. Tis well for you that haue such gentle wiues
Yet in this triall will I not sit out,
It may be *Kate* will come as soone as yours.¹

Aurel. My wife comes soonest for a hundred pound.

Pol. I take it. Ile lay as much to yourcs,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

Aurel. How now *Ferando* you dare not lay belike.

Feran. Why true I dare not lay indeede ;
But how so little mony on so sure a thing,
A hundred pound : why I haue layd as much
Vpon my dogge, in running at a Deere,
She shall not come so farre for such a trifle,
But will you lay five hundred markes with me,
And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,
And shewes her selfe most louing vnto him,
Let him inioye the wager I haue laid,
Now what say you ? dare you aduenture thus ?

Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume
On my wiues loue : and I will lay with thee.

Enter *Alfonso.*

Alfon. How now sons what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know whereabouts.

¹ "as soone as I do send." Edition 1607.

Aurel. Faith father a waighty cause about our wiues
 Fiue hundred markes already we haue layd,
 And he whose wife doth shew most loue to him,
 He must inioie the wager to himselfe.

Alfon. Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose,¹
 I promise thee son thy wife will hardly come,
 And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much.

Feran. Tush father were it ten times more,
 I durst aduenture on my louely *Kate*,
 But if I lose Ile pay, and so shall you.

Aurel. Vpon mine honour if I loose Ile pay.

Pol. And so will I vpon my faith I vow.

Feran. Then sit we downe and let vs send for them.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid thou wilt lose.

Aurel. Ile send for my wife first, *Valeria*
 Go bid your Mistris come to me.

Val. I will my Lord.

Exit Valeria.

Aurel. Now for my hundred pound.
 Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
 I know I should obtaine it by her loue.

Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.

Aurel. Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you haue,
 For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

Enter *Valeria* againe.

Now sirra what saies your mistris ?

Val. She is something busie but shele come anon.

Feran. Why so, did I not tell you this before,
 She is² busie and cannot come.

Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an answere.
 She may be busie yet she sayes shele come.

Feran. Well well : *Polidor* send you for your wife.

¹ "lose it." Edition 1607.

² "was busie." Edition 1607.

Pol. Agreed : *Boy* desire your mistris to come hither.

Boy. I will sir.

Ex Boy.

Feran. I so so he desiers her to come.

Alfon. *Polidor* I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife will not deny to come,
And I do maruell much *Aurelius*,
That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the *Boy* againe.

Pol. Now wheres your Mistris ?

Boy. She bad me tell you that she will not come
And you haue any businesse you must come to her.

Feran. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing starre, or snow at midsommer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She will not come : but he must come to her.

Pol. Well sir I pray you lets here what
Answer your wife will make.

Feran. Sirra command your Mistris to come
To me presentlie.

Exit Sander.

Aurel. I thinke my wife for all she did not come,
Will proue most kinde for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure *Ferandos* wife she will not come.

Feran. The mores the pittie : then I must lose.

Enter *Kate* and *Sander*.

But I haue won for see where *Kate* doth come.

Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me ?

Feran. I did my loue I sent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, whats that vpon thy head.

Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.

Feran. Pull it of and treade it vnder thy feete,
Tis foolish I will not haue thee weare it.

She takes of her cap and treads on it.

Pol. Oh wounderfull metamorphosis.

Aurel. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.

Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,
And yet Ile trie her further you shall see,
Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.

Kate. They be sitting in the bridall chamber.

Feran. Fetch them hither and if they will not come,
Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

Kate. I will.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne
Thy wife would nere haue donne so much for thee.

Feran. But you shall see she will do more then this
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her, and
makes them come vnto their husbands call.

Kate. See husband I haue brought them both.

Feran. Tis well don *Kate*.

Eme. I sure and like a louing peece your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.

Phyle. I for making a foole of her selfe and vs.

Aurel. Beshrew thee *Phylema*, thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night,
For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.

Pol. But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.

Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?

Feran. Now louely *Kate* before there husbands here,
I prethe tell vnto these hedstrong women
What dutie wiues doo owe vnto their husbands.

Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pompered¹ wills
Now list to me and marke what I shall say
The'ternall power that with his only breath,
Shall cause this end and this beginning frame,

¹ "pampered." Editions 1596 and 1607.

Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
 For all the course of yeares, of ages, moneths,
 Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
 Are tund and stopt, by measure of his hand,
 The first world was a forme without a forme,
 A heape confusd a mixture all deformd,
 A gulfes of gulfes, a body bodiles,
 Where all the elements were orderles,
 Before the great commander of the world
 The King of Kings the glorious God of heauen,
 Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke
 And made all things to stand in perfit course,
 Then to his image he did make a man.
 Olde *Adam* and from his side asleepe,
 A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make,
 The woe of man so termd by *Adam* then,
 Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
 And for her sin was *Adam* doomd to die,
 As *Sara* to her husband so should we
 Obey them, loue them, keepe, and nourish them
 If they by any meanes doo want our helpes,
 Laying our handes vnder theirow feete to tread,
 If that by that we, might procure there ease,
 And for a president Ile first begin
 And lay my hand vnder my husbands feete.

She laies her hand vnder her husbands feete.

Feran. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
 And they I am sure cannot denie the same.

Alfon. I *Ferando* the wager thou hast won,
 And for to shew thee how I am pleasd in this,
 A hundred poundes I freely giue thee more,
 Another dowry for another daughter,
 For she is not the same she was before.

Feran. Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight
 For *Kate* and I will leaue you for to night,

Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are sped.
And so farwell for we will to our beds.

Exit Ferando and Kate and Sander.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?

Aurel. Beleeue me father I reioice to see

Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.

*Exit Aurelius and Phylema and Alfonso
and Valeria.*

Eme. How now *Polidor* in a dump, what sayst thou man?

Pol. I say thou art a shrew.

Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

Pol. Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.¹

Exit² Polidor and Emelia.

Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
Owne apparrell againe and leaues him
Where they found, him, and then goes out.
Then enter the *Tapster*.

Tapster. Now that the darkesome night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in chrystall sky,
Now must I hast abroad: but soft whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here allnight,
He wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuf with ale,
What how³ *Slie*, Awake for shame.

Slie. *Sim* gis some more wine, whats⁴ all the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?

Tapster. A lord with a murrin: come art thou drunken
still?

¹ In edition 1607 the whole line is thus:—

“ Well since tis done come lets goe.”

² “*Exeunt.*” Edition 1607.

³ “now.” Editions 1596 and 1607.

⁴ “what.” Edition 1607.

Slie. Whose this? *Tapster*, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou
Hardest in all thy life.

Tapster. I¹ marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife will course you for dreaming here tonight

Slie. Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it all this night till now,
And thou hast wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but Ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And² if she anger me.

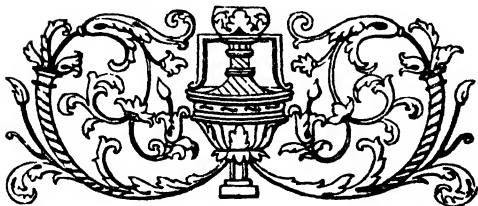
Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

Exeunt Omnes.

¹ "yea." Edition 1607.

² "and" is omitted in edition 1607.

FINIS.



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A MERRY JEST
OF A
SHREWD AND CURST WIFE
LAPPED IN
MOREL'S SKIN,
FOR HER GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

•

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The following humorous tale in verse has no especial relation in its incidents to Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," and consequently none to the older comedy reprinted on the preceding pages; but it is of a similar character, and has always been mentioned in connection with both: it is therefore appended, in order that the ancient materials existing in the time of our great dramatist, and most likely well known to him, may be at one view before the reader. Regarding the merit of "The Wife lapped in Morels Skin," as a piece of popular poetry, there can be no dispute. The author of it is unknown: at the end, we read "Finis, quoth Mayster Charme her," but that is evidently an assumed name.

The poem was included by Mr. Utterson, in 1817, in his two excellent and amusing volumes; but our edition has been made from a fresh collation (for which we are indebted to Mr. Halliwell) with the original copy (wanting one leaf) in the Bodleian Library, so that it differs in no other respect than that we have not adopted the black-letter type. When Mr. Utterson republished it, he apprehended that the entry in the Stationers' Registers, in 1594, referred to it; for, in 1817, the copies of the old "Taming of a Shrew," of 1594 and 1596, had not been discovered. It is to the first of these, unquestionably, that the memorandum in the Stationers' Registers relates.

It was long supposed that only two copies of "The Wife lapped in Morels Skin" were known; but this now appears to be a mistake, although it is certainly a production of great rarity. It came from the press of Hugh Jackson, without date, but about 1550 or 1560, under the following title:—

"Here begynneth a merry Ieste of a shrewde and curste Wyfe, lapped in Morrelles Skin, for her good behauyour. — Imprinted at London in Fleetestrete, bencath the Conduite, at the signe of Saint Iohn Euangelist, by H. Jackson."

The only differences in the colophon are, that the word "Saint" is represented by the capital initial, and that the printer's Christian name is given at length. The popularity of the poem is not to be doubted; and in Langham's celebrated "Letter from Kenilworth," 1575, "the wife lapt in Morels skin" is enumerated as one of the stories which Captain Cox had "at hiz fingers endz."—See Collier's "Bridgewater Catalogue," p. 163.

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THE
WIFE LAPPED IN MORELS SKIN.

Lysten, friendes, and holde you still,
Abide a while and dwell :
A mery Iest tell you I will,
And how that it befell.
As I went walking vpon a day,
Among my friendes to sporte :
To an house I tooke the way,
To rest me for my comforte.

A greate feast was kepte there than,
And many one was thereat :
With wyues and maydens, and many a good man,
That made good game and chat,
It befell then at that tyde
An honest man was there :
A cursed Dame sate by his syde,
That often did him dere.

His wife she was, I tell you playne,
This dame, yo may me trowe :
To play the maister she would not layne
And make her husband bowe.
At euery word that she did speake,
To be peace he was full fayne,
Or else she would take him on the cheeke,
Or put him to other payne.

When she did winke, he durste not stere,
Nor play where euer he wente,
With friend or neighbour to make good chere,
Whan she her browes bente.
These folke had two maydens fayre and free,
Which were their daughters dere :
This is true, beleeue you me,
Of condicions was none their pere.

The yongest was meeke, and gentle ywys,
Her Fathers condicion she had :
The eldest her mothers withouten misse,
Sometime franticke, and sometime mad.
The father had his pleasure in the one alway,
And glad he was her to behold :
The mother in the other, this is no nay,
For in all her curstnesse she made her bolde.

And at the last she was in fay,
As curste as her mother in word and deede,
Her mischieuous pageauntes sometime to play,
Which caused her fathers heart to bleede :
For he was woe and nothing glad,
And of her would fayne be rid :
He wished to God that some man her had,
But yet to maryage he durst her not bid.

Full many there came the yongest to haue,
But her father was loth her to forgoe :
None there came the eldest to craue,
For feare it should turne them to woe.
The Father was loth any man to beguile,
For he was true and iust withall,
Yet there came one within a while,
That her demaunded in the Hall.

Another there came right soone also,
The yongest to haue he would be fayne,
Which made the fathers heart full woe,
That he and the yongest should parte in twayue.
But the mother was fell, and might her not see,
Wherefore of her she would haue bene rid :
The yong man full soone she graunted pardy,
Greate Golde and syluer with her she bid.

Saying, full soone he would her haue,
And wedded they were, shorte tale to make :
The Father sayd, so God me saue,
For heauinesse and sorrowe I tremble and quake.
Also his hearte was in greate care,
How he should bestowe the eldest y wys,
Which should make his purse full bare :
Of her he would be rid by heauens blisse.

As hap was that this yong man should
Desyre the eldest withouten fayle :
To maryage, he sayd, full fayne he would,
That he might her haue for his auayle.
The father sayd with wordes anon,
Golde and syluer I would thee giue :
If thou her marry, by sweete Saynt John,
But thou shouldest repent it all thy liue.

She is conditioned, I tell thee playne,
Moste like a Fiend, this is no nay :
Her Mother doth teach her, withouten layne,
To be mayster of her husband another day.
If thou shouldest her marry, and with her not gree,
Her mother thou shouldest haue alway in thy top :
By night and day that shouldest vex thee,
Which sore would sticke then in thy crop.

And I could not amend it, by God of might,
For I dare not speake my selfe for my life :
Sometime among, be it wrong or right,
I let her haue all for feare of strife.
If I ought say she doth me treate,
Except I let her haue her will,
As a childe that should be beate
She will me charme : the Deuill her kill.

Another thing thou must vnderstande,
Her mother's good will thou must haue also :
If she be thy friend, by sea or by lande
Amisse with thee then can it not go.
For she doth her loue with all her minde,
And would not see her fare amisse :
If thou to her darelinc could be kinde,
Thou couldest not want, by heauens blisse.

If thou to the mother now wilt seeke,
Behaue thy selfe then like a man :
And shew thy selfe both humble and meeke,
But when thou haste her, doe what thou can.
Thou wotest what I sayd to thee before,
I counsayle thee marke my wordes well :
It weare greate pittie, thou werte forlore,
With such a deuillishe Fende of hell.

I care not for that, the yong man sayd :
If I can get the mothers good will,
I would be glad to haue that mayde,
Me thinketh she is withouten euell.
Alas ! good man, I am sorry for thee,
That thou wilt cast thy selfe away,
Thou art so gentle and so free :
Thou shalt neuer tame her, I dare well say.

But I haue done, I will say no more,
Therefore farewell, and goe thy way :
Remember what I sayd to thee before,
And beware of repentaunce another day.

*How the yong man departed from the Father, and sought
to the Mother for to haue the mayde to mariage.*

Now is the yong man come to the dame,
With countenaunce glad, and manners demure :
Saying to her, God keepe you from blame,
With your dere daughter so fayre and pure.
She welcommeth agayne the fayre yong man,
And bid him come neare, gentle friende :
Full curteously he thanked the good dame than,
And thought her wordes full good and kinde.

Then he began, I shall you tell,
Unto the mother thus to say,
With wordes fayre that become him well,
For her deare daughter thus to pray :
Saying, good dame, now by your leaue,
Take it for none euell though I come here,
If you to me good leaue would giue,
With you right fayne would I make good chere.

The dame sayd : syt downe, a while abyde,
Good chere anon than will we make :
My daughter shall sit downe by thy syde,
I know well thou comest onely for her sake.
You say full true forsooth, sayd he,
My minde is stedfastly on her set :
To haue that mayde fayre and free,
I would be fayne, if I coulde her get.

The mother thanked him for his good will,
That he her daughter so did desyre :
Saying, I hope you come for none euell,
But in good honesty her to requyre.
For if ye did, I will be playne,
Right soone it shoulde turne you vnto grieffe,
And also your comming I would disdayne,
And bid you walke with a wyld mischiefe.

But surely I take you for none of those,
Your condiscions shew it in no wise :
Wherefore me thinke you doe not glose,
Nor I will not counsell you by mine aduise.
For I loue my Daughter as my harte,
And loth I were, I will be playne,
To see her suffer payne and smarte,
For if I did my harte were slayne.

If that thou shouldest another day
My daughter haue, and her good will,
Order her then vnto her pay
As reason requireth, it is good skill.
In women sometime great wisdom is,
And in men full little it is often scene,
But she is wise withouten mis,
From a yong child vp she hath so beene.

Therefore to her thou must audience giue
For thine owne profite, when she doth speake,
And than shalt thou in quiet liue,
And much strife thus shalte thou breake.
Howe sayest thou, yong man, what is thy minde
Wouldest thou her haue, my doughter dere ?
Than to her thou must be kinde.
And alway ready to make her good chere.

For an C. li. of money haue thou shalte,
Of Syluer and eke of Golde so round,
With an C. quarters of Corne and malte,
And xl. acres of good ground :
If thou wilt liue with her like a man,
Thou shalt her haue, and this will I giue,
And euer after while I can,
Be thy good Mother as long as I liue.

And I will speake to my daughter for thee,
To know if it be her will also :
If she be content, my daughter free,
Then together may ye go.
The mother demaunded her daughter than,
If that she could fynde in her minde,
With all her harte to loue that yong man,
So that he to her would be kinde?

She sayd, yea, mother, as you wyll,
So will I doe in worde and deede :
I trust he commeth for none yll,
Therefore the better may we speede.
But I would haue one that hath some good,
As well as I, good reason is :
Me thinke he is a lusty blood,
But gooddes there must be withouten misse.

The yong man was glad these wordes to here,
And thanked the mother of her good will,
Beholding the Mayden with right mild cheare,
And prayed her hartely to be still :
Saying to her then in this wise,
Mine heart, my loue, my dearling deare,
Take no displeasure of my enterprise,
That I desyre to be your peare.

I am not riche of Gold nor fee,
Nor of greate marchandise, ye shall vnderstand,
But a good Crafte I haue, pardee,
To get our liuing in any land :
And in my heart I can well fynde,
You for to loue aboue all other,
For euermore to you to be kynde,
And neuer forsake you for none other

Lyke a woman I will you vse,
And doe you honour, as ye should doe me :
And for your sake all other refuse,
As good reason is it should so be.
By my trouth, but well you say,
And me thinke by your countenaunce ywis,
That ye should not another day,
For no cause deale with me amis.

And in you I hope pleasure to take,
If ye woulde be gentle as ye should,
And neuer none other for your sake,
To marry for a M. pound of gold.
But sometime ye must me a little forbear,
For I am hasty, but it is soone done :
In my fume I doe nothing feare,
Whatsoever thereof to me become.

And I cannot refrayne me in no wise,
For I haue it by nature a parte y wis.
It was wont to be my mothers guise,
Sometime to be mayster withouten misse :
And so must I, by God, now and than,
Or else I would thinke it should not be well,
For though ye were neuer so good a man,
Sometime among I will beare the bell.

And therefore tell me with wordes playne,
If ye can be pacient what time it is,
To suffer me with a little payne,
Though that you thinke I doe amisse?
Or else say nay, and make a shorte ende,
And soone we shall asonder departe :
Then at your liberty you may hence wend,
Yet I doe loue you with all my harte.

The yong man was glad of her loue, in fay,
But loth he was master her for to make,
And bethought him what her father before did saye,
When he on wooing his iorney did take :
And so consented to all her will,
When he aduised him what he should doe.
He sayd, ye may me saue or spill,
For ye haue my loue, sweete heart, and no moe.

The mother, hearing this, for the father sente,
Shewing to him what was befall :
Wherewith he was right well content,
Of all their promises in generall.
Upon this greement they departed then,
To prepare all thinges for the feast :
Glad was the bride and her spouse then,
That they were come to this beheast.

*Howe the Bryde was maryed with her Father and Mothers
good wyll.*

The day approched, the time drue neare,
That they should be wedded withouten misse :
The Bryde was glad and made good cheare,
For she thought to make greate ioye and blisse,

As that day to tryumphe with games and sporte,
Among her friendes a rule to beare :
And eake with his friendes that thether should resorte,
Thinking that no body might be her peare.

The bridegrome was glad also, in fay,
As man might be vpon the molde,
And to himselfe thus gan he say,
Now shall I receyue an heape of golde,
Of poundes many one, and much goods besyde,
To reioyce my sorrowes, and also my smarte :
I know not her peare in this country so wyde,
But yet I feare alway her proude harto.

She is so syb to the mother, withouten fayle,
Which hath no peare that I know :
In all mischief she dare assayle,
The boldest Archer that shooteth in a bow.
But no force, I care not, I wote what I thinke,
When we be wed and keepe house alone
For a small storme I may not shrinke,
To run to my neighbour to make my mone.

Soone to the church now were they brought,
With all their friends them about,
There to be maryed as they ought,
And after them followed a full great rout,
With them to offer, as custome is,
Among good neighboures it is alway seene :
Full richly deckte, withouten mis,
And she thought her selfe most likest a Queene.

Incontinent when the Masse was done,
Homeward forsooth they tooke the way :
There followeth after them right soone,
Many a tall man and woman full gay.

The fathers and mothers next of all,
Unto the Bridgrome and Bryde also :
As to them then it did befall,
With them that tyde so for to go.

*How the Bryde and her friendes came from the Church, and
were of the Brydegroome at their feast honestly serued.*

When they came home the bordes were spread,
The Bride was set at the hysse dysse :
Euery one sayd, she had well sped
Of such a fayre husband as serued her mysse.
The friendes sate about her on euery syde,
Each in their order, a good syght to see,
The Bryde in the midst, with much pryde,
Full richely besene she was pardye.

The mother was right glad of this sight,
And fast she did her daughter behold,
Thinking it was a pleasaunt wight,
But alway her Fathers heart was cold :
When he remembred what might befall
Of this yong Daughter, that was so bold,
He could nothing be merry at all,
But moued the yong man full many a fold.

Beholde, how often with countenance sad
Saying to himselfe, alas, this day !
This yong man proueth much worse then mad,
That he hath marryed this cursed may.
Where I haue counsayled him by heauens blisse
That he should not meddle in no wise,
Least he repented, withouten misse,
That euer he made this enterprise.

But seeing it is thus, selfe doe selfe haue,
He is worse then mad that will him mone ;
For I will no more, so God me saue,
But God send him ioy, with my daughter Jone.
She is as curste, I dare well swere,
And as angry y wis as euer was waspe :
If he her anger she will him tere,
And with her nayles also him claspe.

What auayleth it to say ought now ?
The deede is done, no remedy there is :
Good cheare to make, I make God auowe,
Is now the best, withouten misse ;
For now is the time it should so be,
To make good game and sporte in fay,
In comforting all this company,
That be assembled here this day.

The father and mother were dilligent still
To welcome the friendes both more and lesse :
The yong man did also his good will
To serue them well at euery messe.
Wherein the mother great pleasure tooke,
And so did the father eake truely,
The Bride gaue a friendly looke,
Casting on him a wanton eye.

Then was the Brydegrome reioysed sore,
Alway our Lord thanking of his great grace,
Hauing in minde times many a score,
That his Bryde shewed him such a fayre place.
The mynstrelles played at euery bord,
The people therewith reioysed right well,
Geuing the Bridegrome their good word,
And the bryde also, that in bewty did excell.

The time past forth, the dinner was done,
The tables were taken vp all :
The Brydegroome welcommed them euery ech one,
That were there in the hall.
They thanked him then, and the bryde also,
Of their greate cheare they had,
And sware great othes, so mote I go,
They were neuer at feast so glad.

Nowe we will remember you or we depart,
As vse and custome doth requyre :
He thanked them with all his harte,
So did both dame and syre.
The Bryde to the table agayne was set,
To keepe countenaunce than in decde :
The friendes that were together met
Be gyfted them richely with right good speede.

The father and the mother fyrst began,
To order them in this wise.
The Brydegrome was set by the Brydes syde than,
After the countrey guise :
Then the father the fyrst present brought,
And presented them there richly in fay,
With deedes of his land in a boxe well wrought,
And made them his heyres for aye.

He gaue them also of malte and corne
An hundred quarters and more,
With sheepe and oxen, that bare large horne,
To keepe for household store.
And then came the mother, as quick as a bee,
To the Brydegrome with wordes smart,
Saying sonne, so mote I thee,
I must open to thee my harte.

She gave them also both carte and plow,
And bid them alway to doe well,
And God should send them good ynow,
If they did marke what she did tell.
Before the people in this Hall
I will say and to thee rehearse :
An hundred pound now geue thee I shall,
But harken fyrst vnto my vearse.

Thou haste here my daughter deare,
A pleasaunt thing it is :
In all the countrey I know not her peare,
So haue I parte of blisse ;
For she is wyse and fayre with all,
And will nothing cast away :
I trow there be now none in this hall,
That better can saue all thing in fay.

Nor better doth know what doth behoue
Unto an house or huswiuery,
Then she doth, which causeth me to moue
This matter to thee so busily.
She can carde, she can spin,
She can thresh, and she can fan :
She can helpe thee good to win,
For to keepe thee like a man.

And here is an hundred pound in Golde
To set thee vp, thy craft to vse :
Wherefore I am playne, I would thou should
In no maner of wise thy selfe abuse,
To striue with my daughter or her to intreate,
For any thing that she shall doe
Here after, my child therefore to beate,
It should turne playnely to thy greate woe.

O ! my deare mother, take no displeasure,
Till you haue cause what so befall,
But vse your selfe alwaye by measure,
For other cause none haue you shall.
My wyfe and I full well shall gree,
I trust to God in throne :
She is my loue, and euer shall be,
And none but she alone.

O ! my deare sonne, thou makest me glad,
Which before was full of sorrowe :
For my deare daughter I was full sad,
But now I say, our Lord to borrow,
Thou geuest me good comfort : now fare wel care,
Here is thy hundred pound :
I pray God geue thee well to fare,
And kepe thee whole and sound.

I thanke you dere mother, the yong man sayd,
Of your good gifte and daughter deare :
Me thinkes she is the worthiest mayde,
In all this Laude, withouten peare.
I hoape to liue with her alway
So gentelly, that she shall fynde,
And you, her mother, I dare well say,
In euery season gentle and kynde.

The people, standing them to behold,
Regarded the wordes of the Brydegrome than,
And sayd, he aunswered with wordes cold,
Which become full well the good yong man.
And then they prest forth ech after other,
With golde and syluer, and riche giftes eake ;
And many a scorne they gaue the mother,
But euer they praysed the yong man meeke.

To whome he gaue thanks with all his mighte,
 As honesty requyreth him to doe :
 He ordred himselfe alway aright,
 Yet they thought all he should haue woe ;
 For he was matched so ywys,
 That he could not wante for sorrow in fay,
 But alway hampred, withouten misse,
 Of mother and daughter, for euer and aye.

When all was done they gan depart,
 And tooke their leaue full friendly thee,
 Thanking ech other with all their harte,
 And on their way home they gan go.
 The father and mother thanked them all,
The Bryde and Brydegrome also, without mis,
 Did thanke the company in generall,
 Departing from them with ioy and blisse.

Then they went home while it was day,
 And lefte the Bryde and Brydegrome there,
 And they that did abide there, in good fay,
 They made at euen agayne good cheare.
 And after supper they did make good sporte,
 With dauncing and springing as was the vso :
 Yong people by other there did resorte,
 To no mans hynder nor confuse.

After that all sportes were ended and done,
 And that the bryde should goe to bed,
 Aboute the hall they daunced soone,
 And suddaynly away the bryde was led,
 To take her rest with her dere spouse,
 As reason would it should so be :
 Euen as the cat was wonte with the mouse
 To play, forsoth euen so did he.

The next morning, if that ye will heare,
 The mother did come to their bedsyde,
 Demaunding them what was their cheare,
 And the Bryde began her head to hyde ;
 Saying to her, as one ashamed,
 I wys, deare mother, I would ye were gone :
 Or ye came heare I was not blamed
 For being in his armes heare all alone.

Myne own deare daughter, be not displeased,
 Though I doe let you of your disport :
 I would be loath ye were diseased,
 But you shall haue a cawdell for your comforte.
 A while I will goe and let you alone,
 Till ye be ready for to ryse.
 And sodaynely the mother was from them gone
 To make the cawdell after the best wise.

When that the mother departed was,
 They dallyed togither and had good game :
 He hit her awry ; she cryed, alas !
 What doe ye man ? hold vp for shame.
 I will sweete wife, then gan he say,
 Fulfill your mynde both loud and still ;
 But ye be able, I sweare in fay,
 In all sportes to abide my will.

And they wrestled so long beforne,
 That this they had for their greate meade :
 Both shyrt and smock was all to torne,
 That their vprysyng had no speede.
 But yet the mother came agayne,
 And sayd to her daughter, how doest thou nowe ?
 Mary, mother, betweene us twayne,
 Our shyrtes be torne, I make God auowe.

By Gods dere mother, she sware than,
This order with vs may not continue :
I will no more lye by this man,
For he doth me brast both vayne and sinew.
Nay, nay, deare mother, this world goeth on wheeles :
By sweet Saynt George ye may me trowe,
He lyeth kicking with his heeles,
That he is like to beare me a blow.

My owne deare daughter, if thy smock be asonder,
Another thou shalte haue then, by this light :
I pray thee hartely doo thou not wonder,
For so was I dealt with the fyrst night
That I by thy father lay, by the roode,
And I doe thee with wordes playne :
Me thought neuer night to me so good,
As that same was when I tooke such payne.

Why, mother, were ye then glad
To be thus delt with as I am now ?
Me thinke my husband worse then mad,
For he doth exceede, I make God auow.
I could not lye still, nor no rest take,
Of all this night, beleue ye me :
Sometime on my syde, and sometime on my backe,
He rolde and layd me, so mote I thee.

And from the beds head vnto the beds feete,
A cloth we had not vs for to decke,
Neyther our couerlet, nor yet our sheete,
That I pray God the deuell him checke ;
For I am ashamed, my mother deare,
Of this nightes rest, by God in throne :
Before our friendes I dare not appeare,
Would to Gods passion I had layne alone !

Nay, nay, deare daughter, be not ashamed,
For here is nothing done amis :
They be more worthy to be blamed,
That hereof thinketh shame y wys ;
For this is honesty for thee and vs all,
And a new smock I will thee fet ;
And eke for thee, my sonne, I shall
For thy true laboure a new shyрте get.

And soone of these they were both sped,
The daughter, and eake the sonne also :
Full quickly they rose out of their bed,
And with their mother they gan go
Abroade among their friendes all,
Which bid them good lucke, and eake good grace :
The cawdoll was ready there in the Hall,
With myrth and glee for their solace.

Thus ended the feast with sporte and play,
And all their friendes, each with other,
Did take their leaue and went their way,
From Bryde, and Brydegrome, with father and mother ;
Which right hartely did thanke them tho,
So did the Bryde, and Brydegrome eke ;
Yet when the friendes were all ago,
This yong folke abode with the mother all the weeke.

The father was glad to see them agree,
So was the mother, by heauen queene ;
And sayd eche to other, so mote I thee,
I thought not so well it should haue beene
Betweene them twayne as it is now ;
And therefore alone here shall they bide :
We will leaue them all, I make God auowe,
And go to dwell in our house harde beside.

At shorte conclusyon they went their way,
Leuing their children all that was there,
And come not agayne of many a day,
For their deare daughter to inquire.
Thus they bode together than :
He set vp his shop with haberdash ware,
As one that would be a thriuing man,
To get great goods for his welfare.

And after that he tooke greate payne
To order his plowes and cattell also :
He kepte both boye, and also swayne,
That to the carte and plow did goe.
And some kepte neate, and some kept sheepe,
Some did one thing, some did another,
But when they came home to haue their meate,
The wife played the deuell then, like her mother.

With countenaunce grim, and wordes smart,
She gaue them meate, and bad them brast.
The pore folke that come from plow and carte,
Of her lewde wordes they were agast ;
Saying eche to other, what dame is this ?
The deuill I trow hath brought vs here :
Our mayster shall know it, by heauens blisse,
That we will not serue him another yeare.

The good man was fourth in the towne abroad,
About other thinges, I you say :
When he came homewarde he met with a goade,
One of his carters was going away :
To whome he sayde, Lob, whether goest thou ?
The carter spyde his master than,
And sayd to him, I make God auow,
No longer with thy wife abide I can.

Mayster, he sayd, by Gods blist,
Our dame is the deuell, thou mayst me beleue :
If thou haue sought her, thou haste not miste
Of one that full often thee shall greeue.
By God, a man thou canst not haue
To go to carte, ne yet to plow,
Neyther boy, nor yet knaue,
By Gods deare mother I make God auow,

That will bide with thee day or night.
Our Dame is not for vs, for she doth curse :
When we shall eate or drinke with right,
She bannes and frownes, that we be all the worse.
We be not vsed, where euer we wende,
To be sorely looked on for eating of our meat.
The deuell, I trow, vs to thee send :
God helpe vs a better maystres to get.

Come on thy way, Lob, and turne agayne ;
Go home with me, and all shall be well :
An Oxe for my meyny shall be slayne,
And the hyde at the market I will sell.
Upon this together home they went :
The good man was angry in his minde,
But yet to his wife, with good intent,
He sayd, sweete heart, you be vnkinde.

Entreate our meyny well alway,
And geue them meate and drinke ynough ;
For they get our liuing euery day,
And theirs also, at carte and plough.
Therefore I would that they should haue
Meate and drinke to their behoue ;
For, my sweete wife, so God me saue,
Ye will doe so, if ye me loue.

Gyue them what thou wilt, I doe not care,
By day nor night, man, beleue thou me :
What euer they haue, or how they fare,
I pray God euell mote they thee.
And specially that horeson that doth complayne,
I will quite him once if euor I liue ;
I will dash the knaue vpon the brayne,
That euer after it shall him greeue.

What ! my deare wife, for shame, be still ;
This is a payne such wordes to heare :
We can not alwayes haue our will,
Though that we were a kinges pere.
For to shame a knaue what can they get ?—
Thou arte as lewde, for God, as they,
And therefore shalt thou serue them of meate,
And drinke also, from hence alway.

What ! wife, ye be to blame,
To speake to me thus in this wise :
If we should striue, folke woud speake shame,
Therefore be still in mine aduise.
I am loth with you to striue,
For ought that you shall doe or say.
I sweare to Christ, wife, by my liue,
I had rather take Morell, and ryde my way,

To seeke mine aduenture, till your moode be past.
I say to you these manners be not good,
Therefore I pray you that this be the last,
Of your furious anger that semeth so wood.
What can it auayle you me for to greeue,
That loueth you so well as I doe mine harte ?
By my trowth, wife, you may me beleue,
Such toyes as these be woud make vs both smarte.

Smarte in the twenty fayning Deuelles name !
That liste me once well for to see :
I pray God geue the[e] euell shame !
What shouldest thou be, werte not for me ?
A ragge on thine arse thou shouldest not haue,
Excepte my friendes had geuen it thee :
Therefore I tell thee well, thou drunken knaue,
Thou arte not he that shall rule me.

O ! good wife, cease, and let this ouerpasse :
For all your great anger and hye wordes eake,
I am mine owne selfe, euen as I was,
And to you will be louing, and also meeke ;
But if ye should doe thus, as ye doe begin,
It may not continue no time ywys :
I would not let for kyth nor kin,
To make you mend all thinges that is amys.

Make me ! mary, out vpon the dreuill,
Sayest thou that ? wilte thou beginne ?
I pray God and our Lady, that a foule euill
Lyghten vpon thee and all thy kinne.
By Gods deare blest, vex me no more,
For if thou doe thou shalte repente ;
I haue yet somewhat for thee in store.
And with that a staffe in her hand she hent.

At him full soone then she let flee,
And whorled about her as it had bene a man :
Her husband then was fayne perdy
To voyde her stroake, and goe his way than.
By Gods deare mother, then gan she sweare,
From henceforth I will make thee bow ;
For I will trim thee in thy geare,
Or else I would I were cald a sow.

Fye on all wretches that be like thee,
In worde or worke both lowde and still !
I sweare by him that made man free,
Of me thou shalte not haue thy will,
Now nor neuer, I tell thee playne,
For I will haue Golde and riches ynow,
When thou shalte goe iaggd as a simple swain,
With whip in hande at carte and plough.

Of that, my deare wife, I take no scorne,
For many a goodman with minde and harte
Hath gone to plough and carte beforne
My time y wys, with payne and smarte,
Which now be rich, and haue good at will,
Being at home, and make good cheare ;
And there they intend to leade their life still,
Till our Lord doe sende for them heare.

But now I must ryde a little way :
Deare wife, I will come right soone agayne.
Appoynt our dinner, I you pray,
For I doe take on me great payne :
I doe my best, I sweare by my life,
To order you like a woman y wys ;
And yet it cannot be withouten strife,
Through your lewde tongue, by heaucens blisse.

Ryde to the Deuell, and to his dame,
I would I should thee neuer see !
I pray God send thee mickle shame,
In any place where euer thou be.
Thou wouldest fayne the mayster play,
But thou shalte not, by God I make thee sure :
I sweare I will thy Peticote pay,
That long with me thou shalte not endure.

*How the good man rode his way, till he thoughte her anger
was past ; and then he retourned home agayne.*

The good man was sorry, and wente his way
About his busynes, as he was vsed,
And to himselfe thus gan he say :
Lord God, how was I thus abused !
When I tooke this wife I was worse then mad,
And yet can I blame my selfe and none other,
Which maketh me sigh and often be sad,
Repenting full sore, by Gods deare Mother.

Fye vpon goods withouten pleasure !
Betweene man and wife that cannot agree,
It is a payne far passing measure,
Such stryfe to see where as loue should be :
For there was neuer man y wys
So hampred with one wife as I am now,
Wherefore I thinke, withouten misse,
She shall repent it, I make God auow.

Except she turne and change her minde,
And eake her conditions euerichone,
She shall fynde me to her so vnkinde,
That I shall her coyle both backe and bone,
And make her blew and also blacke,
That she shall grone agayne for woe ;
I will make her bones all to cracke,
Without that she her condicions forgoe.

I was neuer so vexte this time beforne,
As I am now of this wife alone ;
A vengeaunce on her that euer she was borne,
For she maketh me often full woe begon !

But now I perceauē it very well
 He did it for good will y wis;
 Wherefore I thinke that Morels fell
 Must mend all thing that is amis.

Thus he that will not beleue his friend,
 As her deare father was vnto me,
 He is worthy for to fynde
 Alway greate payne and misery.
 But I may not choose him to beleue,
 For the deede doth proue him selfe in fay;
 Euer she is redy me for to greeue,
 And thinkes to continue so alway.

But now I will home to proue her minde,
 And see what welcome I shall haue;
 She may be to me so vnkinde
 That she shall repent it, so God me saue:
 For if I should of her complayne,
 Folke would me mock, and giue me scorne,
 And say, I were worthy of this payne,
 Because it was shewed me so well before.

*How the goodman was welcommed when he retourned
 home agayne.*

The good man came ryding to the gate,
 And knocked as he had bene wode;
 His seruauent right soone did meete him thereat,
 And bid him welcome with right milde moode.
 The mayster sayd, what doth my dame now?
 Is she as frantick yet as she was?
 Than will I tame her, I make God auow,
 And make her sing full loude alas.

Where arte thou, wife ? shall I haue any meate,
Or am I not so welcome vnto thee,
That at my commaundement I shall ought get,
I pray thee hartely soone tell thou me ?
If thou doe not serue me, and that anon,
I shall thee shew mine anger y wis :
I sweare by God, and by saynt John,
Thy bones will I swaddle, so haue I blisse.

Forth she came, as brym a bore,
And like a dog she rated him than,
Saying thus, I set no store
By thee, thou wretch, thou arte no man .
Get thee hence out of my sight,
For meate nor drink thou gettest none heare ;
I sweare to thee by Mary bright,
Of me thou gettest here no good cheare.

Well, wyfe, he sayd, thou doste me compell
To doe that thing that I were loath :
If I bereaue Morell of his old fell,
Thou shalte repente it by the fayth now goath :
For I see well that it will no better be,
But in it thou must, after the new guyse.
It had bene better, so mote I thee,
That thou haddest not begon this enterpryse.

*How the good man caused Morell to be flayn, and the hide
salted, to lay his wife therein to sleepe.*

Now will I begin my wife to tame,
That all the world shall it know ;
I would be loth her for to shame,
Though she do not care, ye may me trow.

Yet will I her honesty regard,
And it preserue, where euer ye may,
But Morell, that is in yonder yarde,
His hyde therefore he must leese in fay.

And so he commaunded anon
To slea old Morell, his great horse ;
And flea him then the skin from the bone,
To wrap it about his wiues white coarse.
Also he commaunded of a byrchen tree
Roddes to be made a good great heape ;
And sweare by deare God in Trinity,
His wife in his seller shold skip and leape.

The hyde must be salted, then he sayd eake,
Bycause I would not haue it stinke ;
I hope herewith she will be meeke,
For this I trow will make her shrinke,
And bow at my pleasure, when I her bed,
And obay my commaundementes both lowde and
still ;
Or else I will make her body bleede,
And with sharp rodde beate her my fill.

Anon with that to her he gan to call ;
She bid abide in the diuelles name ;
I will not come what so befall :
Sit still with sorrow and mickle shame.
Thou shalte not rule me as pleseth thee,
I will well thou know by Gods deare Mother,
But thou shalt be ruled alway by me,
And I will be mayster, and none other.

Wylte thou be mayster, deare wife ? in fay,
Then must we wrestle for the best game ;

If thou it win, then may I say,
 That I haue done my selfe greate shame.
 But fyrst I will make thee sweate, good Jone,
 Redde blood euen to the heeles adowne,
 And lappe thee in Morels skin alone,
 That the blood shall be seene euen from the crowne.

Sayest thou me that, thou wretched knaue ?
 It were better thou haddest me neuer seene ;
 I sweare to thee, so God me saue,
 With my nayles I will scratch out both thine eyen,
 And therefore thinke not to touch me once,
 For, by the masse, if thou begin that,
 Thou shalte be handled for the nonce,
 That all thy braynes on the ground shall squat.

Why then there is no remedy, I see,
 But needes I must doe euen as I thought,
 Seing it will none other wise be,
 I will thee not spare, by God that me bought ;
 For now I am set thee for to charme,
 And make thee meeke, by Gods might,
 Or else with roddes, while thou arte warme,
 I shall thee scourge with reason and right.

*Now, good Morels skin,
 Receiue my curst wife in.*

*How the curst wife in Morels skin lay,
 Because she would not her husband obey.*

Now will I my sweete wife trim,
 According as she deserueth to me :
 I sweare by God, and by saynt Sim,
 With byrchen roddes well beate shall she be,

And after that in Morels salte skin
I will her lay, and full faste binde,
That all her friendes, and eake her kyn,
Shall her long seeke or they her fynde.

Then he her met, and to her gan say,
How sayest thou, wife, wilte thou be mayster yet ?
She sware by Gods body, and by that day,
And sodaynly with her fyst she did him hit,
And defyed him, dreuill, at euery worde,
Saying, precious horesone, what doest thou thinke
I set not by thee a stinking torde,
Thou shalt get of me neyther meate nor drinke.

Sayest thou me that wyfe ? quoth he than.
With that in his armes he gan her catche,
Streyght to the seller with her he ran,
And fastened the dore with locke and latche,
And throwe the key downe him besyde,
Askyng her than if she would obay ?
Than she sayde nay, for all thy pryde,
But she was mayster, and would abyde alway.

Then, quoth he, we must make a fraye :
And with that her cloths he gan to teare,
Out vpon thee, horesone ! than she did saye,
Wilte thou robbe me of all my geare ?
It cost thee naught, thou arrant theefe :
And quickly she gat hym by the heade ;
With that she sayde, God giue thee a mischief,
And them that fed thee fyrst with breade.

They wrestled togyther thus they two,
So long that the clothes asunder went,
And to the grounde he threwe her tho,
That cleane from the backe her smock he rent.

In euery hand a rod he gate,
And layd vpon her a right good pace ;
Asking of her what game was that ?
And she cryed out, horeson, alas ! alas !

What wylte thou doe ? wylte thou kill me ?
I haue made thee a man of nought :
Thou shalte repente it, by Gods pittie,
That euer this deede thou haste y wrought.
I care not for that, dame, he did say,
Thou shalt giue ouer or we departe
The maystership all, or all this day
I will not cease to make thee smarte.

Euer he layde on, and euer she did crye.
Alas ! alas ! that euer I was borne !
Out vpon thee, murderer, I thee defyce,
Thou hast my white skin, and my body all to torne :
Leaue of betyme, I counsayle thee.
Nay, by God, dame, I saye not so yet,
I sweare to thee, by Mary so free,
We begyn but nowe : this is the first fyt.

Once agayne we must daunce about,
And then thou shalt reast in Morels skyn.
He gaue her than so many a great cloute,
That on the grounde the bloud was scene.
Within a whyle, he cryed, newe roddes, newe !
With that she cryed full lowde alas !
Daunce yet about, dame, thou came not where it grewe,
And sodainely with that in a sowne she was.

He spyed that, and vp he her hente,
And wrang her harde then by the nose :
With her to Morels skin straight he wente,
And therein full fast he did her close.

Within a while she did reuiue,
Through the grose salte that did her smarte :
She thought she should neuer haue gone on liue
Out of Morels skin, so sore is her harte.

When she did spy that therein she lay,
Out of her wit she was full nye,
And to her husband then did she say,
How canst thou doe this vilany ?
Nay, how sayest thou ? thou cursed wife,
In this foule skin I will thee keepe
During the time of all thy life,
Therein for euer to wayle and weepe.

With that her moode began to sinke,
And sayd, deare husband, for grace I call ;
For I shall neuer sleepe nor winke
Till I get your loue, whatso befall :
And I will neuer to you offend,
In no maner of wise, of all my lyue ;
Nor to doe nothing that may pretend
To displease you with my wittes fyue.

For Father, nor Mother, whatsoeuer they say,
I will not anger you, by God in throne,
But glad will your commaundementes obay,
In presence of people, and eake alone.—
Well, on that condicion thou shalt haue
Grace, and fayre bed to reste thy body in ;
But if thou rage more, so God me saue,
I will wrap thee agayne in Morels skin.

Then he tooke her out in his armes twayne,
And beheld her so pitteously with blood arayed :
How thinkest thou, wife, shall we agayne
Haue such businesse more ? to her he sayd.

She aunswered nay, my husband deare,
 Whyle I you know, and you know me,
 Your commaundementes I will, both far and neare,
 Fulfill alway in euery degree.

Well then, I promise thee, by God, euen now,
 Betweene thee and mee shall neuer be strife ;
 If thou to my commaundementes quickly bow,
 I will the[e] cherish all the dayes of my life.
 In bed she was layde, and healed full soone,
 As fayre and cleare as she was beforne;
 What he her bid was quickly done,
 To be diligent y wys she tooke no scorne.

Then was he glad, and thought in his minde,
 Now haue I done my selfe great good,
 And her also, we shall it finde,
 Though I haue shed parte of her blood
 For as me thinke she will be meeke,
 Therefore I will her father and mother
 Byd to guest now the next weeke,
 And of our neighbours many other.

*Howe the good man did byd her Father and Mother to guest,
 and many of his neyghbours, that they might see his wiues
 pacyence.*

Great payne he made his wife to take,
 Agaynst the day that they should come ;
 Of them was none that there did lack,
 I dare wel say vnto my doome.
 Ye, father and mother, and neighbours all,
 Dyd thether come to make good cheare :
 Soone they were set in generall,
 The wyfe was dilligent as did appare.

Father and mother was welcome then,
And so were they all, in good fay :
The husband sate there like a man,
The wyfe did serue them all that day ;
The good man commaunded what he would haue,
The wyfe was quick at hand.
What now ! thought the mother, this arrant knaue
Is mayster as I vnderstand.

What may this meane, then she gan thinke,
That my daughter so dilligent is ?
Now can I nother eate nor drinke,
Till I it know, by heauen blisse.
When her daughter came agayne
To serue at the borde, as her husband bad,
The mother stared with her eyen twayne,
Euen as one that had ben mad.

All the folke that at the boord sate,
Did her behold then euerichone ;
The mother from the boord her gate,
Following her daughter, and that anone,
And in the kitching she her fand,
Saying vnto her in this wise :
Daughter, thou shalte well vnderstand,
I did not teach thee after this guyse.

A, good mother ! ye say full well,
All thinges with me is not as ye weene :
If ye had bene in Morels fell
As well as I, it should be seene.
In Morels fell ! what deuill is that ?
Mary, mother, I will it you show ;
But beware that you come not thereat,
Lest you your selfe then doe beshrew.

Come downe now in this seller so deepe,
And Morels skin there shall you see,
With many a rod that hath made me to weepe,
When the blood ranne downe fast by my knee.
The mother this beheld, and cryed out alas !
And ran out of the seller as she had bene wood ;
She came to the table where the company was,
And sayd, out, horeson ! I will see thy harte blood.

Peace, good mother ! or so haue I blisse,
Ye must daunce else as did my wyfe,
And in Morels skin lye, that well salted is,
Which you should repent all the dayes of your lyfe.
All they that were there held with the yong man,
And sayd, he dyd well in euery maner degree :
Whan dynner was done, they departed all than,
The mother no lenger durst there be.

The Father abode last, and was full glad,
And gaue his children his blessing ywys.
Saying, the yong man full well done had,
And merely departed wythouten mys.
This yong man was glad ye may be sure,
That he had brought hys wyfe to this.
God gyue vs all grace in rest to indure,
And hereafter to come vnto his blisse.

Thus was Morell flayne out of his skin,
To charme a shrew, so haue I blisse.
Forgeue the yongman, if he did sin,
But I thinke he did nothing amisse :
He did all thing euen for the best,
As was well prooued then.
God saue our wiues from Morels nest,
I pray you say all, amen.

Thus endeth the iest of Morels skin,
Where the curst wife was lapped in ;
Because she was of a shrewde leere,
Thus was she serued in this maner.

FINIS, QUOTH MAYSTER CHARME HER.

Imprinted at London in Fleetestreete, beneath the
Conduite, at the signe of S. Iohn Euangelist, by Hugh
Iackson.

*He that can charme a shrewde wyfe
Better then thus,
Let him come to me, and fetch ten pound,
And a golden purse.*

THE FIRST SKETCH
OF
SHAKESPEARE'S
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

EDITED BY
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.

F R S , H O N M R I A , F S A . , F R A S . , &c.

Φασι δε και Αρατον πυθεςθαι αυτου [Τιμωνος], πως την 'Ομηρου ποιησι
ασφαλως κτησαιτο· τον δε ειπειν, Ει τοις αρχαιοις αντιγραφοις εντυγχανει
και μη τοις ηδη διωρθωμενοις.

Diog. Laert., lib. ix., in vit. Timon.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1842.

LONDON :
P. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,
PRINTER TO H. R. H. PRINCE ALBERT.

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INTRODUCTION.

Early in the last century, eighty-six years after the death of Shakespeare, an unsuccessful comedy was produced at Drury Lane Theatre, under the title of “The Comical Gallant.” This play was heralded forth in the bills of the day as the work of Mr. John Dennis, but it was merely an alteration of the “Merry Wives of Windsor,”^a and a very poor attempt at an improvement of that admirable comedy. The author of this performance, however, was sufficiently well satisfied with its merits to undertake the expence of printing it; and it was accordingly published in the year 1702, with a long dedicatory epistle, from which I make the following extract, putting in Italics those portions of it to which

* The *dramatis personæ* are much the same as in the Merry Wives, except that Dennis has added one new character, the Host of the Bull, who is brother to Mrs. Ford; and Fenton is represented as nephew to Mrs. Ford. Dennis has rewritten about half of the dialogue, and materially changed the conduct of the piece.—See Genest’s “Account of the English Stage,” 8vo., Bath, 1832, vol. ii., p. 248.

I more particularly wish to direct the reader's attention :—

“ When I first communicated the design which I had of altering this comedy of Shakespear, I found that I should have two sorts of people to deal with, who would equally endeavour to obstruct my success. The one believed it to be so admirable, that nothing ought to be added to it; the others fancied it to be so despicable, that any one's time would be lost upon it. That this comedy was not despicable, I guess'd for several reasons; First, *I knew very well* that it had pleas'd one of the greatest queens that ever was in the world, great not only for her wisdom in the arts of government, but for her knowledge of polite learning, and her nice taste of the drama, for such a taste we may be sure she had, by the relish which she had of the ancients. *This comedy was written at her command, and by her direction, and she was so eager to see it acted, that she commanded it to be finished in fourteen days; and was afterwards, as tradition tells us, very well pleas'd at the representation.* In the second place, in the reign of King Charles the Second, when people had an admirable taste of comedy, all those men of extraordinary parts, who were the ornaments of that court, as the late Duke of Buckingham, my Lord Normandy, my Lord Dorset, my late Lord Rochester, Sir Charles Sidley, Dr. Frazer, Mr. Savil, Mr. Buckley, were in love with the beauties of this comedy. In the third place, I thought that after so long an acquaintance as I had with the best comic poets, among the ancients and moderns, I might depend in some measure upon my own judgment, and I thought I found here three or four extraordinary characters, that were exactly drawn, and truly comical; and that I saw besides in it some as happy touches as ever were in comedy. Besides I had observed what success the character of Falstaff had had in the First Part of ‘ Harry the Fourth.’ And as the Falstaff in the ‘ Merry Wives’ is certainly superior to that of the Second Part of ‘ Harry the Fourth,’ so it can hardly be said to be inferior to that of the First.”

This is the earliest notice we have of the above curious tradition, and that Dennis has correctly reported it

I see no reason whatever to doubt. The reader will observe that he gives no special reason why the queen commanded Shakespeare to write this comedy; and I believe it is this point that the subsequent narrators of the tradition have amplified without proper authority. In the prologue to the "Comical Gallant," reference is again made to it—

" But Shakespear's play in fourteen days was writ,
And in that space to make all just and fit,^b
Was an attempt surpassing human wit.
Yet our great Shakespeare's matchless muse was such,
None ere in so small a time perform'd so much."

Rowe, in 1709, gives rather a more circumstantial account. Speaking of Queen Elizabeth, he says, "She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in the two parts of Henry IV., that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to show him in love: this is said to be the occasion of his writing the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof."^c This evidence was followed by Gildon's account of the same tradition,^d who, in 1710, jumbled an allusion to

^b Dryden calls the *Merry Wives* a comedy "exactly formed." See his "Essay of Dramatick Poesie," 4to., Lond., 1668, p. 47; and Langbaine's "Account of the English Dramatick Poets," 8vo., Oxford, 1691, p. 459.

^c Rowe's *Life of Shakespeare*, 8vo., Lond., 1709, p. 8—9.

^d Mr. Knight (*Library Edition of Shakespeare*, vol. iii., p. 8) says that Rowe adopted the more circumstantial tradition from Gildon. He had probably forgotten that Rowe's account was published some time *before* Gildon wrote.

the amended play with an anecdote that properly belongs exclusively to the sketch, in the following words—
“ The fairies in the fifth act make a handsome compliment to the queen, in her palace of Windsor, who had obliged him to write a play of Sir John Falstaff in love, and which *I am very well assured* he performed in a fortnight ; a prodigious thing, when all is so well contrived, and carried on without the least confusion.”^e
It will be perceived that, although Gildon is in fact somewhat less circumstantial than Rowe, yet Elizabeth could not very well have commanded Shakespeare to exhibit the celebrated fat knight in love, if she had not been previously introduced to him in another character. Pope, Theobald, and later editors, appear to have taken their versions of the tradition second-hand from Rowe.

I have been thus particular in placing before the reader an account of the authorities upon which this tradition must be received, because much of our reasoning on a very interesting subject of inquiry connected with the criticism on the “ Merry Wives of Windsor” will be found to depend, in a great measure, on the degree of credit we may be disposed to give to it. I cannot but think that there must be *some* foundation for it ; and we cannot be far wrong, after citing the above authorities, in giving reasonable credit to them, and believing that the first sketch of the “ Merry Wives of Windsor” was written at the request of Queen Elizabeth, and in a very short space of time. So far I

* Gildon’s “ Remarks on the Plays of Shakespeare,” published in the supplemental volume to Rowe’s Shakespeare, 8vo., Lond., 1710, p. 291.

fully believe, but I am inclined to think that Rowe must have guessed at the *reason* of the royal command, and given us his gratuitous explanation of the imperfect anecdote related by Dennis. Nothing can be more probable than this supposition; and, to say the least, it would be very unsafe to take Rowe's narrative for granted, and reason upon it in the way in which Malone does. I would rather try to explain the tradition, analyze its various parts, and ascertain how far these are in accordance with the internal evidences in the plays in which Falstaff and his companions are introduced, than build a theory upon it. It is on this account that I am induced to hazard a conjecture which will satisfy all the authenticated parts of the tradition, by supposing *another reason* for the play having been produced before the court at a very short notice.

If we inquire what could have led our great dramatist to select Windsor for the scene of the love adventures of Falstaff, believing the tradition that the play was written by command of the queen, does it appear an improbable conjecture to suppose that Elizabeth may have been at Windsor at the time, and that either he was induced to do so under an impression that his comedy might be more favourably received from its local associations, or that her majesty may have commanded the lord chamberlain's servants to exhibit a new play, the scene of which should be laid in the place where she was then holding her court? The title-page to the first edition of the sketch informs us that the play "hath been divers times acted by the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's servants, both before Her Majesty

and elsewhere." The queen, it is well known, had plays and masques exhibited before her at Windsor Castle; and it appears to me that the following incident, which is introduced both in the sketch and the amended play, is almost sufficient of itself to show that my conjecture of its provincial composition is correct:—

" Doc. Where be my Host de gartyre ?

" Host. O here sir in perplexitie.

*" Doc. I cannot tell vad be dad,
But begar I will tell you van ting,
Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,
Has cosened all de host of Branford,
And Redding : begar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Host, am I euen met you.* *[Exit.*

" Enter SIR HUGH.

*" Sir Hu. Where is mine Host of the gartyr ?
Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three sorts of cosen garmomble,
Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings,
Now you are an honest man, and a scuruy beggerly lowsie knaue
beside :
And can point wrong places,
I tell you for good will, grate why mine Host."*

In the amended play, we have a more particular account of the same incident:—

" Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses : the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

" Host. What duke should that be comes so secretly ? I hear not of him in the court : Let me speak with the gentlemen ; they speak English ?

" Bard. Ay, sir ; I'll call them to you.

" Host. They shall have my horses ; but I'll make them pay, I'll

sauce them : they have had my house a week at command ; I have turned away my other guests : they must come off ; I'll sauce them : Come."

The merry host of the Garter was, however, altogether mistaken in the character of his noble guest ; and, instead of "sawcing" him, was "plainly cousened." The following extract from the amended play will complete the allusions to this event :—

"*Bard.* Out, alas, sir ! cozenage ! meer cozenage.

"*Host.* Where be my horses ? speak well of them, varletto.

"*Bard.* Run away with the cozeners : for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off, from behind one of them, in a slough of mire ; and set spurs and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

"*Host.* They are gone but to meet the duke, villain : do not say they be fled ! Germans are honest men.

" *Enter* SIR HUGH EVANS.

"*Eva.* Where is mine host ?

"*Host.* What is the matter, sir ?

"*Eva.* Have a care of your entertainments ; there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me there is three couzin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you : you are wise, and full of gibes and vlouting-stogs ; and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened : Fare you well. [*Exit.*

" *Enter* DR. CAIUS.

"*Caius.* Vere is mine *Host de Jarterre* ?

"*Host.* Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

"*Caius.* I cannot tell vat is dat : But it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke *de Jarmany* : by my trot, dere is no duke dat de court is know to come : I tell you for good vill : adieu. [*Exit.*

"*Host.* Hue and cry, villain, go ;—assist me, knight ; I am undone : fly, run, hue and cry, villain ! I am undone !"

Mr. Knight, with every appearance of probability, con-

siders this incident as one of those local and temporary allusions which Shakespeare seized upon to arrest the attention of his audience ; and he proceeds to say, that if we knew that a real German duke had visited Windsor, a rare occurrence in the days of Elizabeth, we should have the date of the original sketch of the comedy pretty exactly fixed. In 1592, according to Mr. Knight, a German duke did visit Windsor ; and then follows, in the “ Pictorial Shakespeare,” an account of a narrative, in the old German language, of a journey to England of the Duke of Würtemberg, in 1592, which narrative, drawn up by his secretary, contains a daily journal of his proceedings. He was accompanied by a considerable retinue, and travelled under the name of “ the Count Mombeliard.” The title of this work may be translated as follows : — “ A short and true description of the bathing journey^f which his Serene Highness the Right Honourable Prince and Lord Frederick, Duke of Würtemberg, and Teck, Count of Mumpelgart, Lord of Heidenheim, Knight of the two ancient royal orders of St. Michael in France, and of the Garter^g in England, &c., &c., lately performed in the year

^f The author, in an address, explains that this title, though it may appear strange, as only one bathing-place is visited, was adopted, because, as in the “ usual bathing-journeys, it is common to assemble together, as well all sorts of strange persons out of foreign places and nations, as known friends and sick people, even so in the description of this bathing journey will be found all sorts of curious things, and strange (marvellous) histories.” — (Knight’s Library Shakespeare, vol. iii., p. 10).

^g This shows that the duke’s titles here given are those which he possessed at the time of the publication of the book, and not when he made his journey. It appears, from MS. Lansd. 79, Art. 20, that he applied for the Order of the Garter on the 9th of April, 1595.

1592, from Mümpelgart into the celebrated kingdom of England, afterwards returning through the Netherlands, until his arrival again at Mümpelgart. Noted down from day to day, in the briefest manner, by your Princely Grace's gracious command, by your fellow-traveller and Private Secretary. Printed at Tübingen, by Erhardo Cellio, 1602."

This curious volume contains a sort of passport from Lord Howard, addressed, as usual in such documents, to all justices of the peace, mayors, and bailifs, which Mr. Knight gives with the errors of the German transcriber. With a few obvious corrections, the original paper was probably nearly as follows:—

"Whereas this nobleman, Counte Mombeliard, is to passe over contrye in England, into the Lowe Contryes, thise shalbe to wil and command you, in hir Majestyes name (for suche is hir pleasure), to see him founished with post horses in his ~~travell~~ to the sea syde, and there to seke up such shippinge as shalbe fit for his transportacions, *he payinge nothinge for the same.* For which this shalbe your sufficient warrante. So see that you faile not hereof, at your perills. From Biffeete, the 2 of Septembre, 1592 (34 Eliz.)

"Your friend,

"C. HOWARD."

The German nobleman visited Windsor; was shown "the splendidly beautiful and royal castle;" he "hunted a stag for a long time over a broad and pleasant plain, with a pack of remarkably good hounds;" heard the music of an organ, and of other instruments, with the voices of little boys, as well as a sermon an hour long, in a church covered with lead; and, after staying some days, departed from Hampton Court. It would have been more satisfactory if Mr. Knight had taken occasion

to describe the Count's course more minutely, for the above-mentioned work is so very rare, that I have not been able to obtain a sight of it. For instance, his conjecture would have received a strong confirmation, if we knew that Count Mombeliard had taken Reading in his onward journey. It may, perhaps, be a question, whether the "cosen garmombles" of Sir Hugh Evans apply only to the count's retinue, or include himself? If the former, the conjecture becomes altogether much more probable; and, with Mr. Knight, I have little doubt that the passages which relate to the German duke have reference to the Duke of Würtemberg's visit to Windsor in the year 1592 — a matter to be forgotten in 1601, when Malone says the sketch was written; and not likely to be so alluded to in 1596, four years afterwards, which Chalmers assigns as its date. His grace and suite must have caused a sensation at Windsor. Probably mine host of the garter had really made "grand preparation for a Duke de Jarmany;" at any rate, he would believe Bar-dolph's assertion that "the Germans desire to have three of your horses." Was there any dispute about the ultimate payment for the duke's horses, which *he* was authorised to have free of expence? Did our host know of this when he said "they shall have my horses, but I'll make them pay?" The count himself, perhaps, would not have sanctioned a "cousenage" of this kind, but his attendants would have little scruple in availing themselves of the general privilege given to their master by Lord Howard.

Mr. Knight has overlooked one fact, which appears at first sight to overthrow all his conjectures on this point,

and it certainly goes far to invalidate much of his reasoning. When Count Mombeliard visited England, *he had not succeeded to the title of duke.*^h This must be considered in relation to what I have previously said; but the coincidences are so very remarkable, that I think we may safely conclude the difference between the titles of count and duke is not of itself sufficient to render Mr. Knight's conjecture altogether valueless.

The close of the year 1592, when Shakespeare was in his twenty-ninth year, cannot, I should think, be considered too early a date for the composition of so meagre a sketch as that printed in the following pages, which contains nothing that may not with great reason be ascribed to a young author, or, as a whole, that Shakespeare could not with considerable ease have finished in fourteen days, if that part of the tradition be correct. It appears, also, from Nichols' "Progresses," that Queen Elizabeth had masques and tournaments at Windsor Castle in January, 1593. This circumstance, occurring so very soon after Count Mombeliard's visit, may probably have been likewise the period of the first production of the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

In the books of the Stationers' Company we have the following entries relating to this play: —

"18 Jan., 1601-2.

"John Bushy.] An excellent and pleasant conceited Commedie of Sir John Faulstof, and the Merry Wyves of Windesor.

"Arth. Johnson.] By assignment from John Busbye a book, An excellent and pleasant conceited comedie of Sir John Faulstafe and the mery wyves of Windsor."

^h Sattler, Geschichte des Herzogthums Würtemberg, vol. v., p. 162.

These entries refer to the earliest edition of the sketch, now for the first time reprinted. Four copies only of this edition are known, being respectively in the libraries of the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Daniel, the Bodleian, and Trinity College, Cambridge. A second edition of the sketch was published by Arthur Johnson, in 1619, sm. 4to., under the following title:—"A most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy of Sir John Falstaffe, and the Merry Wiues of Windsor, with the swaggering Vaine of Ancient Pistoll, and Corporall Nym: Written by W. Shakespeare." The amended play was first published in the folio of 1623, but we have a late quarto edition of it, published by R. Meighen, in 1630, and entered on the books of the Stationers' Company on Jan. 29th the same year.

Meres does not mention the "Merry Wives of Windsor" in his list of Shakespeare's comedies, and the above extract from the books of the Stationers' Company is the earliest notice we have been able to discover. It appears to have been acted before King James I., in November 1604; but, as we are not told whether it is the amended play or the sketch,ⁱ this information is of little value. I believe it, however, to have been the amended play, and that it was then new in that form. There are several allusions in the amended play which serve to show that it was written after King James's accession

ⁱ Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, edited by P. Cunningham, p. 203. I presume I am right in saying 1604; for although 1605 is the date at the top of the accounts, yet it appears to allude to a session commencing in November, 1604, and ending in October, 1605.

to the throne. I shall only allude to Chalmers' reasoning on what he considers to refer to Spenser's "Fairy Queen," and his constant Shakesperian evidence, Lodge's *Devils Incarnate*, published in 1596, in which he is followed by Mr. Knight, as far too vague and uncertain to found a reasonable conjecture upon, when we have other allusions much more evident. Mrs. Page's remark, "these knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry," can only allude to the immense number of knights made by King James I. In the beginning of the year 1603, he made two hundred and thirty-seven knights in the course of one month, and the order, in consequence, became so common as to bring it into general ridicule. In July, the same year, the court went to Windsor, and soon afterwards the feast of St. George was celebrated there with great solemnity. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Lennox, our poet's great patron, the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Pembroke, and the Earl of Marre, were installed Knights of the Garter. Malone thinks very reasonably that the poetical description of the insignia of the garter, in the fifth act of the amended play, may allude to this occurrence; and they certainly would have a peculiar grace if written after such a solemnity.

In the original sketch Falstaff says to Shallow, "You'll complain of me to the *council*." In the amended play we read, "You'll complain of me to the *king*." This is an additional argument, that the amended play was written after the accession of James I. The allusion to the Cotswold games is, I am afraid, too indefinite to found an argument upon. From the "Annalia

Dubrensia," it appears that Dover, who, the commentators say, *instituted* these games in the reign of James I., only "revived and continued" them. It is clear, from the mention, in the second part of Henry IV., of "Will Squele, a Cotswold man," that the Cotswold hills had some celebrity before Dover made it famous; and, in our own times, Shallow might there have found a match for his four swinge bucklers.

Chalmers found *two words*,^j in Lodge's "Devils Incarnate," 1596, which occur in the amended play, but are *not* in the original sketch of the comedy. These words are *potatoes* and *eringoes*; the last not a very common one, perhaps, but still not sufficiently uncommon to warrant the conclusion that Shakespeare had Lodge's work in his mind when he makes Falstaff say, "Let the sky rain *potatoes*; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves; hail kissing comfits; and snow *eringoes*: Let there come a tempest of provocation." Chalmers does not quote the passages from Lodge to which he refers; but it is only necessary to say that they do not confirm, by any means, his conjecture that Shakespeare borrowed them from his favourite author.

Leaving the question of the chronology, we have to consider, if possible, points of greater difficulty and uncertainty, and regard the "Merry Wives of Windsor" in connexion with the Historical Plays. Was it written after the first part of Henry IV., after the second part, after Henry V., or before these historical plays? I confess that the difficulty of discovering an hypothesis

^j Mr. Knight (Library Shakespeare, vol. iii., p. 9) introduces *eight* words as common to Lodge and Shakespeare—a mistake.

which will satisfy *all* the conditions of the problem, and enable us to reconcile the apparently contradictory evidence on this subject, is almost insurmountable: but I will briefly place a summary of the case before the reader, and endeavour to draw a satisfactory conclusion.

First, let us consider Mistress Quickly, a character common to the two^k parts of Henry IV., Henry V., and the "Merry Wives of Windsor." In the first part of Henry IV. we find her married to the Host of the Boar's Head; in the second part, she is "a poor Widow of Eastcheap," according to her own account, and Falstaff swore "to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife;" and in Henry V., we find her the wife of Pistol, although Nym had been "troth-plight" to her. But, in the Merry Wives, she denies being a wife, yet still she is termed Mistress Quickly, and has, apparently, had no previous knowledge of Falstaff; for, if Mrs. Quickly had been Dr. Caius's servant during her widowhood, Falstaff could not have failed to recognize instead of treating her as a stranger. In Henry V. she says to Pistol, "Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines," a town certainly not far from Windsor: but this cannot be considered as involving any necessary connexion between the plays. It is quite impossible, under any supposition of date, to reconcile the Quickly of the Merry Wives with the Quickly of the Historical Plays.

^k Mr. Knight (Library Shakespeare, vol. iii., p. 19) says that Quickly is *invariably* called *the Hostess* in the first part of Henry IV., but she is addressed by her proper name by the Prince in act iii., sc. 3. He also mentions her as "a Hostess without a name."

If we suppose, as Mr. Knight supposes, that the *Merry Wives* is first of all in order, how is it possible that Mistress Quickly, who is not a wife, could meet Falstaff at Windsor, and not recognize the hero of the *Boar's Head*? Equal difficulties attend any other similar supposition—I mean as to whether she was introduced on the stage as Dr. Caius's nurse, or his dry nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, after the first or second parts of *Henry IV.*, or after *Henry V.* The latter supposition, indeed, does not involve the difficulty of her widowhood, but it does involve others of equal weight, and so obvious that they do not require special notice.

The character of Pistol is common to the second part of *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, and the "*Merry Wives of Windsor.*" There can, in this case, at least, whatever Mr. Knight may say to the contrary, be no question of the identity of character. The Pistol, who says:—

“ Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons ?
And shall good news be baffled ?
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap,”

is the same classical braggadocio who exclaims, in indignation, at the insult offered to him when commanded, by his captain, to bear a letter to the merry wives:—

“ Shall I sir Pandarus of Troy become,
And by my side wear steel? then, Lucifer take all!”

But if *similarity* of language be not a sufficient proof, I have a stronger one to offer to the reader's notice. In the second part of *Henry IV.*, act. v. sc. 3, he uses the expression “ When Pistol lies, do this.” *This exact*

*passage also occurs in the original sketch of the Merry Wives of Windsor.*¹ Mr. Knight says that Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym, are Falstaff's *servants* in the *Merry Wives*, and his *soldiers* in the *Historical Plays*. I apprehend they were both servants and soldiers in all four plays. In the *Merry Wives*, we find Falstaff swearing that they were "*good soldiers* and tall fellows." Pistol says, "Away, sir *Corporal Nym*." We have "the swaggering vein of *Ancient Pistol* and *Corporal Nym*" on the title of the first edition of the original sketch; and I scarcely think, under any circumstances, these characters can even be considered in the *Historical Plays* as soldiers in the strict sense of the word, more than Falstaff was a captain. At the Boar's Head they were his servants; and they were, perhaps, not less so when they accompanied their master to the wars. The independence of Pistol's character is sustained in the *Merry Wives*, with one single exception; and his conversation, both in the sketch and the amended play, is similar to that used by him in the other plays in which he is introduced.

But, although the character of Pistol is essentially the same in all three plays, yet the circumstances are most unaccountably altered; for, in this case, likewise, only one theory will reconcile his position in the *Merry Wives* with that in which he is placed in the *historical plays*. In the former, he is discharged by Falstaff: he goes forth to open his metaphorical oyster with his sword, to try his fortunes in the world: but the "swaggering rascal" is introduced in the second part of

¹ See the present volume, p. 13.

Henry IV. as Falstaff's ancient, and challenging him in a cup of sack. Mistress Quickly calls him "Captain Pistol;" and, when he quarrels with Doll Tearsheet, the "No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here; discharge yourself of our company, Pistol," is certainly characteristic of the same master who says, "No quips now, Pistol." Falstaff makes him "vanish like hail stones" in the *Merry Wives*: he thrusts him down stairs in Henry IV., saying, "a rascal to brave me!" Falstaff also tells him he will "double-charge" him with dignities, when he brought the news of the king's death. Mistress Quickly was not even acquainted with her future husband, in the *Merry Wives*. How, then, can the character of Pistol, being introduced into that play, be reconcileable on any other supposition than that the composition of the *Merry Wives* altogether preceded that of the historical plays?—a supposition involving, as I have before said, difficulties of no ordinary kind.

Bardolph is mentioned by Falstaff, in the first part of Henry IV., as having been in his service thirty-two years;—"I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years." The "salamander" of the historical plays is the "tinder-box" of the *Merry Wives*. Bardolph does not converse with Falstaff, in Henry IV., in a manner that would imply it was *after* he had been installed as "drawer" to the host of the Garter. If Falstaff had been at Windsor in the early period of his career, he would not have said, "Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a

withered serving-man, a fresh tapster." Bardolph could scarcely have been a "withered serving-man," if the *Merry Wives* had preceded the historical plays. In the second part of *Henry IV.*, we find Mistress Quickly saying she had known Falstaff "these twenty-nine years, come peascod time:" yet, if it was the same Quickly who was first introduced to Falstaff at Windsor, she must have known him at least thirty-two years; for Bardolph was in his service at that time. This, perhaps, can scarcely be esteemed a fair argument: but in act iii., sc. 2., we find Bardolph not knowing Justice Shallow; although, if the *Merry Wives* had preceded *Henry IV.*, he must have recognized the "poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace." Would Robert Shallow, "esquire in the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram*," have said, "Give me your hand, master Bardolph," to a "withered serving-man," who had fallen to the office of tapster? It seems that the "fuel that maintained that fire," being "all the riches" Bardolph "got in his service," refer partly to Bardolph's residence at Windsor; and if so, the introduction of Bardolph in the *Merry Wives* affords a strong evidence that the comedy must be read after the two parts of *Henry IV.*

Bardolph is introduced in all four plays, but Corporal Nym is found only in the *Merry Wives* and *Henry V.* Nym's conversation in both these plays is distinguished by the frequent repetition of the word *humour*. In some instances, the very same phrases occur. He says, "The king hath run bad humours on the knight;" alluding to Hal's treatment of him after

his succession to the throne. The same phrase is used by him in the *Merry Wives*, act i., sc. 1. I think the introduction of that character in the *Merry Wives* and *Henry V.* wholly unaccountable, if we believe Mr. Knight's conjecture that the *Merry Wives* preceded all the historical plays. It is not at all likely that, if this had been the case, no allusion whatever to Bardolph's "sworn brother in filching" should occur in the two parts of *Henry IV.* I am now taking it for granted, as a conjecture wholly unsupported by the slightest direct evidence, that the opinion of the fat knight of the *Merry Wives* and the historical plays having originally been two different and distinct creations of character, is wholly untenable.

And then, with respect to Justice Shallow, I do not see that the uncertainty of what he could be doing at Windsor involves an argument on any side of the question. In the second part of *Henry IV.*, it was fifty-five years since he had entered at Clement's Inn; and in the *Merry Wives* he says, "I am fourscore." Falstaff, in act iv., sc. 4, says, "I'll through Glostershire, and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire; I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him." At this visit, perhaps, Falstaff borrowed the thousand pounds; but *when* could he, to use Shallow's words, "have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge?" This outrage must have been *after* the large loan and his hospitable reception in Gloucestershire. I do not see any thing unreasonable in the supposition that it happened after Falstaff's banishment

from the person of Henry V.; and this also affords an argument in favour of the later period of the production of the *Merry Wives*.^m

And, "last, not least," let us consider the fat knight himself, the only remaining "irregular humorist" introduced into the *Merry Wives* and the historical plays. Inferior he may be in the former to the wit of the Boar's Head; but is there sufficient *dissimilarity* of character to justify us in believing the Falstaff of the *Merry Wives* and the Oldcastle of Henry IV. to have been originally two different creations of character? I think not. The "latter spring," and the "Allhallown summer," are but revived in the aged sinner of Windsor Park, who is described as "Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails," and "as poor as Job, and as wicked as his wife." The same "whale with so many tuns of oil" who considered "my hostess a most sweet wench," could with great propriety admire Mrs. Ford, who was "not young," and Mistress Page, the mother of "pretty virginity," and probably, therefore, as old as her companion. If the tradition be correct that Elizabeth commanded Shakespeare to exhibit Falstaff in love, we must consider our great dramatist compromising his original character of Oldcastle, or Falstaff, as little as possible, by not drawing him actually smitten with the tender passion, which would have completely destroyed all former notions concerning him, but bring-

^m Another difficulty may also be mentioned. The page that Prince Henry gave Falstaff is given by him to Mrs. Page, in the *Merry Wives*, and yet is introduced in the second part of Henry IV. and Henry V.

ing his addiction to the fair sex *more prominently* before the spectator, and thus obeying the royal command without infringing more than possible on his first ideas. Ben Jonson says, "His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too." This looks like a confirmation of the tradition. Thus, observes Dr. Johnson, "the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet, having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give Falstaff all his former power of entertainment." In Henry IV., the prince describes him as "that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years," and "that villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan." In the Merry Wives he is likewise always mentioned as an aged person. In the second part of Henry IV., he describes himself "as poor as Job." The same expression is used in the Merry Wives, in a passage I have previously quoted. The letter of Jack Falstaff to Prince Henry, in act ii., sc. 2, of the second part of Henry IV., is also remarkably similar in style with the knight's love-letter to Mistress Page, in act ii., sc. 1, of the Merry Wives; and both conclude in a very similar manner.

Too much stress has, I think, been laid by the critics on the lavish manner in which Falstaff is discovered in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" to be living at the Garter Inn. He sits at "ten pounds a week," and is "an emperor" in his expence. I see nothing very improbable in the conjecture, without reducing fiction too much to positive fact, but merely considering the circumstances

as they must have arisen and *remained* in the dramatist's mind, that this was after his banishment from the person of the prince, who says,—

“ For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil.”

Prince John, also, says immediately afterwards :—

“ I like this fair proceeding of the king's :
He hath intent, *his wonted followers*
Shall all be very well provided for ;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.”

Falstaff may then have been living at Windsor, with his former “ followers,” on an allowance from the young king : but that “ ten pounds a week ” was too great a rate for his purse, we learn from the necessity he is under of “ discarding some of his followers.” Falstaff was less of a soldier at Windsor than formerly, but Pistol and Nym keep up their martial dignity, and refuse to take “ the humour letter.” In the same play, it is remarkable that he is described as being so poor ; and Ford “ thinks himself in much better plight for a lender ” than he is. He addresses his body, and says, “ Wilt thou after the expence of so much money be now a gainer ? ” Could he allude to the money he borrowed from Justice Shallow ; and had he been so extravagant as to be obliged to share the booty of the fan-handle with Pistol ? In the Falstaff who says “ Reason, you rogue, reason : Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul *gratis* ? ” we recognize the Falstaff of the historical plays.

I think, with Skottowe, that “ the want of symmetry

between the two characters is in the point of Falstaff's intrigue with the merry wives. The objection is not to his inclination to gallantry with Mistress Ford, or Mistress Page, but to the personal vanity and simple credulity which a belief of their attachment to him necessarily presupposes in Falstaff. Of personal vanity the fat knight of Henry IV. possesses not a spark: on the contrary, his preposterous fatness is an exhaustless theme of his own laughter. Rather than have courted exposure and ridicule from two sprightly women, he would instantly have smelt waggery in any advances they might have made to him; and if he had not at once put an end to their hopes of fooling him, he would merely have yielded till he could successfully have turned the tables on themselves. The Falstaff of the 'Merry Wives,' indeed, jests with himself, and is merry with his unwieldy person, but the effect is only that of making his conduct appear more absurd and unnatural."ⁿ

The differences which exist between the Falstaff of the Merry Wives and the Falstaff of the historical plays may be accounted for much more reasonably, on the *tradition* that Shakespeare was, in some measure, writing to the ideas of another, than on the unsupported *conjecture* that they were originally two distinct characters. It is scarcely probable that our great dramatist would draw two characters so nearly similar. That the conjecture does explain several difficulties, I admit; but I should rather be inclined to believe that the two parts of Henry IV., like the Merry Wives, *originally*

ⁿ Skottowe's "Life of Shakespeare," 8vo. Lond. 1824, vol. ii., p. 38.

existed in an unfinished state, and that, when the first sketch of the Merry Wives was written, those plays had NOT been altered and amended in the form in which they have come down to us. This conjecture will, I think, be sufficient to explain nearly every difficulty; and, knowing so little as we do of the history of Shakespeare's composition, I do not see any thing very improbable in it. If Johnson had not published the sketch of the Merry Wives—and there can be little doubt that it was a piratical publication—should we have had any reason to think that the amended play had ever existed in any other form than that in which it appeared in the first folio? At all events, this conjecture will obviously dispense with the necessity of believing in any “considerable abatement of the poet's skill.”

It is a fact, admitted, I believe, by all modern critics, that the Falstaff of the two parts of Henry IV. was originally called *Oldcastle*. Besides the internal evidences in the two plays, we have direct intimation of the fact in early writers: and as I have collected these as far as I could, in a little work on the subject,^o recently published, it cannot be necessary to enter into the question here. Mr. Collier thinks it is now placed beyond a shadow of a doubt. The settlement of this is of some importance in its connexion with the present question, and whether *Oldcastle* was originally the name of the fat knight in the Merry Wives. Had it been so, it is somewhat strange that not any internal evidence should be left

^o On the character of Sir John Falstaff, as originally exhibited by Shakespeare in the two parts of Henry IV., 12mo. Lond. 1841.

of the alteration of the name. In fact, the metre in one case, as I have shown, would not suit *Oldcastle*, and it could scarcely have been altered to Falstaff. We may, then, fairly conclude that the *Merry Wives* was written after the change had been made from *Oldcastle* to Falstaff, in all probability not very long after the production of the two parts of Henry IV.

The reader will thus see, that the supposition of the “*Merry Wives of Windsor*” having been written before Henry V., and the second part of Henry IV., involves fewer inconsistencies than any other. It is true that, in the sketch where Falstaff hears the noise of hunters at Hearne’s Oak, he exclaims, “I’ll lay my life the mad Prince of Wales is stealing his father’s deer;” but, I think, with Mr. Knight, this may have reference to the Prince of the Famous Victories, a character with whom Shakespeare’s audience was familiar. In the amended play, we find Page objecting to Fenton, because “he *kept* company with the wild Prince and Poins” (act iii., sc. 2.); but this refers to his *past* life, and, therefore, does not necessarily imply that Henry V. was yet a prince. We find that the character of Mistress Quickly only is inconsistent with the manner in which the other persons, common to the *Merry Wives* and the historical plays, are introduced. If the *Merry Wives* had preceded the two parts of Henry IV., Shakespeare would scarcely have alluded to Poins, and his intimacy with the Prince, neither of them being introduced into the former play.

It remains for me to notice the collection of early

tales printed in the Appendix^p to the present volume, and which, it is supposed, may have furnished our great dramatist with some of the incidents he has employed in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." How far this may have been the case, can, of course, be matter for conjecture only; but, if Shakespeare had any of them in his recollection when he wrote the Merry Wives — and it would appear, from a few similarities of language, that he had—it is certain that he has completely changed their detail and application. He has adopted the same incidents, but his design in using them was totally different from that of the novelist. The reader will be better able to judge from a perusal of them, than from any analysis I could offer.

Before I conclude these brief introductory observations, there is one point I wish to introduce to the reader's notice, though I will not pretend to say how far I may be borne out in my opinion. It is a singular fact, that no allusion to the legend of *Horne the hunter*, as he is called in the following sketch, has ever been discovered in any other writer. We are entirely ignorant of the date of the legend. In a manuscript, however, of the time of Henry VIII., in the British Museum,^q I find "Rycharde Horne, yeoman," among "the names of the *hunters* whiche be examyned and have confessed" for hunting in his majesty's forests. Is it improbable to

^p Oldys, in his manuscript notes to Langbaine, seems to mention the tale of "the caskets" in Boccaccio as the probable foundation of part of the plot of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," but, as I could not discover any similarity, I have not inserted it in the Appendix.

^q MS. Bib. Reg. 17 C. xvi.

suppose that this was the person to whom the tale related by Mistress Page alludes? She speaks of him as no very ancient personage:—"Oft have you heard since Horne the hunter died." Connected as the "Merry Wives of Windsor" certainly is with the historical plays, the manners and language throughout are those of the time of Queen Elizabeth; and it is only convicting our great dramatist of an additional anachronism to those already well known of a similar character, in attributing to him the introduction of a tale of the time of Henry VIII. into a play supposed to belong to the commencement of the fifteenth century.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

35, Alfred Place, July, 1842.

A

Most pleasaunt and excellent conceited Comedie, of Syr *Iohn Falstaffe*, and the merrie Wiues of *Windsor*.

Entermixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Iustice *Shallow*, and his wise Cousin M. *Slender*.

With the swaggering vaine of Auncient *Pistoll*, and Corporall *Nym*.

By *William Shakespeare*.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her Maiestie, and else-where.

L O N D O N

Printed by T. C. for Arthur Iohnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the signe of the Flower de Leuse and the Crowne.

1602.

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A PLEASANT CONCEITED CO-
medie, of Syr IOHN FALSTAFFE, and the
merry Wiues of WINDSOR.

Enter IUSTICE SHALLOW, SYR HUGH, MAISTER PAGE,
and SLENDER.

Shal. Nere talke to me, Ile make a star-chamber
matter of it.

The Councell shall know it.

Pag. Nay good maister Shallow be perswaded by mee.

Slen. Nay surely my vncle shall not put it vp so.

Sir Hu. Wil you not heare reasons, M. Slenders ?

You should heare reasons.

Shal. Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to carrie
it so away.

M. Page, I will not be wronged. For you

Syr, I loue you, and for my cousen

He comes to looke vpon your daughter.

Pa. And heres my hand, and if my daughter

Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly haue it a match :

In the meane time let me intreat you to sojourne

Here a while. And on my life Ile vndertake

To make you friends.

Sir Hu. I pray you M. Shallowes, let it be so.

The matter is pud to arbitarments.

The first man is M. Page, videlicet M. Page.

The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe.

And the third and last man, is mine host of the gartyr.

Enter SYR IOHN FALSTAFFE, PISTOLL, BARDOLFE,
and NIM.

Here is Sir Iohn himselfe now, looke you.

Fal. Now M. Shallow, youle complaine of me to the
Councell, I heare?

Shal. Sir Iohn, Sir Iohn, you haue hurt my keeper,
kild my dogs, stolne my deere.

Fal. But not kissed your keepers daughter.

Shal. Well this shall be answered.

Fal. Ile answere it straight. I haue done all this.
This is now answred.

Shal. Well, the Councell shall know it.

Fal. Twere better for you twere knowne in counsell,
Youle be laught at.

Sir Hu. Good vrdes Sir Iohn, good vrdes.

Fal. Good vrdes, good Cabidge.

Slender, I brake your head,
What matter haue you against mee?

Slen. I haue matter in my head against you and your
cogging companions, Pistoll and Nym. They carried
mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke, and after-
ward picked my pocket.

Fal. What say you to this Pistoll, did you picke
Maister Slenders purse Pistoll?

Slen. I by this handkercher did he. Two faire shouell
boord shillings, besides seuen groats in mill sixpences.

Fal. What say you to this Pistoll?

Pist. Sir Iohn, and Maister mine, I combat craue
Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.

Slen. By this light it was he then.

Nym. Syr my honor is not for many words,
But if you run bace humors of me,
I will say mary trap. And there's the humor of it.

Fal. You heare these matters denide gentlemē,
You heare it.

*Enter MISTRESSE FOORD, MISTRESSE PAGE, and her
daughter ANNE.*

Pa. No more now,
I thinke it be almost dinner time,
For my wife is come to meet vs.

Fal. Mistresse Foord, I thinke your name is,
If I mistake not. [*SYR IOHN kisses her.*]

Mis. Ford. Your mistake sir is nothing but in the
Mistresse. But my husbands name is Foord, sir.

Fal. I shall desire your more acquaintance.
The like of you good misteris Page.

Mis. Pa. With all my hart sir Iohn.
Come husband will you goe?
Dinner staies for vs.

Pa. With all my hart, come along Gentlemen.

[*Exit all, but SLENDER and MISTRESSE ANNE.*]

Anne. Now forsooth why do you stay me?
What would you with me?

Slén. Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing
with you. I loue you well, and my vncle can tell you
how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me why so.
If not, why then happie man be his dole.

An. You say well M. Slender.
But first you must giue me leaue to
Be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slén. Why by God, there's neuer a man in christen-
dome can desire more. What haue you Beares in your
Towne mistresse Anne, your dogs barke so?

An. I cannot tell M. Slender, I thinke there be.

Slen. Ha how say you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?

An. Yes trust me.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run yon to a Beare, and take her by the mussell,
You neuer saw the like.

But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.

An. Will you goe in to dinner M. Slendor?
The meate staies for you.

Slen. No faith not I. I thanke you,
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate
Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tel you how it
came

By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a dish of stewd pines, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hot my shin. Yes faith.

Enter MAISTER PAGE.

Pa. Come, come Maister Slender, dinner staies for
you.

Slen. I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

Pa. You shall not choose I say.

Slen. Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.
Nay be God misteris Anne, you shall goe first,
I haue more manners then so, I hope.

An. Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Enter SIR HUGH and SIMPLE, from dinner.

Sir Hu. Hark you Simple, pray you beare this letter
to Doctor Cayus house, the French Doctor. He is twell
vp along the street, and enquire of his house for one
mistris Quickly, his woman, or his try nurse, and deliuer

this Letter to her, it tis about Maister Slender. Looke you, will you do it now?

Sim. I warrant you Sir.

Sir Hu. Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.

I will goe make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheese behinde.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Enter SIR IOHN FALSTAFFES *Host of the Garter*, NYM,
BARDOLFE, PISTOLL, *and the boy.*

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.

Host. What ses my bully Rooke?

Speake schollerly and wisely.

Fal. Mine Host, I must turne away some of my followers.

Host. Discard bully, Hercules cassire.

Let them wag, trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pound a weeke.

Host. Thou art an Emperour Cæsar, Phesser and Kesar bully.

Ile entertaine Bardolfe. He shall tap, he shall draw.
Said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do good mine Host.

Host. I haue spoke. Let him follow. Bardolfe
Let me see thee froth, and lyme. I am at
A word. Follow, follow. [*Exit Host.*]

Fal. Do Bardolfe, a Tapster is a good trade,
An old cloake will make a new Ierkin,
A withered seruingman, a fresh Tapster :
Follow him Bardolfe.

Bar. I will sir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good shift
to liue. [*Exit BARDOLFE.*]

Pis. O bace gongarian wight, wilt thou the spicket
willd?

Nym. His minde is not heroick. And theres the humor
of it.

Fal. Well my Laddes, I am almost out at the heeles.

Pis. Why then let cybes insue.

Nym. I thanke thee for that humor.

Fal. Well I am glad I am so rid of this tinder Boy.

His stealth was too open, his filching was like

An vnskilfull singer, he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is to steale at a minutes rest.

Pis. Tis so indeed Nym, thou hast hit it right.

Fal. Well, afore God, I must cheat, I must conycatch.

Which of you knowes Foord of this Towne ?

Pis. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

Fal. Well my honest lads, Ile tell you what I am
about.

Pis. Two yards and more.

Fal. No gibes now Pistoll : indeed I am two yards
In the wast, but now I am about no wast :
Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,
I do intend to make loue to Foords wife,
I espie entertainment in her. She carues, she
Discourses. She giues the lyre of inuitation,
And euery part to be constured rightly is, I am
Syr Iohn Falstaffes.

Pis. He hath studied her well, out of honestie
Into English.

Fal. Now the report goes, she hath all the rule
Of her husbands purse. She hath legians of angels.

Pis. As many diuels attend her.
And to her boy say I.

Fal. Heree's a Letter to her. Heeres another to
misteris Page.

Who euen now gaue me good eies too, examined my
exteriors with such a greedy intentiō, with the beames of
her beautie, that it seemed as she would a scorged me vp

like a burning glasse. Here is another Letter to her, shee beares the purse too. They shall be Excheckers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They shall be my East and West Indies, and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this Letter to Mistresse Foord. And thou this to mistresse Page. Weele thriue Lads, we will thriue.

Pist. Shall I sir Panderowes of Troy become?
And by my sword were steele.
Then Lucifer take all.

Nym. Here take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Here sirrha beare me these Letters titely,
Saile like my pinnice to the golden shores :
Hence slaues, avant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.
Falstaffe will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted Page.

[*Exit FALSTAFFE, and the Boy.*]

Pis. And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch
When thou shalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.

Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are humors
of reuenge.

Pis. Wilt thou reuenge?

Nym. By Welkin and her Fairies.

Pis. By wit, or sword?

Nym. With both the humors I will disclose this loue
to Page. Ile poses him with Iallowes,
And theres the humor of it.

Pis. And I to Foord will likewise tell
How Falstaffe varlot vilde,
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,
And eke his bed defile.

Nym. Let vs about it then.

Pis. Ile second thee: sir Corporall Nym troope on.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY, and SIMPLE.

Quic. M. Slender is your Masters name say you ?

Sim I indeed that is his name.

Quic. How say you ? I take it hee is somewhat a weakly man :

And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

Sim. Indeed my maisters beard is kane colored.

Quic. Kane colour, you say well.

And is this letter from Sir Yon, about Misteris An,
Is it not ?

Sim. I indeed is it.

Quic. So: and your Maister would haue me as it twere to speak to misteris Anne concerning him : I promise you my M. hath a great affectioned mind to mistresse Anne himselfe. And if he should know that I should as they say, giue my verdit for any one but himselfe, I should heare of it throughly : For I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I by my faith you are a good staie to him.

Quic. Am I ? I and you knew all yowd say so :
Washing, brewing, baking, all goes through my hands,
Or else it would be but a woe house.

Sim. I beshrow me, one woman to do all this,
Is very painfull.

Quic. Are you auised of that ? I, I warrant you,
Take all, and paie all, all goe through my hands,
And he is such a honest man, and he should chance
To come home and finde a man here, we should
Haue no who with him. He is a parlowes man.

Sim. Is he indeed ?

Quic. Is he quoth you ? God keepe him abroad :
Lord blesse me, who knocks there ?

For Gods sake step into the Counting-house,
While I goe see whose at doore.

[He steps into the Counting-house.]

What Iohn Rugby, Iohn,
Are you come home sir alreadye ?

[And she opens the doore.]

Doct. I begar I be forget my oyntment,
Where be Iohn Rugby ?

Enter Iohn.

Rug. Here sir, do you call ?

Doc. I you be Iohn Rugbye, and you be Iack Rugby
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away
De oyntment in de vindoe present :
Make hast Iohn Rugbye. O I am almost forget
My simples in a boxe in de Counting-house :
O Ieshu vat be here, a deuella, a deuella ?
My Rapier Iohn Rugby, Vat be you, vat make
You in my Counting-house ?
I tinck you be a teefe.

Quic. Ieshu blesse me, we are all vndone.

Sim. O Lord sir no : I am no theefe,
I am a Seruingman :
My name is Iohn Simple, I brought a Letter sir
From my M. Slender, about misteris Anne Page
Sir : Indeed that is my comming.

Doc. I begar is dat all ? Iohn Rugby giue a ma pen
An Inck : tarche vn pettit tarche a little.

[The Doctor writes.]

Sim. O God what a furious man is this ?

Quic. Nay it is well he is no worse :
I am glad he is so quiet.

Doc. Here giue dat same to sir Hu, it ber ve chalège
Begar tell him I will cut his nase, will you ?

Sim. I sir, Ile tell him so.

Doc. Dat be vell, my Rapier Iohn Rugby, follow may.

[*Exit Doctor.*]

Quic. Well my friend, I cannot tarry, tell your
Maister Ile doo what I can for him,
And so farewell.

Sim. Mary will I, I am glad I am got hence.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Enter MISTRESSE PAGE, reading of a Letter.

Mis. Pa. Mistresse Page I loue you. Aske me no
reason,
Because theyr impossible to alledge. Your faire,
And I am fat. Yon loue sack, so do I:
As I am sure I haue no mind but to loue,
So I know you haue no hart but to grant.
A souldier doth not vse many words, where a knowes
A letter may serue for a sentence. I loue you,
And so I leaue you.

Yours SYR JOHN FALSTAFFE.

Now Ieshu blesse me, am I methomorphised?
I thinke I knowe not myselfe. Why what a Gods name
doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes at my
honestie? Well but that I knowe my owne heart, I
should scarcely perswade my selfe I were hand. Why
what an vnreasonable woolsack is this? He was neuer
twice in my companie, and if then I thought I gaue
such assurance with my eies, Ide pul them out, they
should neuer see more holie daies. Well, I shall trust
fat men the worse while I liue for his sake. O God
that I knew how to be reuenged of him. But in good
time, heeres mistresse Foord.

Enter MISTRESSE FOORD.

Mis. For. How now Mistris Page, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

Mis. Pa. O woman I am I know not what :
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in such a case
in my life.

Mis. Ford. In loue, now in the name of God with
whom ?

Mis. Pa. With one that sweares he loues me,
And I must not choose but do the like againe :
I prethie looke on that Letter.

Mis. For. Ile match your letter iust with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Only the name
Of misteris Page, and misteris Foord disagrees :
Do me the kindness to looke vpon this.

Mis. Pa. Why this is right my letter.
O most notorious villaine !
Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this ?
Lets be reuenged what so ere we do.

Mis. For. Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged.
O Lord if my husband should see this Letter,
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealousie.

Enter FORD, PAGE, PISTOLL and NYM.

Mis. Pa. See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealousie,
As I am from wronging him.

Pis. Ford the words I speake are forst :
Beware, take heed, for Falstaffe loues thy wife :
When Pistoll lies do this.

Ford. Why sir my wife is not young.

Pis. He wooes both yong and old, both rich and poore
None comes amis. I say he loues thy wife :
Faire warning did I giue, take heed,
For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare :
Page, belieue him what he ses. Away sir Corporall Nym.
[*Exit* PISTOLL.]

Nym. Syr the humor of it is, he loues your wife,
I should ha borne the humor Letter to her :
I speake and I auouch tis true : My name is Nym.
Farwell, I loue not the humor of bread and cheese :
And theres the humor of it.

[*Exit Nym.* -

Pa. The humor of it, quoth you :
Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

Mis. Pa. How now sweet hart, how dost thou ?

Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY.

Pa. How now man ? How do you mistris Ford ?

Mis. For. Well I thanke you good M. Page.
How now husband, how chaunce thou art so melancholy.

Ford. Melancholy, I am not melancholy.
Goe get you in, goe.

Mis. For. God saue me, see who yonder is :
Weele set her a worke in this businesse.

Mis. Pa. O sheele serue excellent.
Now you come to see my daughter An I am sure.

Quic. I forsooth that is my comming.

Mis. Pa. Come go in with me. Come *Mis. Ford.*

Mis. For. I follow you *Mistresse Page.*

[*Exit MISTRESSE FORD, MIS. PAGE, and QUICKLY.*

For. M. Page did you heare what these fellowes said ?

Pa. Yes M. Ford, what of that sir ?

For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs ?

Pa. No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather speakes of enuie,
Then of any certaine they haue
Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps
He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men
Are : But should he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him :

And what he got more of her,
Then ill lookes, and shrowd words,
Why let me beare the penaltie of it.

For. Nay I do not mistrust my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.

Enter Host and SHALLOW.

Pa. Here comes my ramping host of the garter,
Ther's either lickor in his hed, or mony in his purse,
That he lookes so merily. Now mine Host ?

Host. God blesse you my bully rookes, God blesse you.
Cauelera Iustice I say.

Shal. At hand mine host, at hand. M. Ford god den
to you.

God den an twentie good M. Page.
I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.

Host. Tell him cauelira Iustice : tell him bully rooke.

Ford. Mine Host a the garter :

Host. What ses my bully rooke ?

Ford. A word with you sir.

[*FORD and the Host talkes.*

Shal. Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport shall be,
Doctor Cayus and sir Hu are to fight,
My merrie Host hath had the measuring
Of their weapons, and hath
Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your eare :

Host. Hast thou no shute against my knight,
My guest, my cauellira.

For. None I protest : But tell him my name
Is Rooke, onlie for a Iest.

Host. My hand bully : Thou shalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name shall be Brooke : Sed I well bully Hector ?

Shal. I tell you what M. Page, I beleeeue

The Doctor is no Iester, heele laie it on :

For tho we be Iustices and Doctors,

And Church men, yet we are

The sonnes of women M. Page :

Pa. True maister Shallow :

Shal. It will be found so maister Page :

Pa. Maister Shallow you your selfe

Haue bene a great fighter,

Tho now a man of peace :

Shal. M. Page I haue seene the day that yong

Tall fellowes with their stroke & their passado,

I haue made them trudge Maister Page,

A tis the hart, the hart doth all : I

Haue seene the day, with my two hand sword

I would a made you foure tall Fencers

Scipped like Rattes.

Host. Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag ?

Shal. Ha with you mine host.

[*Exit* HOST and SHALLOW.]

Pa. Come M. Ford, shall we to dinner ?

I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

For. No in good sadnesse not in mine :

Yet for all this Ile try it further,

I will not leaue it so :

Come M. Page, shall we to dinner ?

Pa. With all my hart sir, Ile follow you.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Enter SYR IOHN, and PISTOLL.

Fal. Ile not lend thee a peny.

Pis. I will retort the sum in equiPAGE.

Fal. Not a pennie : I haue beene content you shuld lay my countenance to pawne : I haue grated vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and your Coach-fellow Nym, else you might a looked thorow a grate like

a geminy of babones. I am damned in hell for swearing to Gentlemen your good souldiers and tall fellows : And when mistresse Briget lost the handle of her Fan, I tooked on my ho- thou hadst it not.

Pis. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fiteene pence?

Fal. Reason you rogue, reason.

Doest thou thinke Ile indanger my soule gratis? In briefe, hang no more about mee, I am no gybit for you. I short knife and a throng to your manner of pickt hatch, goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me you rogue you: you stand vpon your honor. Why thou vnconfinable basenesse thou, tis as much as I can do to keep the termes of my honor precise. I, I my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of God on the left hand, am faine to shuffel, to filch & to lurch. And yet you stand vpon your honor, you rogue. You, you.

Pis. I do recant: what woulst thou more of man?

Fal. Well, go too, away, no more.

Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY.

Quic. Good you god den sir.

Fal. Good den faire wife.

Quic. Not so ant like your worship.

Fal. Faire mayd then.

Quic. That I am Ile be sworne, as my mother was The first houre I was borne.

Sir I would speake with you in priuate.

Fal. Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne houshold.

Quic. Are they so? Now God blesse them, and make them his seruants.

Syr I come from Mistresse Foord.

Fal. So from Mistresse Foord. Goe on.

Quic. I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you

Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter,
And let me tell you, she is one stands vpon her credit.

Fal. Well, come Misteris Ford, Misteris Ford.

Quic. I sir, and as they say, she is not the first
Hath bene led in a fooles paradise.

Fal. Nay prethy be briefe my good she Mercury.

Quic. Mary sir, sheed haue you meet her between
eight and nine.

Fal. So betweene eight and nine :

Quic. I forsooth for then her husband goes a birding,

Fal. Well commend me to thy mistris, tel her
I will not faile her : Boy giue her my purse.

Quic. Nay sir I haue another arant to do to you
From Misteris Page :

Fal. From misteris Page ? I prethy what of her ?

Quic. By my troth I think you work by inchant-
ments,

Els they could neuer loue you as they doo :

Fal. Not I, I assure thee : setting the attraction of my
Good parts aside, I vse no other inchantments :

Quic. Well sir, she loues you extreemly :
And let me tell you, shees one that feares God,
And her husband giues her leaue to do all :
For he is not halfe so iealousie as M. Ford is.

Fal. But harke thee, hath misteris Page & mistris
Ford,

Acquainted each other how dearly they loue me ?

Quic. O God no sir : there were a iest indeed.

Fal. Well farwel, commend me to misteris Ford,
I will not faile her say.

Quic. God be with your worship.

[*Exit MISTRESSE QUICKLY.*]

Enter BARDOLFE.

Bar. Sir heer's a gentleman,

One M. Brooke, would speak with you,
He hath sent you a cup of sacke.

Fal. M. Brooke, hees welcome : Bid him come vp,
Such Brookes are alwaies welcome to me :
A Iack, will thy old bodie yet hold out ?
Wilt thou after the expence of so much mony
Be now a gainer ? Good bodie I thanke thee,
And Ile make more of thee then I ha done :
Ha, ha, misteris Ford, and misteris Page, haue
I caught you a the hip ? go too.

Enter FOORD disguised like BROOKE.

For. God saue you sir.

Fal. And you too, would you speak with me ?

Fal. Mary would I sir, I am somewhat bolde to
trouble you,

My name is Brooke.

Fal. Good M. Brooke your verie welcome.

For. Ifaith sir I am a gentleman and a traueller,
That haue seen somewhat. And I haue often heard
That if mony goes before, all waies lie open.

Fal. Mony is a good souldier sir, and will on.

For. Ifaith sir, and I haue a bag here,
Would you wood helpe me to beare it.

Fal. O Lord, would I could tell how to deserue
To be your porter.

For. That may you easily sir Iohn : I haue an earnest
Sute to you. But good sir Iohn when I haue
Told you my grieffe, cast one eie of your owne
Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be
Such an offender.

Fal. Verie well sir, proceed.

For. Sir I am deeply in loue with one Fords wife
Of this Towne. Now sir Iohn you are a gentleman
Of good discoursing, well beloued among Ladies,
A man of such parts that might win 20. such as she.

Fal. O good sir.

For. Nay beleeeue it sir Iohn, for tis time. Now my
loue

Is so grounded vpon her, that without her loue
I shall hardly liue.

Fal. Haue you importuned her by any means ?

Ford. No neuer sir.

Fal. Of what qualitie is your loue then ?

Ford. Ifaith sir, like a faire house set vpon
Another mans foundation.

Fal. And to what end haue you vnfolded this to me ?

For. O, sir, when I haue told you that, I told you all :
For she sir stands so pure in the firme state
Of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked
Against : Now could I come against her
With some detectiō, I should sooner perswade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice
Tearmes that sheele stand vpon.

Fal. Why would it apply well to the veruensie of your
affection,

That another should possesse what you would enioy ?
Meethinks you prescribe verie posterously
To your selfe.

For. No sir, for by that meanes should I be certaine
of that which I now misdoubt.

Fal. Well M. Brooke, Ile first make bold with your
mony,

Next, giue me your hand. Lastly, you shall
And you will, enioy Fords wife.

For. O good sir.

Fal. M. Brooke, I say you shall.

Ford. Want no mony Syr Iohn, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Misteris Ford M. Brooke,
You shall want none. Euen as you came to me,
Her spokes mate, her go between parted from me :

I may tell you M. Brooke, I am to meet her
Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Iealous
Cuckally knaue her husband wil be from home,
Come to me soone at night, you shall know how
I speed M. Brooke.

Ford. Sir do you know Ford?

Fal. Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know him not,
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of angels,
For the which his wife seemes to me well fauored,
And Ile vse her as the key of the cuckally knaues
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.

Ford. Meethinkes sir it were very good that you
knew

Ford, that you might shun him.

Fal. Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile stare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell : It shall hang like a meator
Ore the wittolly knaues head, M. Brooke thou shalt
See I will predominate ore the peasant,
And thou shalt lie with his wife. M. Brooke
Thou shalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me soone at night. [*Exit FALSTAFFE.*]

Ford. What a damned epicurian is this?
My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid :
Page is an Asse, a foole. A secure Asse,
Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my
Aquauita bottle, Sir Hu our parson with my cheese,
A theefe to walk my ambling gelding, thē my wife
With her selfe : then she plots, then she ruminates,
And what she thinkes in her hart she may effect,
Sheele breake her hart but she will effect it.
God be praised, God be praised for my iealousie :
Well Ile goe preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an houre too soone, then a minit too late,
Gods my life cuckold, cuckold. [*Exit FORD.*]

Enter the DOCTOR and his man.

Doc. Iohn Rugbie goe looke met your eies ore de stall,

And spie and you can see de parson.

Rug. Sir I cannot tell whether he be there or no,
But I see a great many comming.

Doc. Bully moy, mon rapier Iohn Rugabie, begar de Hearing be not so dead as I shall make him.

Enter SHALLOW, PAGE, my HOST, and SLENDER.

Pa. God saue you M. Doctor Cayus.

Shal. How do you M. Doctor?

Host. God blesse thee my bully doctor, God blesse thee.

Doc. Vat be all you, van to tree com for, a?

Host. Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to see thee trauerse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee passe the punto. The stock, the reuerse, the distance: the montnce is a dead my francoyes? Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha what ses my gallon? my escuo-lapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?

Doc. Begar de preest be a coward Iack knaue,
He dare not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a castallian king vrinall.
Hector of Greece my boy.

Shal. He hath showne himselfe the wiser man M.
Doctor :

Sir Hugh is a Parson, and you a Phisition. You must
Goe with me M. Doctor.

Host. Pardon bully Iustice. A word monsire mock-
water.

Doc. Mockwater, vat me dat?

Host. That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully,
vallor.

Doc. Begar den I haue as mockuater as de English
Iack dog, knaue.

Host. He will claperclaw thee titely bully.

Doc. Claperclawe, vat be dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Doc. Begar I do looke he shal claperclaw me dē,
And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag :
And moreouer bully, but M. Page and M. Shallow,
And eke cauellira Slender, go you all ouer the fields
to Frogmore ?

Pa. Sir Hugh is there, is hee ?

Host. He is there : goe see what humor hee is in,
Ile bring the doctor about by the fields :
Will it do well ?

Shal. We wil do it my host. Farwel M. Doctor.

[*Exit all but the Host and Doctor.*]

Doc. Begar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,
He is make a foole of moy.

Host. Let him die, but first sheth your impatience,
Throw cold water on your collar, com go with me
Through the fields to Frogmore, and Ile bring thee
Where mistris An Page is a feasting at a farm house,
And thou shalt wear hir cried game : sed I wel bully.

Doc. Begar excellent vel : and if you speak pour moy,
I shall procure you de gesse of all de gentlemē mon
patinces. I begar I sall.

Host. For the which Ile be thy aduersary
To misteris An Page : Sed I well ?

Doc. I begar excellent.

Host. Let vs wag then.

Doc. Alon, alon, alon.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Enter SYR HUGH *and* SIMPLE.

Sir Hu. I pray you do so much as see if you can espie
Doctor Cayus comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you please now.

Sim. I will sir.

Sir Hu. Ieshu ples mee, how my hart trobes, and trobes,
And then she made him bedes of Roses,
And a thousand fragrant poses,
To shallow riueres. Now so kad vdge me, my hart
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes I can cry
Verie well. There dwelt a man in Babylon,
To shallow riuers and to falles,
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.

Sim. Sir here is M. Page and M. Shallow,
Comming hither as fast as they can.

Sir Hu. Then it is verie necessary I put vp my sword,
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

Pa. God saue you Sir Hugh.

Shal. God saue you M. parson.

Sir Hu. God plesse you all from his mercies sake
now.

Pa. What the word and the sword, doth that agree
well?

Sir Hu. There is reasous and causes in all things,
I warrant you now.

Pa. Well Sir Hugh, we are come to craue
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

Sir Hu. What is I pray you?

Pa. Ifaith tis this sir Hugh. There is an auncient
friend of ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes with
one patience, that I am sure you would hartily grieue to
see him. Now Sir Hugh, you are a scholler well red,
and verie perswasieue, we would intreate you to see if
you could intreat him to patience.

Sir Hu. I pray you who is it? Let vs know that.

Pa. I am shure you know him, tis Doctor Cayus.

Sir Hu. I had as leeuue you should tel me of a messe
of poredge,

He is an arant lowsie beggerly knaue :
And he is a coward beside.

Pa. Why Ile laie my life tis the man
That he should fight withall.

Enter Doctor and the Host, they offer to fight.

Shal. Keep them asunder, take away their weapons.

Host. Disarme, let them question.

Shal. Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack our
English.

Doc. Hark van vrd in your eare. You be vn daga
And de Iack, coward preest.

Sir Hu. Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes
to other mens humors. By Ieshu I will knock your
vrinalls about your knaues cockcomes, for missing your
meetings and appointments.

Doc. O Ieshu mine host of de garter, Iohn Rogoby,
Haue I not met him at de place he make apoint,
Haue I not ?

Sir Hu. So kad vdge me, this is the pointment place,
Witnes by my Host of the garter.

Host. Peace I say gawle and gawlia, French and
Wealch,
Soule curer, and bodie curer.

Doc. This is verie braue, excellent.

Host. Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter,
Am I wise ? am I polliticke ? am I Matchaul ?
Shall I lose my doctor ? No, he giues me the motiōs
And the potions. Shall I lose my parson, my sir Hu ?
No, he giues me the prouerbes, and the nouerbes :
Giue me thy hand terestriall,
So giue me thy hand celestiaall :
So boyes of art I haue deceiued you both,
I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mightie, your skins are whole,

Bardolfe laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads
Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow.

[*Exit Host.*]

Shal. Afore God a mad host, come let vs goe.

Doc. I begar haue you mocka may thus?

I will be euen met you my Iack Host.

Sir Hu. Giue me your hand Doctor Cayus,

We be all friends :

But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone.

Doc. I dat be vell, begar I be friends.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Enter M. FOORD.

For. The time drawes on he shuld come to my house,
Well wife, you had best worke closely,
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning :
I now wil seek my guesse that comes to dinner,
And in good time see where they all are come.

*Enter SHALLOW, PAGE, HOST, SLENDER, DOCTOR, and
SIR HUGH.*

By my faith a knot well met : your welcome all.

Pa. I thanke you good M. Ford.

For. Welcome good M. Page,

I would your daughter were here.

Pa. I thank you sir, she is very well at home.

Slen. Father Page I hope I haue your consent
For Misteris Anne?

Pa. You haue sonne Slender, but my wife here,
Is altogether for maister Doctor.

Doc. Begar I tanck her hartily :

Host. But what say you to yong Maister Fenton?
He capers, he daunces, he writes verses, he smelles
All April and May : he wil cary it, he wil carit,
Tis in his betmes he wil carite.

Pa. My host not with my cōsent : the gentleman is Wilde, he knowes too much : If he take her,
Let him take her simply : for my goods goes
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.

For. Well I pray go home with me to dinner :
Besides your cheare Ile shew you wonders : Ile
Shew you a monster. You shall go with me
M. Page, and so shall you sir Hugh, and you Maister
Doctor.

S Hu. If there be one in the company, I shal make
two :

Doc. And dere be ven to, I sall make de tird :

Sir Hu. In your teeth for shame,

Shal. wel, wel, God be with you, we shall haue the
fairer

Wooing at Maister Pages :

[*Exit SHALLOW and SLENDER,*

Host. Ile to my honest knight sir Iohn Falstaffe,
And drinke Canary with him. [*Exit host.*

Ford. I may chance to make him drinke in pipe wine,
First come gentlemen. [*Exit omnes.*

*Enter MISTRESSE FORD, with two of her men, and a
great buck basket.*

Mis. For. Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, say to the Launderers,
I hope you know how to bestow it?

Ser. I warrant you misteris. [*Exit seruant.*

Mis. For. Go get you in. Well sir Iohn,
I beleeeue I thall serue you such a trick,
You shall haue little mind to come againe.

Enter SIR IOHN.

Fal. Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel ?
Why now let me die. I haue liued long inough,
This is the happie houre I haue desired to see,

Now shall I sin in my wish,
I would thy husband were dead.

Mis. For. Why how then sir Iohn?

Fal. By the Lord, Ide make thee my Ladie.

Mis. For. Alas sir Iohn, I should be a verie simple
Ladie.

Fal. Goe too, I see how thy eie doth emulate the
Diamond.

And how the arched bent of thy brow
Would become the ship tire, the tire vellet,
Or anie Venetian attire, I see it.

Mis. For. A plaine kercher sir Iohn, would fit me
better.

Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor to saie so :
What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee
Ther's somewhat extraordinarie in thee : Goe too
I loue thee :

Mistris Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, like one
Of these fellows that smels like Bucklers-berie,
In simple time, but I loue thee,
And none but thee.

Mis. For. Sir Iohn, I am afraid you loue misteris
Page.

Fal. I thou mightest as well saie
I loue to walke by the Counter gate,
Which is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

Enter MISTRESSE PAGE.

Mis. Pa. Mistresse Ford, Mis. Ford, where are you?

Mis. For. O Lord step aside good sir Iohn.

[*FALSTAFFE stands behind the arras.*

How now Misteris Page whats the matter?

Mis. Pa. Why your husband woman is cōming,
With halfe Windsor at his heeles,

To looke for a gentleman that he ses
Is hid in his house: his wifes sweet hart.

Mis. For. Speak louder. But I hope tis not true
Misteris Page.

Mis. Pa. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you
Haue any here, away with him, or your vndone for euer.

Mis. For. Alas mistresse Page, what shall I do?
Here is a gentleman my friend, how shall I do?

Mis. Pa. Gode body woman, do not stand what shal
I do, and what shall I do. Better any shift, rather then
you shamed. Looke heere, here's a buck-basket, if hee
be a man of any reasonable sise, heele in here.

Mis. For. Alas I feare he is too big.

Fal. Let me see, let me see, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counsell.

[*Aside.*

Mis. Pa. Fie sir Iohn is this your loue? Go too.

Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee:
Helpe me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come here more.

[*SIR IOHN goes into the basket, they put
cloathes ouer him, the two men car-
ries it away: FOORD meetes it, and
all the rest, PAGE, DOCTOR, PRIEST,
SLENDER, SHALLOW.*

Ford. Come pray along, you shall see all.
How now who goes heere? whither goes this?
Whither goes it? set it downe.

Mis. For. Now let it go, you had best meddle with
buck-washing.

Ford. Buck, good buck, pray come along,
Maister Page take my keyes: helpe to search. Good
Sir Hugh pray come along, helpe a little, a little,
Ile shew you all.

Sir Hu. By Ieshu these are iealosies & distemperes.

[*Exit omnes.*

Mis. Pa. He is in a pittifull taking.

Mis. I wonder what he thought

Whē my husband bad them set downe the basket.

Mis. Pa. Hang him dishonest slaue, we cannot vse
Him bad inough, This is excellent for your
Husbands icalousie.

Mi. For. Alas poore soule it grieues me at the hart,
But this will be a meanes to make him cease
His iealous fits, if Falstaffes loue increase.

Mis. Pa. Nay we wil send to Falstaffe once again,
Tis great pittie we should leaue him :
What wiues may be merry, and yet honest too.

Mi. For. Shall we be cōdemnd because we laugh?
Tis old, but true : still sowes eate all the draffe.

Enter all.

Mis. Pa. Here comes your husband, stand aside.

For. I can find no body within, it may be he lied.

Mis. Pa. Did you heare that?

Mis. For. I, I, peace.

For. Well Ile not let it go so, yet Ile trie further.

S. Hu. By Ieshu if there be any body in the kitchin
Or the cuberts, or the presse, or the buttery,
I am an arrant Iew : Now God plesse me :
You serue me well, do you not ?

Pa. Fie M. Ford you are to blame.

Mis. Pa. Ifaith tis not well M. Ford to suspect
Her thus without cause.

Doc. No by my trot it be no vell :

For. Wel I pray bear with me, M. Page pardō me.
I suffer for it, I suffer for it :

Sir Hu : You suffer for a bad conscience looke you
now :

Ford : Well I pray no more, another time Ile tell
you all :

The mean time go dine with me, pardō me wife,
I am sorie. M. Page pray goe in to dinner,
Another time Ile tell you all.

Pa : Wel let it be so, and to morrow I inuite you all
To my house to dinner : and in the morning wee le
A birding, I haue an excellent Hauke for the bush.

Ford : Let it be so : Come M. Page, come wife :
I pray you come in all, your welcome, pray come in.

Sir Hu : By so kad vdgme, M. Fordes is
Not in his right wittes :

[*Exit omnes* :

Enter SIR IOHN FALSTAFFE.

Fal : Bardolfe brew me a pottle sack presently :

Bar : With Egges sir ?

Fal : Simply of it selfe, Ile none of these pullets
sperme

In my drinke : goe make haste.

Haue I liued to be carried in a basket and throwne into
the Thames like a barow of Butchers offoll. Well, and
I be serued such another tricke, Ile giue them leaue to
take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to
a dog for a new-yeares gift. Sblood, the rogues slided
me in with as little remorse as if they had gone to drowne
a blind bitches puppies in the litter : and they might
know by my sise I haue a kind of alacritie in sinking :
and the bottom had bin as deep as hell I should downe.
I had bene drowned, but that the shore was sheluie and
somewhat shallowe : a death that I abhorre. For you
know the water swelles a man : and what a thing should
I haue bene whē I had bene swelled ? By the Lord a
mountaine of money. Now is the Sacke brewed ?

Bar. I sir, there's a woman below would speake with
you.

Fal. Bid her come vp. Let me put some Sacke among

this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balles for pilles.

Enter MISTRESSE QUICKLY.

Now whats the newes with you ?

Quic. I come from misteris Ford forsooth.

Fal. Misteris Ford, I haue had Ford inough,
I haue bene throwne into the Ford, my belly is full
Of Ford : she hath tickled mee.

Quic. O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that
her seruants mistooke, that euer liued. And sir, she would
desire you of all loues you will meet her once againe, to
morrow sir, betweene ten and eleuen, and she hopes to
make amends for all.

Fal. Ten, and eleuen, saiest thou ?

Quic. I forsooth.

Fal. Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think
Of mans frailtie : Let her iudge what man is,
And then thinke of me. And so farwell.

Quic. Youle not faile sir ?

[Exit MISTRESSE QUICKLY.]

Fal. I will not faile. Commend me to her.
I wonder I heare not of M. Brooke, I like his
Mony well. By the masse here he is.

Enter BROOKE.

For. God saue you sir.

Fal. Welcome good M. Brooke. You come to know
how matters goes.

Ford. Thats my comming indeed sir Iohn.

Fal. M. Brooke I will not lie to you sir,
I was there at my appointed time.

For. And how sped you sir ?

Fal. Verie ilfauouredly sir.

For. Why sir, did she change her determination ?

Fal. No M. Brooke, but you shall heare. After we had kissed and imbraced, and as it were euen amid the prologue of our incounter, who should come, but the iealous knaue her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper. And what to do thinke you? to search for his wiues loue. Euen so, plainly so.

For. While ye were there?

Fal. Whilst I was there.

For. And did he search and could not find you?

Fal. You shall heare sir, as God would haue it,
A litle before comes me one Pages wife,
Giues her intelligence of her husbands
Approach: and by her inuention, and Fords wiues
Distraction, conueyed me into a buck basket.

Ford. A buck basket!

Fal. By the Lord a buck basket, rammed me in
With foule shirts, stokins, greasie napkins,
That M. Brooke, there was a compound of the most
Villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill.
Ile tell you M. Brooke, by the Lord for your sake
I suffered three egregious deaths: First to be
Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circumference
Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head: and then to
Be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish:
A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I
Escaped suffication; and in the heat of all this,
To be throwne into Thames like a horsehoo hot:
Maister Brooke, thinke of that hissing heate, Maister
Brooke.

Ford. Well sir then my shute is void?
Youle vndertake it no more?

Fal. M. Brooke, Ile be throwne into Etna
As I haue bene in the Thames,
Ere I thus leaue her: I haue receiued

Another appointment of meeting,
Between ten and eleuen is the houre.

Ford: Why sir, tis almost ten alreadie :

Fal. Is it? why then will I addresse my selfe
For my appointment : M. Brooke come to me soone
At night, and you shall know how I speed,
And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue :
You shall cuckold Foord : come to mee soone at
at night. [*Exit FALSTAFFE*.]

For. Is this a dreame? Is it a vision?
Maister Ford, maister Ford, awake maister Ford,
There is a hole made in your best coat M. Ford,
And a man shall not only endure this wrong,
But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,
Lucifer is a good name, Barbason good : good
Diuels names : But cuckold, wittold, godeso
The diuel himselfe hath not such a name :
And they may hang hats here, and napkins here
Vpon my hornes : Well Ile home, I ferit him,
And vnlesse the diuel himselfe should aide him,
Ile search vnpossible places : Ile about it,
Least I repent too late : [*Exit omnes*.]

Enter M. FENTON, PAGE, and MISTRESSE QUICKLY.

Fen: Tell me sweet Nan, how doest thou yet resolute,
Shall foolish Slender haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall such as they enioy thy maiden hart?
Thou knowst that I haue alwaies loued thee deare,
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.

An: Good M. Fenton, you may assure your selfe
My hart is settled vpon none but you,
Tis as my father and mother please :
Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.

Fen: Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Tho I must needs confesse at first that drew me,

But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,
 I loue thee Nan, and so deare is it set,
 That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.

Quic. Godes pitie here comes her father.

Enter M. PAGE, *his wife*, M. SHALLOW, *and* SLENDER.

Pa. M. Fenton I pray what make you here?
 You know my answeere sir, shees not for you:
 Knowing my vow, to blame to vse me thus.

Fen. But heare me speake sir.

Pa. Pray sir get you gon: Come hither daughter,
 Sonne Slender let me speak with you. [*they whisper.*]

Quic. Speake to Misteris Page.

Fen. Pray misteris Page let me haue your cōsent.

Mis. Pa. Ifaith M. Fentō tis as my husband please.
 For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further you.

Quic. How say you this was my doings?

I bid you speake to misteris Page.

Fen. Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,
 Worke what thou canst for me, farwell. [*Exit* FEN.]

Quic. By my troth so I will, good hart.

Pa. Come wife, you an I will in, weelee leaue M.
 Slēder

And my daughter to talke together. M. Shallow,
 You may stay sir if you please.

[*Exit* PAGE *and* *his wife.*]

Shal. Mary I thanke you for that:
 To her cousin, to her.

Slen. Ifaith I know not what to say.

An. Now M. Slender, whats your will?

Slen. Godeso theres a Iest indeed: why misteris An,
 I neuer made wil yet: I thāk God I am wise inough for
 that.

Shal. Fie cusse fie, thou art not right,
 O thou hadst a father,

Slen. I had a father misteris Anne, good vncle
Tell the Iest how my father stole the goose out of
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse
Anne.

Shal. He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound
a yeare, he shall make you a gentlewoman.

Slend. I be God that I vill, come cut and long taile,
as good as any is in Glostershire, vnder the degree of a
Squire.

An. O God how many grosse faults are hid,
And couered in three hundred pound a yeare?
Well M. Slender, within a day or two Ile tell you
more

Slend. I thanke you good misteris Anne, vncle I shall
haue her.

Quic. M. Shallow, M. Page would pray you to come
you, and you M. Slender, and you mistris An.

Slend. Well Nurse, if youle speake for me, Ile giue
you more than Ile talke of.

[*Exit omnes but QUICKLY.*

Quic. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you,
But specially for M. Fenton :
But specially of all for my Maister.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

[*Exit.*

Enter MISTERIS FORD and her two men.

Mis For. Do you heare? when your M. comes take
vp this basket as you did before, and if your M. bid you
set it downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forsooth.

Enter SYR IOHN.

Mis For. Syr Iohn welcome.

Fal. What are you sure of your husband now ?

Mis. For. He is gone a birding sir Iohn, and I hope will not come home yet.

Enter MISTRESSE PAGE.

Gods body here is misteris Page,
Step behind the arras good sir Iohn.

[He steps behind the arras.]

Mis. Pa. Misteris Ford, why woman, your husband is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to search for your sweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

Mis. For. O God misteris Page the knight is here, what shall I do ?

Mis. Pa. Why then you'r vndone woman, vnles you make some meanes to shift him away.

Mis. For. Alas I know no meanes, vnlesse we put him in the basket againe.

Fal. No Ile come no more in the basket,
Ile creep vp into the chimney.

Mis. For. There they vse to discharge their Fowling peeces.

Fal. Why then Ile goe out of doores.

Mis. Pa. Then your vndone, your but a dead man.

Fal. For Gods sake devise any extremitie,
Rather then a mischief.

Mis. Pa. Alas I know not what meanes to make,
If there were any womans apparell would fit him.
He might put on a gowne and a mufler,
And so escape.

Mi. For. Thats wel remembred, my maids Aunt Gillian of Bráinford, hath a gowne aboue.

Mis. Pa. And she is altogether as fat as he.

Mis. For. I that will serue him of my word.

Mis. Pa. Come goe with me sir Iohn, Ile helpe to dresse you.

Fal. Come for God sake, any thing.

[Exit MIS. PAGE, & SIR IOHN.]

Enter M. FORD, PAGE, PRIEST, SHALLOW, the two men carries the basket, and FORD meets it.

For. Come along I pray, you shal know the cause,
How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you?
Set downe the basket you slaue,
You panderly rogue set it downe.

Mis. For. What is the reason that you vse me thus?

For. Come hither set downe the basket,
Misteris Ford the modest woman,
Misteris Ford the vertuous woman,
She that hath the ieaious foole to her husband,
I mistrust you without cause do I not?

Mis. For. I Gods my record do you. And if you
mistrust me in any ill sort.

Ford. Well sed brazen face, hold it out,
You youth in a basket, come out here,
Pull out the cloathes, search.

Hu. Ieshu plesse me, will you pull vp your wiues
cloathes?

Pa. Fie M. Ford you are not to go abroad if you be
in these fits.

Sir Hu. By so kad vdge me, tis verie necessarie
He were put in pethlem.

For. M. Page, as I am an honest man M. Page,
There was one conueyd out of my house here yesterday
out of this basket, why may he not be here now?

Mi. For. Come mistris Page, bring the old womã
downe.

For. Old woman, what old woman?

Mi. For. Why my maidens Ant, Gilliã of Brainford.
A witch, haue I not forewarned her my house,
Alas we are simple we, we know not what
Is brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune-
Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.

Enter FALSTAFFE disguised like an old woman, and MISTERIS PAGE with him, FORD beates him, and hee runnes away.

Away you witch get you gone.

Sir Hu. By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch indeed,

I espied vnder her mufler a great beard.

Ford. Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.

Pa. Come wee le go for his minds sake.

[Exit omnes.]

Mi. For. By my troth he beat him most extreemly.

Mi. Pa. I am glad of it, what shall we proceed any further?

Mi. For. No faith, now if you will let vs tell our husbands of it. For mine I am sure hath almost fretted himselfe to death.

Mi. Pa. Content, come wee le goe tell them all,
And as they agree, so will we proceed. *[Exit both.]*

Enter HOST and BARDOLFE.

Bar. Syr heere be three Gentlemen come from the Duke the Stranger sir, would haue your horse.

Host. The Duke, what Duke? let me speake with the Gentlemen, do they speake English?

Bar. Ile call them to you sir.

Host. No Bardolfe, let them alone, Ile sauce them :
They haue had my house a weeke at command,
I haue turned away my other guesse,
They shall haue my horses Bardolfe,
They must come off, Ile sawce them. *[Exit omnes.]*

Enter FORD, PAGE, their wiues, SHALLOW, and SLENDER.

SIR HU.

Ford. Well wife, heere take my hand, vpon my soule

I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and joy I haue so true and constant wife, my iealousie shall neuer more offend thee.

Mi. For. Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done, Was nothing else but mirth and modestie.

Pa. I misteris Ford, Falstaffe hath all the griefe, And in this knauerie my wife was the chiefe.

Mi. Pa. No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.

Hu. Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments.

Mis. For. But sweete heart shall wee leaue olde Falstaffe so?

Mis. Pa. O by no meanes, send to him againe.

Pa. I do not thinke heele come being so much deceiued.

For. Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like Brooke, and know his mind whether heele come or not.

Pa. There must be some plot laide, or heele not come.

Mis. Pa. Let vs alone for that. Heare my deuce. Oft haue you heard since Horne the hunter dyed, That women to affright their litle children, Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge. Now for that Falstaffe hath bene so deceiued, As that he dares not venture to the house, Weele send him word to meet vs in the field, Disguised like Horne, with huge horns on his head, The houre shalbe iust betweene twelue and one, And at that time we will meet him both : Then would I haue you present there at hand, With litle boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries, For to affright fat Falstaffe in the woods. And then to make a period to the Iest, Tell Falstaffe all, I thinke this will do best.

Pa. Tis excellent, and my daughter Anne, Shall like a litle Fayrie be disguised.

Mis. Pa. And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor steale my daughter An, & ere my husband knowes it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her.

Mis. For. But who will buy the silkes to tyre the boyes ?

Pa. That will I do, and in a robe of white Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertise Slender To know her by that signe, and steale her thence. And vnknowne to my wife, shall marrie her.

Hu. So kad vdge me the deuises is excellent. I will also be there, and be like a Iackanapes, And pinch him most cruelly for his lecheries.

Mis. Pa. Why then we are reuenged sufficiently. First he was carried and throwne in the Thames, Next beaten well, I am sure youle witnes that.

Mi. For. Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.

Pa. Well lets about this stratagem, I long To see deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.

For. Well send to Falstaffe, and if he come thither, Twil make vs smile and laugh one moneth together.

[*Exit omnes.*]

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What would thou haue boore, what thick-skin ? Speake, breath, discus, short, quick, briefe, snap.

Sim. Sir, I am sent frō my M. to sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Host. Sir Iohn, theres his Castle, his standing-bed, his trundle-bed, his chamber is painted about with the story of the prodigall, fresh and new, go knock, heele speake like an Antripophiginian to thee : Knock I say.

Sim. Sir I should speak with an old woman that went vp into his chamber.

Host. An old woman, the knight may be robbed, Ile

call bully knight, bully Sir Iohn. Speake from thy Lungs military : it is thine host, thy Ephesian calls.

Fal. Now mine Host.

Host. Here is a Bohemian tarter bully, tarries the comming downe of the fat woman : Let her descēd bully, let her descend, my chambers are honorable, pah priuasie, fie.

Fal. Indeed mine host there was a fat woman with me, But she is gone.

Enter SIR IOHN.

Sim. Pray sir was it not the wise woman of Brainford ?

Fal. Marry was it Musselshell, what would you ?

Sim. Marry sir my maister Slender sent me to her, To know whether one Nim that hath his chaine, Cousoned him of it, or no.

Fal. I talked with the woman about it.

Sim. And I pray sir what ses she ?

Fal. Marry she ses the very same man that Beguiled maister Slender of his chaine, Cousoned him of it.

Sim. May I be bolde to tell my maister so sir ?

Fal. I tike, who more bolde.

Sim. I thanke you sir, I shall make my maister a glad man at these tydings, God be with you sir.

Host. Thou art clarkly sir Iohn, thou art clarkly, Was there a wise woman with thee ?

Fal. Marry was there mine host, one that taught Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare, And I paid nothing for it, But was paid for my learning.

Enter BADOLFE.

Bar. O Lord sir cousonage, plaine cousonage.

Host. Why man, where be my horses ? where be the Germanes ?

And his dam the other,
And theyle be both bestowed.
I haue endured more for their sakes,
Then man is able to endure.

Quic. O Lord sir, they are the sorrowfull creatures
That euer liued : specially mistresse Ford,
Her husband hath beaten her that she is all
Blacke and blew poore soule.

Fal. What tellest me of blacke and blew,
I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,
And in my escape like to a bene apprehended
For a witch of Brainford, and set in the stockes

Quic. Well sir, she is a sorrowfull woman,
And I hope when you heare my errant,
Youle be perswaded to the contrarie.

Fal. Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile heare
thee. *[Exit omnes.]*

Enter Host and FENTON.

Host. Speake not to me sir, my mind is heauie,
I haue had a great losse.

Fen. Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your losse.

Host. Well sir Ile heare you, and at least keep your
counsell.

Fen. Thē thus my host. Tis not vnknown to you,
The feruent loue I beare to young Anne Page,
And mutally her loue againe to mee :
But her father still against her choise,
Doth seeke to marrie her to foolish Slender,
And in a robe of white this night disguised,
Wherein fat Falstaffe had a mightie scare,
Must Slender take her and carrie her to Catlen,
And there vnknowne to any, marrie her.
Now her mother still against that match,
And firme for Doctor Cayus, in a robe of red

By her deuce, the Doctor must steale her thence,
And she hath giuen consent to goe with him.

Host. Now which means she to deceiue, father or
mother ?

Fen. Both my good Host, to go along with me.
Now here it rests, that you would procure a priest,
And tarrie readie at the appointment place,
To giue our hearts vnited matrimonie.

Host. But how will you come to steale her from among
thē ?

Fen. That hath sweet Nan and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which she weares,
With ribones pendant flaring bout her head,
I shalbe sure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the priest abides our cōming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Host. Well, husband your deuce, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound vnto thee.
Besides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend. [*Exit omnes.*

Enter SIR IOHN, *with a Bucks head vpon him.*

Fal. This is the third time, well Ile venter,
They say there is good luck in odd numbers,
Ioue transformed himselfe into a bull,
And I am here a Stag, and I thinke the fattest
In all Windsor forrest : well I stand here
For Horne the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter MISTRIE PAGE, *and* MISTRIE FORD.

Mis. Pa. Sir Iohn, where are you ?

Fal. Art thou come my doe ? what and thou too ?
Welcome Ladies.

Mi. For. I I sir Iohn, I see you will not faile,
Therefore you deserue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late crosses.

Fal. This makes amends for all.

Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my horns Ile bequeath thē to your husbands,
Do I speake like Horne the hunter, ha?

Mis. Pa. God forgiue me, what noise is this?

[There is a noise of hornes, the two women run away.]

Enter SIR HUGH like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries, mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries : they sing a song about him, and afterward speake.

Quic. You Fayries that do haunt these shady groues,
Looke round about the wood if you can espie
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round :
If such a one you can espie, giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew :
Giue them their charge Puck ere they part away.

Sir Hu. Come hither Peane, go to the countrie houses,
And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe,
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,
With your long nailes pinch her till she crie,
And sweare to mend her sluttish huswiferie.

Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.

Hu. Where is Pead? go you & see where Brokers
sleep,

And fox-eyed Seriants with their mase,
Goe laie the Proctors in the street,
And pinch the lowsie Seriants face :
Spare none of these when they are a bed,
But such whose nose lookes plew and red.

Quic. Away begon, his mind fulfill,
And looke that none of you stand still.
Some do that thing, some do this,
All do something, none amis.

Hir. sir Hu. I smell a man of middle-earth.

Fal. God blesse me from that wealch Fairie.

Quic. Looke euery one about this round,

And if that any here be found,
For his presumption in this place,
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.

Sir Hu. See I haue spied one by good luck,
His bodie man, his head a buck.

Fal. God send me good fortune now, and I care not.

Quic. Go strait, and do as I commaund,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And set it to his fingers endes,
And if you see it him offends,
And that he starteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall, know his name :
If with an F. it doth begin,
Why then be shure he is full of sin.
About it then, and know the truth,
Of this same metamorphised youth.

Sir Hu. Giue me the Tapers, I will try
And if that he loue venery.

[They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he starts.]

Sir Hu. It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries and
iniquitie.

Quic. A little distant from him stand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compasse him within a ring,
First pinch him well, and after sing.

[Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes one way & steales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene : And Fenton steales misteris Anne, being in white. And a noyse of hunting is made within : and all the Fairies runne away. Falstaffe pulles of his bucks head, and rises vp. And enters M. Page, M. Ford, and their wiues, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.]

Fal. Horne the hunter quoth you : am I a ghost ?
 Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghost of me :
 What hunting at this time at night ?
 Ile lay my life the mad Prince of Wales
 Is stealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue
 We here, what is all Windsor stirring ? Are you there ?

Shal. God saue you sir Iohn Falstaffe.

Sir Hu. God plesse you sir Iohn, God plesse you.

Pa. Why how now sir Iohn, what a pair of horns in
 your hand ?

Ford. Those hornes he ment to place vpon my head,
 And M. Brooke and he should be the men :
 Why how now sir Iohn, why are you thus amazed ?
 We know the Fairies man that pinched you so,
 Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,
 And whats to come sir Iohn, that can we tell.

Mi. Pa. Sir Iohn tis thus, your dishonest meanes
 To call our credits into question,
 Did make vs vndertake to our best,
 To turne your leaud lust to a merry Iest.

Fal. Iest, tis well, haue I liued to these yeares
 To be gulled now, now to be ridden ?
 Why then these were not Fairies ?

Mis. Pa. No sir Iohn but boyes.

Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the mind
 They were not, and yet the grosnesse
 Of the fopperie perswaded me they were.
 Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,
 Thayle so whip me with their keene Iests,
 That thayle melt me out like tallow,
 Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes !

Sir Hu. I trust me boyes sir Iohn : and I was
 Also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.

Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
 You haue the start of mee,

Am I ridden too with a wealch goate ?

With a peece of toasted cheese ?

Sir Hu. Butter is better than cheese sir Iohn,
You are all butter, butter,

For. There is a further matter yet sir Iohn,
There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. Brooke Sir Iohn,
And it must be paid to M. Ford Sir Iohn.

Mi. For. Nay husband let that go to make amēds,
Forgiue that sum, and so weelee all be friends.

For. Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at last.

Fal. It hath cost me well,
I haue bene well pinched and washed.

Enter the DOCTOR.

Mi. Pa. Now M. Doctor, sonne I hope you are.

Doct. Sonne begar you be de ville voman,
Begar I tinck to marry metres An, and begar
Tis a whorson garson Iack boy.

Mis. Pa. How a boy ?

Doct. I begar a boy.

Pa. Nay be not angry wife, Ile tell thee true,
It was my plot to deceiue thee so :
And by this time your daughter's married
To M. Slender, and see where he comes.

Enter SLENDER.

Now sonne Slender,
Where's your bride ?

Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd I thinke theres neuer a man
in the worell hath that crosse fortune that I haue :
begod I could cry for verie anger.

Pa. Why whats the matter sonne Slender ?

Slen. Sonne, nay by God I am none of your son.

Pa. No, why so ?

Slen. Why so God saue me, tis a boy I haue married.

Pa. How a boy? why did you mistake the word?

Slén. No neither, for I came to her in red as you bad me, and I cried mum, and hee cried budget, so well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.

Sir Hu. Jeshu M. Slender, cannot you see but marrie boyes?

Pa. O I am vext at hart, what shal I do?

Enter FENTON and ANNE.

Mis. Pa. Here comes the man that hath deceiued vs all :

How now daughter, where haue you bin?

An. At Church forsooth.

Pa. At Church, what haue you done there?

Fen. Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.

Ford : Ifaith M. Page neuer chafe your selfe,
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.

Fal. I am glad yet then your arrow hath glanced.

Mi. For. Come mistris Page, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.

Mis. Pa. Altho that I haue missed in my intent,
Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed,
Here M. Fenton, take her, and God giue thee ioy.

Sir Hu. Come M. Page, you must needs agree.

Fo. I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel pleased

Pa. I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased,
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.
Come hither Fenton, and come hither daughter,
Go too, you might haue stai'd for my good will
But since your choise is made of one you loue,
Here take her Fenton, & both happie proue.

Sir Hu. I will also dance & eat plums at your weddings.

Ford. All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,
And laugh at Slender, and the Doctors ieast.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,
And sir Iohn Falstaffe now shal you keep your word,
For Brooke this night shall lye with mistris Ford.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.

NOTES.

Page 1, line 7. Syr Hugh the Welch Knight.] Dr. Farmer adduces this error as a proof that Shakespeare never superintended the publication of this play. See Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 4. *Sir* seems to have been a title formerly appropriated to such of the inferior clergy as were only *readers* of the service, not admitted to be *preachers*, and, therefore, were held in lower estimation. Malone gives us the following extract from the parish registers at Cheltenham —“ 1574, August 31, Sir John Evans, curate of Cheltenham, buried ” This coincidence of name is somewhat curious, but the designation was formerly very commonly given to all the inferior clergy of England.

Page 1, line 10. Auncient.] That is, *ensign*.

Page 1, line 17. Printed by T. C.] That is, *Thomas Creede*, who printed several of the early quartos. It was often the custom of printers of the time merely to give their initials.

Page 3, line 1. The succession of scenes is exactly the same as in the amended play, although not so divided, with the exception of the fourth and fifth scenes of the third act, which are transposed. The first scene of the fourth act and the first four scenes of the fifth act in the amended play are entirely omitted in this sketch.

Page 3, line 8. The councell shall know it.] By the council is only meant the court of Star-chamber, composed chiefly of the king's council sitting in *Camera Stellata*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots. The two expressions are divided in the amended play. Sir John Harrington, in his *Epigrams*, 1618, says,

“ No marvel, men of such a sumptuous dyet
Were brought into the Star-Chamber for a ryot.”

See also the *Magnetick Lady*, act iii. sc. 4, and Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. viii., pp. 8, 13

Page 4, line 8. Councell.] The amended play reads “ King,” which shows, probably, that it was written after the death of Elizabeth.

Page 4, line 11. But not kissed your keepers daughter.] The commentators think this a burden of some old ballad. Sir Walter Scott gives us a different explanation in his novel of "Kenilworth"—

"*Susser.* By my faith, I wish Will Shakespeare no harm. He is a stout man at quarter-staff, and single falchion, though, as I am told, a halting fellow; and he stood, they say, a tough fight with the rangers of old Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecot, when he broke his deer-park, and kissed his keeper's daughter.

"*Elizabeth.* That matter was heard in council, and we will not have this fellow's offence exaggerated—there was no kissing in the matter, and the defendant put the denial on record."

Page 4, line 16 Twere knowne in counsell.] This and the preceding passage remain unaltered in the amended play, and Steevens suggests that Falstaff quibbles between *council* and *counsel*. In this sense, Falstaff's meaning seems to be—"Twere better for you if it were known only in *secrecy*, i. e. among your friends—a more public complaint would subject you to ridicule. Ritson thinks the ordinary interpretation just, but Malone justly adduces the spelling of the words in the old quarto as an argument in favour of Steevens' reading, and, from a MS. mentioned by Malone, it would appear that the equivocal was less strained then than it appears to be now.

Page 4, line 19. Good vrides, good cabidge.] A pun, occasioned by Sir Hugh's broken pronunciation. *Wort* or *ort* was an old name for *cabbage*.

Page 4, line 23. Your cogging companions, Pistoll and Nym.] In the amended play, Slender terms them "coney-catching rascals." Both expressions amount to nearly the same import. He merely means to call them *sharpers*. In the amended play, Bardolph is introduced as having participated in the attack on Slender's purse.

Page 4, line 23. They carried mee, &c.] This sentence is omitted in the amended play, though necessary for the sense.

Page 4, line 29. Mill sixpences.] It appears, from a passage in Sir W. D'Avenant's *News from Plymouth*, that these mill-sixpences were used by way of counters to cast up money.

Page 4, line 29 Two faire shovell-boord shillings.] In the amended play we read, "two Edward shovel-boards, that cost me two shilling and two-pence a-piece of Yeard Miller." This passage may serve to explain the other. Edward shovel-boards were the broad shillings of Edward VI. In Shadwell's time, it appears that the game of *shovel-board* was played with the shillings of Edward VI., for in his play of "The Miser," act iii. sc. 1, Cheatly says, "She persuaded him to play with hazard at backgammon, and he has already lost his *Edward shillings that he kept for shovel-board*,

and was pulling out broad pieces, that have not seen the sun these many years, when I came away." According to Douce, it used to be played early in the present century. See Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 22.

Page 4, line 32. Of this same laten bilbo.] Pistol is comparing Slender with the long and thin bilboa blades, made of *laten*, a metal composed of gold and brass. The comparison is of older date, for in *Grange's Garden*, 4to, Lond., 1577, we read,

"Hir husbandes wealth shall wasted be,
Upon hyr bilbowe boyes."

It may be mentioned, as some difference of opinion exists among the commentators, that laten metal is thus defined in the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, MS. Harl. 221, "Latone metal, auricalcum." The corresponding passage in the amended play is almost the same, and Becket (*Shakespeare's Himself Again*, 8vo. 1815, vol. i., p. 253) proposes to insert a stop after the word *laten*, making an exclamation of the remaining word; and the same writer tells us that laten is a composite metal. There is no necessity whatever for Becket's emendation, which is, to say the least of it, very unlikely to be correct.

Page 5, line 1. My honor is not for many words.] The amended play reads "humour" for "honor." The character of Nym is distinguished by the frequent repetition of this word; and its constant occurrence in the conversation of Shakespeare's time is well illustrated by Steevens by the following curious passage from "*Humor's Ordinarie*," 1607,

"Aske Humors what a feather he doth weare,
It is his *humour* (by the Lord) he 'll sweare;
Or what he doth with such a horse-taile locke,
Or why upon a whore he spendes his stocke,—
He hath a *humour* doth determine so:
Why in the stop-throte fashion he doth goe,
With scarfe about his necke, hat without band,—
It is his *humour*. Sweet sir, understand,
What cause his purse is so extreame distrest
That oftentimes is scarcely penny-blest;
Only a *humour*. If you question, why
His tongue is ne'er unfurnish'd with a lye,—
It is his *humour* too he doth protest.
Or why with sergeants he is so opprest,
That like to ghosts they haunt him ev'rie day;
A rascal *humour* doth not love to pay.

Object why bootes and spurres are still in season,
 His *humour* answers, *humour* is his reason.
 If you perceive his wits in wetting shrunke,
 It cometh of a *humour* to be drunke.
 When you behold his lookes pale, thin, and poore,
 The occasion is, his *humour* and a whore :
 And every thing that he doth undertake,
 It is a veine, for senceless *humour's* sake."

Page 5, line 3. I will say *mary trap*.] Dr. Johnson supposes that this was the exclamation of insult when a man was caught in his own stratagem.

Page 5, line 23. What would you with me?] This part of the conversation between Slender and "sweet Anne Page" is introduced in act III., sc. 4., of the amended play.

Page 6, line 2. Your afeard of a beare let loose] "Est et alius postea locus theatri quoque formam habens, visorum et taurorum venationibus destinatus, qui a postica parte alligati, a magnis illis canibus et molossis Anglicis, quos lingua vernacula *docken* appellant, mire exagitantur, ita tamen ut sæpe canes isti ab ursis vel tauris, dentibus arrepti, vel cornibus impetiti, de vita periclitari, aliquando etiam animam exhalare soleant, quibus sic vel sauciis vel lassis etatim substituuntur alii recentes et magis alacres. Accedit aliquando in fine hujus spectaculi, visus plane excæcati flagellatio, ubi quinque vel sex, in circulo constituti, ursum flagelli, misere excipiunt, qui licet alligatus, aufugere nequeat, alacriter tamen se defendit, circumstantes, et nimium appropinquantés, nisi recte et provide sibi caveant, prosterunt ac flagella e manibus cædentium eripit atque confringit"—*Paul Hentzneri Itinerarium*, 12mo. Noriberg. 1629, p. 196-7.

Page 6, line 5. Now that's meate and drinke to me.] A common low phrase, meaning great fondness for any thing Touchstone, in "As You Like It," uses the same phrase—"It is meat and drink to me to see a clown." A writer of our own time, Mr. Dickens, introduces the phrase in one of his novels.

Page 6, line 6. Ile run yon to a beare.] The word "yon" is omitted in the second edition of this sketch, printed in 1619

Page 6, line 16. I plaid three venies.] Slender means to say that the wager for which he played was a dish of stewed prunes, which was to be paid by him who received three *hits*. See Bullokar's "English Expositor," 8vo. Lond. 1616:—"Venie, a touch in the body at playing with weapons." Steevens gives several instances of the use of the word, but the above is quite sufficient. Shakespeare uses the word metaphorically in another play.

Page 6, line 18. He hot my shin] “He *hit* my shin,” 4to. of 1619.

Page 6, line 31. Doctor Cayus house, the French Doctor.] I very much doubt whether Shakespeare had the learned founder of an eminent Cambridge College in his mind when he gave a name to this character, who is, of course, intended as a satire on the foreign physicians of the time, who were so fashionable and popular with the English gentry. Farmer, however, says that the doctor was handed down as a sort of Rosicrucian, and mentions a MS., in the hands of Ames, entitled “The Secret Writings of Dr. Caius.” In the “Merry Tales of Jack of Dover,” 1604, a story told by “the fool of Windsor” begins thus — “Upon a time there was in Windsor a certain simple outlandish doctor of physick belonging to the dean,” &c. The character may then possibly have been drawn from life; and, as Shakespeare would scarcely have introduced the real name into his play, he may have made quite an arbitrary choice.

Page 7, line 1. Tis about Maister Slender.] The reader will observe that the object of this letter is explained in the amended play, act 1. sc. 2, being, of course, to solicit Mistress Quickly’s interest in favour of Slender in his suit to Anne Page. But Simple (p. 11) says the letter is *from* Slender; and yet the doctor writes a challenge to Sir Hugh, the why and wherefore of which proceeding is left entirely unexplained in the text of this copy of the play.

Page 7, line 4. I must not be absent at the grace] Evans was the chaplain at the dinner party.

Page 7, line 12. What ses my bully-rooke ?] Steevens says the spelling of this word is corrupted, and thereby its primitive meaning is lost. He says also that the latter part of this compound title is taken from the *rooks* at the game of chess. Douce says the word means a hectoring, cheating sharper; but Mr. Knight thinks that the host would not have applied such offensive terms to Falstaff, who sat “at ten pounds a week,” and in his expense was an “emperor.” The old editions generally have the word compounded, which is right; but in some it is *bully-rock*, which reading is adopted by Whalley.

Page 7, line 25. Let me see thee froth and lyme.] The folio reads “froth and live,” but Steevens adopts the reading of the old quartos. The host calls for an immediate specimen of Bardolph’s abilities as a tapster; and *frothing* beer and *liming* sack were tricks practised in the time of Shakespeare. The first was done by putting soap into the bottom of the tankard when they drew the beer; the other, by mixing *lime* with the sack to make it sparkle in the glass. “Froth and live” is sense, but a little forced; and to make it so we must suppose the host could guess, by his dexterity in frothing a pot to make it appear fuller than it was, how he would afterwards

succeed in the world. Falstaff himself complains of *lamed* sack (first part of Henry IV., act ii. sc. 4). See Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 35; and Collier's Shakespeare, vol. iv. p. 265.

Page 7, line 29. A withered servingman, a fresh tapster.] Steevens thinks this is not improbably a parody on the old proverb—"A broken apothecary, a new doctor." See Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 35.

Page 7, line 33. O base Gongarian wight, wilt thou the spicket willd ?] This appears to be a parody on a line taken from one of the old bombast plays, beginning—

"O base Gongarian, wilt thou the distaff wield?"

which Steevens quotes without a special reference. In the folio it is *Hungarian*, which is a cant term. So in the "Merry Devil of Edmonton," 4to. Lond. 1608, the merry host says, "I have knights and colonels in my house, and must tend the *Hungarians*."

Page 8, line 3. I am almost out at the heeles.] A proverbial phrase for a vanishing purse.

Page 8, line 4. Let cybes insue.] Cf. King Lear, act v. sc. 1.

Page 8, line 6. Tinder boy.] The folio edition of 1623 reads "tinderbox."

Page 8, line 9. The good humoi is to steale at a minutes rest.] Langton conjectures we ought to read "at a minim's rest," which Steevens thinks is confirmed by a passage in "Romeo and Juliet." Nym means to say, according to Hawkins, that the perfection of stealing is to do it in the shortest time possible.

Page 8, line 18. But now I am about no wast.] The same play upon words occurs in Heywood's "Epigrammes," 4to Lond. 1562—

"Where am I least, husband? quoth he, in the *wast*,
Which cometh of this, thou art vengeance strait-lac'd
Where am I biggest, wife? in the *waste*, quoth she,
For all is *waste* in you, as far as I see."

And again in Shirley's comedy of "The Wedding," 1629—"He is a great man indeed: something given to the *wast*, for he lives within no *reasonable compass*." (Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 38.)

Page 8, lines 21, 22. She carues, she discourses.] Jackson (Shakespeare's Genius Justified, 8vo. 1819, p. 17) proposes to read *craves*, and the emendation is certainly a very easy and simple one, had it been necessary for the sense, but a passage that Boswell produces from Vittoria Corombona seems to place the accuracy of the generally received reading out of doubt—"Your husband is wondrous discontented.—*Vit.* I did nothing

to displease him; *I carved to him* at supper time." See Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 38.

Page 8, line 22. Lyre.] The folio of 1623 reads "leere."

Page 8, line 25. He hath studied her well.] The folio of 1623 reads—"studied her *will*, and translated her *will*," the reading which Mr. Knight adopts in his last edition of the amended play. Malone prefers the reading of the quartos, and as either reading makes equally good sense, there is no reason to carp at Malone for adopting the earlier one.

Page 8, line 29. As many devils attend her.] In act i., sc. 3 of the amended play, we read, "as many devils entertain," the meaning of which is sufficiently evident, understanding the pun on the word *angels* in the speech immediately preceding this. The present reading entirely places the correctness of the commonly received reading beyond a doubt. Coleridge, however, in his "Literary Remains," vol. ii., p. 122, proposes to read—

"As many devils enter (or enter'd) swine;
And to her, boy, say I."

and believes it to be a somewhat profane, but not un-Shakespearian, allusion to the "legion" in St. Luke's Gospel. This cannot, I should think, be esteemed a particularly happy suggestion, and the above will show that there is no necessity whatever for a change

Page 9, line 3. Ile be cheaters to them both.] The same joke is intended here as in the second part of Henry IV., act ii., sc. 4.

Page 9, line 14. Pinnice.] A pinnace is a small vessel with a square stern, having sails and oars, and carrying three masts; chiefly used (says Rolt, in his "Dictionary of Commerce,") as a scout for intelligence, and for landing of men. (Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 42.)

Page 9, line 16. Falstaffe will learne the humor of this age.] The folio of 1623 reads "the *honour* of the age." Mr. Knight adopts the reading of the folio. I believe that the contexts of the passage in the two different states of the play require the change.

Page 9, line 21. In my head.] These words are omitted in the folio of 1623. They are, however, inserted by Pope, in his edition of the amended play, from the early quarto.

Page 9, line 24. By Welkin and her Fairies.] The amended play reads, "by welkin, and her star."

Page 9, line 27. Jallowes.] That is, *jealousy*.

Page 10, line 6. A whay coloured beard.] Bottom enumerates different coloured beards in the "Midsummer Nights Dream," act i. sc. 2. Mr. Repton has published a very curious tract on the subject, 8vo. Lond. 1839. From the next line it would appear that beards were christened from

ancient personages. Cam and Judas are frequently represented in the old tapestries and pictures with *yellow* beards. Middleton alludes to an "Abram-coloured beard," and a "Judas-coloured beard." See his *Works*, by Dyce, vol. i., p. 259, and vol. iv., p. 47. The conjecture of Steevens that *Abram* may be a corruption of *auburn* is not a very happy one. Steevens brings several quotations illustrative of the matter, which may be seen in Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 46.

Page 10, line 9 Sir Yon.] A misprint, followed in the second edition, for "Sir You," or rather "Sir Hugh." Here is a disagreement, Simple saying afterwards that the letter is from Slender himself, and the mistake could not have been intended to deceive the Doctor, or he would have had no reason in sending a challenge to Evans. See a previous note at p. 57.

Page 10, line 29. Who] The 4to edition of 1619 reads "hoe"

Page 11, line 2. Whose] That is, *who's*.

Page 11, line 6. And] This word is omitted in the 4to of 1619.

Page 11, line 29 O God, what a furious man is this.] This speech and the following one are of course spoken aside.

Page 13, line 10. I am for line, word for word.] This idea of the identity of the love letters seems to be original at least, it is not found in any of the old tales upon which the play is supposed to be founded. The late Mr. Hook has introduced a similar incident in his novel of "Jack Brag."

Page 13, line 31. And Cuckoo birds appear.] One of the numerous Shakespearian allusions to cuckoldism.

Page 14, line 10. Enter Mistresse Quickly.] This stage direction ought properly to be placed a little lower.

Page 14, line 11. How now man] The folio of 1623 reads, "How now, Meg?"

Page 15, line 8. Ramping] The folio of 1623 reads "rauting"

Page 15, line 17. Canelra Iustice.] This cant term occurs in "The Stately Moral of Three Ladies of London," 1590:

"Then know, Castilian *cavaleros*, this."

There is also a book printed in 1599, called, "A Countercuffe given to Martin Junior, by the venturous, hardie, and renowned Pasquil of Englande, *Cavalhero*." (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 68)

Page 15, lines 23, 24. My merrie host hath had the measuring of their weapons.] Alluding to the custom in trials allowed by law, where search used to be made by the attending knights, before the combat, of the equality of their weapons; which were at the defendant's election, provided he confined his choice between ancient, usual and military. See Dr. Grey's *Notes on Shakespeare*, 8vo. 1754, vol. i., p. 100-1.

Page 15, line 28. My guest, my cauellira.] The folio of 1623 reads, "my guest cavalier."

Page 15, line 30. Rrooke.] A misprint for *Brooke*. In the folio edition, Ford's assumed name is altered to *Broom*. Theobald says that we need no better evidence in favour of the reading of the quartos than the pun that Falstaff makes on the name, when Brook sends him some burnt sack; but it may be objected that this pun is almost entirely lost in the early edition. In favour of the adopted reading in the amended play, the following lines may be adduced, which appear to be intended to rhyme—

" Nay, I'll to him again in name of Brome ·
He'll tell me all his purpose · Sure, he'll come."

These lines do not occur in the sketch of the play.

Page 15, line 31 My.] The 4to of 1619 reads "thy," which is probably the right reading. The folio of 1623 preserves the original text.

Page 16, line 10. I have seen the day.] This and the two following speeches are closely followed in the amended play. Mr. Knight is in error when he says the Host of the Garter's question "Shall we wag," in the quarto, corresponds to the disputed passage "Will you go on, heers?" in the amended play, and although Mr. Knight's mistake was pointed out in the *Athenæum*, yet it remains uncorrected in the new edition. See Mr. Knight's Library Edition of Shakespeare, vol. iii., p. 52.

Page 16, line 30. I will retoi't the sum in equipage.] This line is omitted in the folio edition of the amended play, although inserted in some modern editions from the early quartos.

Page 17, line 2. Your] For "you are." This mode of writing is frequently repeated in the course of the play.

Page 17, line 2. Tall fellowes.] Bold, courageous persons.

Page 17, line 3. The handle of her fan] See the long note on the value of fans in Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 74, 75.

Page 17, line 4. Ho-] The commencement of this word in the original is at the end of the line, and the conclusion of it left out by accident. In the 4to of 1619 this omission is supplied by the word "honesty," which is probably a guess of the person under whose superintendence the second edition of this sketch was printed, for in the same passage which is preserved in the amended play we find "honour" substituted, which is more congenial to the context, and was doubtlessly the original word.

Page 17, line 10. I.] A mistake for "a."

Page 17, line 10. Throng.] Dennis reads "thong," but see Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 76.

Page 17, line 10. To your manner of pickt hatch] A low neighbour-

hood in the East of London. "I proceeded toward Pickt-hatch, intending to beginne their first, which, as I may fitly name it, is the very skirts of all brothel-houses."—*The Black Booke*, by T. M., 4to. Lond. 1604, p. 1.

Page 17, line 15. God.] This is altered to "Heaven" in the amended play; and also at line 30, in the same page.

Page 18, lines 7, 8 You meet her between eight and nine] In the amended play, the hours for the two appointments of Falstaff with Mistress Ford are transposed.

Page 19, line 2. He hath sent you a cup of sacke.] It seems to have been a common custom at taverns, in our author's time, to send presents of wine from one room to another, either as a memorial of friendship, or, as in the present instance, by way of introduction to acquaintance. According to Reed, this practice was continued as late as the Restoration, who quotes the following passage from Dr. Price's *Life of General Monk*—"I came to the Three Tuns before Guildhall, where the general had quartered two nights before. I entered the tavern with a servant and portmanteau, and asked for a room, which I had scarce got into but wine followed me as a present from some citizens, desiring leave to drink their morning's draught with me."

Page 20, line 2 Nay beleeeue it] The edition of 1619 reads, "Nay, I beleeeue it."

Page 20, line 2. Time] A mistake in both copies for "true."

Page 20, line 19. Veruensie.] That is, "vehemency."

Page 20, line 29. And.] The edition of 1619 reads, "if," and the same correction has been made in other places, showing a change in the language in *seventeen* years only.

Page 20, line 31. M. Brooke] This is omitted in the folio of 1623.

Page 21, line 12. Raudeuowes] The amended play reads "harvest-home."

Page 21, line 13. Very] This word is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 21, line 28. Aquavita bottle] Heywood, in his "Challenge for Beauty," 1636, mentions the love of *aqua-vitæ* as characteristic of the Irish.—

"The Briton he metheglin quaffs,
The Irish *aqua-vitæ*."

The Irish *aqua-vitæ*, says Malone, was not brandy, but *usquebaugh*, for which Ireland has been long celebrated.

Page 22, line 8. Hering] "Hering," 4to. of 1619.

Page 22, line 15. Fome.] The ancient term for making a thrust in fencing or tilting.

Page 22, line 17. Stock.] A corruption of the Italian *stocata*.

Page 22, line 18. The montnce.] This strange corruption and false punctuation is followed in the edition of 1619. The passage must be read thus:—"to see thee pass the punto, the stock, the reverse, the distance, the montant; is a dead?"

Page 22, line 19. Esculapolis.] That is, *Æsculapius*.

Page 22, line 20. Bullies taile.] See an explanation of this in Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 94.

Page 22, line 23. Castallian.] A cant term, for a long note on which see Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 94, 95.

Page 22, line 29. Bully Justice.] The amended play reads "guest justice?" This fully explains why the merry Host of the Garter is so fond of the word "bully."

Page 22, line 30. Mockwater.] See an explanation of this in Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 96.

Page 22, line 31. Me.] The edition of 1619 rightly reads "be."

Page 23, line 1. Claperclaw.] This word occurs also in "Tom Tyler and his Wife"—"I would clapper-claw thy bones." I find the word earlier in the curious macaronic poem in MS. Lansd., 762.

Page 23, line 5. And Ile prouoke him.] The remainder of this speech ought to be given to the host, not to the doctor.

Page 23, line 14. My host.] Omitted in the folio of 1623.

Page 23, line 18. Throw cold water on your collar.] Steevens quotes the following passage from Hamlet.—

"Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience."

Page 23, line 20. A feasting.] The edition of 1619 reads "feasting."

Page 23, line 21. And thou shalt wear hir cried game.] This passage is very obscure. In the amended play (fol. 1623, p. 48) we have, "and thou shalt wooe her Cride-game." Still, this last phrase is unintelligible, and the notes of the Variorum edition do not clear up the matter satisfactorily. Theobald alters it to *try'd game*, but Warburton reads "*cry aim*, said I well?" i. e. consent to it, approve of it. Steevens strongly supports Warburton's emendation.

Page 23, line 21. Bully.] Omitted in the folio of 1623.

Page 24, line 7. There dwelt a man in Babylon.] This is the first line of a ballad which was licensed by T. Colwell, in 1562, under the title of "The goodly and constant wyfe Susanna." It is quoted in "Twelfth Night," act ii. sc. 3. In the amended play, this is altered to a line in the old version of the 137th psalm, which is more in character. We may, perhaps,

hazard a conjecture that it was originally so, and that the line from the popular ballad of Susanna was inserted in its place by mistake, which is not improbable, if the original sketch was edited from dictation.

Page 24, line 8. To shallow rivers, &c.] It is scarcely necessary to observe that this is an extract from the beautiful little ballad, attributed to Marlowe, entitled "The passionate Shepherd to his Love." It is not generally known that Dr. Wilson set it to Music, the original being in the Bodleian library. It was extremely popular in the time of Shakespeare, as may be gathered from the plentiful allusions in contemporary writers. "Doe you take me for a woman, that you come vpon mee with a ballad of Come liue with me and be my Loue"—*Choices Change, and Change, or Concerts in their Colours*, 4to, London, 1606, p. 3

Page 24, line 13 Cowne.] That is, *gown*

Page 24, line 25. What is I pray you] "What is it, I pray you," 4to. of 1619.

Page 25, line 14. For missing your meetings and appointments] This passage is omitted in the amended play, but they were "recovered" by Pope.

Page 25, line 21. Gawle and Gawlia] Sir Thomas Hanmer proposes to read "Gallia and Wallia," but, as Dr. Farmer observes, it is objected that *Wallia* is not easily corrupted into *Gaul*. Possibly the word was written "Guallia," and the present reading appears to confirm this conjecture. See Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii. p. 110.

Page 25, line 30. Giue me thy hand terrestriall, so] This passage is omitted in the folio of 1623

Page 26, line 4 Afore God.] The folio of 1623 reads, "trust me"

Page 26, line 31 He smelles all April and May.] The folio of 1623 reads, "he smells April and May." This was the phraseology of the time, not "he smells of April and May." So in *Measure for Measure*—"he would mouth with a beggar of fifty, though *she smelt brown bread and garlick*" (Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii. page 114)

Page 26, line 33 Tis in his betmes] A misprint, I suppose, for *buttons*, as in the folio (ed. 1623, p. 49.) The general explanation is, that this is an allusion to the custom of wearing the flower called *bachelor's buttons*. Mr. Knight, however, in his "Library Edition of Shakespeare," vol. iii., p. 74, says that a similar phrase, "It does not lie in your breeches," meaning it is not within your compass: "'tis in his buttons" therefore means—he's the man to do it; his buttons hold the man. This is certainly a much more probable interpretation, and the context appears to me not only to warrant but almost require that explanation.

Page 27, line 10. This and the two following speeches are omitted in the

amended play. See, however, Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 130, and act iii., sc. 4.

Page 27, line 20. I may chance to make him drinke in pipe wine.] "Drink in" is a common phrase of the time. There is, probably, something omitted here, as a pun seems to be intended. See Boswell's *Malone*, vol. viii., p. 116.

Page 27, line 32. Haue I caught my heauenlie Jewel?] This is the first line of the second song in Sidney's "*Astrophel and Stella*." (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 119.)

Page 28, line 4. By the Lord.] The reader will observe with what care the profane passages have been altered in the amended play. We here have, "I'll speak it before the best lord."

Page 28, line 9. The arched bent.] See Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 120.

Page 28, line 14. A traitor.] i. e. to thy own merit.

Page 28, line 18. I cannot cog, I cannot prate.] The second is omitted in the amended play. Malone quotes the following from "*Wily Beguil'd*," 1606:—

"I cannot play the dissembler,
And woo my love with courting ambages,
Like one whose love hangs on his smooth tongue's end;
But in a word I tell the sum of my desires,
I love faire Lelia."

Page 28, line 19. Like Bucklers-berie.] Buckler's-bury, in the time of *Shakespeare*, was chiefly inhabited by druggists, who sold all kinds of herbs, green as well as dry. (Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 123.)

Page 28, line 31. Behind the arras] The spaces left between the walls and the wooden frames, on which arras was hung, were not more commodious to our ancestors than to the authors of their ancient dramatic pieces. Borachio, in "*Much Ado about nothing*," and Polonius, in "*Hamlet*," also avail themselves of this convenient recess.

Page 29, line 2. His.] "This," 4to. of 1619.

Page 29, line 3. Speak louder.] This is, of course, spoken aside to Mrs. Page, in order that Falstaff, who is retired, may hear. This passage is omitted in the amended play, and yet it greatly heightens the effect of the scene.

Page 29, line 16. Aside.] This stage direction is omitted in the second edition, but appears necessary to the sense.

Page 29, line 18. And none but thee.] This passage is omitted in the

amended play, but Malone says it deserves to be restored. Falstaff has, however, used the same words before to Mrs. Ford. See p. 28, line 20, 21.

Page 30, line 4. Dishonest slaue] The folio of 1623 reads "dishonest rascal."

Page 30, line 11. We should leaue him] The word "so" must be added at the end of this sentence, for the sake of the rhyme.

Page 30, line 12. What wives may be merry, and yet honest too] The following song, written at the close of the seventeenth century, is taken from a MS. in my possession, and is curious as showing the popularity of this play :—

"We merry wives of Windsor,
Whereof you make your play;
And act us on your stages,
In London day by day ·
Alass it doth not hurt us,
We care not what you do;
For all you scoff, we'll sing and laugh,
And yet be honest too.

Alass we are good fellows,
We hate dishonesty;
We are not like your city dames,
In sport of venery ·
We scorn to punk, or to be drunk,
But this we dare to do;
To sit and chat, laugh and be fat,
But yet be honest too.

But should you know we Windsor dames,
Are free from haughty pride;
And hate the tricks you wenches have,
In London and Bankside:
But we can spend, and money lend,
And more than that we'll do;
We'll sit and chat, laugh and be fat,
And yet be honest too.

It grieves us much to see your wants,
Of things that we have store;
In Forests wide and Parks beside,
And other places more:

Pray do not scorn the Windsor horn,
 That is both fair and new,
 Altho' you scold, we'll sing and laugh,
 And yet be honest too.

And now farewell unto you all,
 We have no more to say .
 Be sure you imitate us right,
 In acting of your play :
 If that you miss, we'll at you hiss,
 As others us'd to do ;
 And at you scoff, and sing, and laugh,
 And yet be honest too."

Page 30, line 22. Or the cuberts, &c.] The folio of 1623 reads, "and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive me my sins at the day of judgment !"

Page 30, line 27. Without cause.] The edition of 1619 reads "without a cause."

Page 31, line 12. Enter Sir John Falstaffe.] The edition of 1619 adds "and Bardolfe" to this stage direction.

Page 31, line 24. A blind bitches puppies.] So read the folios as well as the quartos, though modern editors have changed the position of the adjective, and read "a bitch's blind puppies." There is, however, no great improbability in the supposition that the mistake was intentional on the part of the author, and, in Falstaff's state of excitement, perhaps intended to raise merriment in the audience. On reading this speech, as here given, the reader cannot fail to be struck with the superior effect of it in the amended play ; and the addition of "fifteen" after the above passage, simple as such a change might appear, wonderfully heightens the effect of the whole.

Page 31, line 31. Money.] Read "mummy."

Page 32, line 7. I haue bene.] The folio of 1623 reads "I was."

Page 32, line 8. She hath tickled mee.] This is omitted in the folio of 1623.

Page 32, line 18. And then thinke of me.] The folio of 1623 reads, "and then judge of my merit."

Page 32, line 31. How.] Omitted in the folio of 1623.

Page 33, line 7. Euen so, plainly so.] Omitted in the folio of 1623.

Page 33, line 11. God.] The folio of 1623 reads, "good luck."

Page 33, line 12. Me.] A mistake for "in."

Page 33, line 17. By the Lord.] The editors of the first folio, as in numerous other instances, have altered this to "yes," to avoid the penalty of the statute of King James I. I quite agree with Mr. Collier in his *principle* of restoring the original exclamations in such cases, wherever practicable; for often, as in this instance, they heighten most considerably the general effect.

Page 33, line 35. Ere I thus leaue her.] The edition of 1619 reads "Ere thus I leaue her."

Page 34, line 4. Adresse.] i. e. make ready.

Page 34, line 10. Is this a dreame?] Part of this speech is transposed in the amended play.

Page 36, line 21. Specially.] The folio reads "speciously."

Page 37, line 29. My maids aunt, Gillian of Brainford.] In the amended play we have "the fat woman of Brentford" substituted for a person who was rather celebrated in the popular literature of the latter half of the sixteenth century. "Jyl of Brentford's Testament" was in Captain Coxe's library, and two copies, I believe, and no more, have descended to modern times—one in the Bodleian Library, and another which passed through the hands of Ritson and Heber. Dame Gillian's legacies, although dispensed with the utmost liberality, and in some respects with judgment, were not, however, very acceptable. According to the black-letter tract, she was hostess of a respectable inn at Brentford, and, therefore, we may presume, suitable company for Mistress Ford.—

" At Brentford on the west of London,
Nygth to a place that called is Syon,
There dwelt a widow of a homly sort,
Honest in substaunce and full of sport :
Dally she cowd with pastim and jestes,
Among her neyghbours and her gestic ;
She kept an inne of ryght good lodgyng,
For all estates that thyder was comyng."

This is on the supposition that Robert Copland, the writer of this tract, did not invent the circumstances. The joke of Gillian's legacy continued to a late period, for I find it alluded to in "Harry White his humour," 12mo. Lond. [1660] :—

" The author in a recompence,
To them that angry be,
Bequeaths a gift that's cald
Old Gillian's legacie."

Master Ford may, however, have been correct in his appreciation of the

old lady's character; for that one Dame Gillian was a witch appears from the following incantation, which has been kindly communicated to me by my friend Mr. Wright, from a manuscript, in private hands, of the time of Charles I. :—

The Conjuring of the Witch.

“Come away, come away,
 Thou Lady gay!
 Harke how shee stumbles!
 Harke how she mumbles!
 Dame Gillian, Dame Gillian,
 Why when? Why when?
 By old clarett I thus enlarge thee,
 By canary I thus charge thee!
 By brittaine, water, glim and peter,
 Appeare and answeare me in meter.
 By the poxe in thy nose,
 And the gout in thy toes,
 By thy old dry skin,
 And thy mumble within,
 By thy little little ruffe,
 And thy hood that's made of stuffe,
 By the bottle at thy breech,
 And thy old salt itch,
 Appeare!
 I come! I come!”

Page 38, line 16. You.] Omitted in folio of 1623.

Page 38, line 23. Pethlem.] Sir Hugh's pronunciation for “Bedlem.”

Page 38, line 31. A witch, &c.] This speech ought to be given to Ford, and not as a continuation of Mrs. Ford's explanation. The mistake is corrected in the second quarto.

Page 39, line 7. A great beard.] A beard was one of the marks of a supposed witch. See also “Macbeth,” act 1., sc. 3.

Page 39, line 29. Come off.] i. e. pay.

Page 40, line 1. Hnue.] A mistake for “haue.”

Page 40, line 22. Walkes in shape of a great stagge.] We have here no mention of the oak, which forms so prominent a feature in the legend as related in the amended play. On a question which has arisen relative to the position and existence of this tree, some very interesting papers have appeared in the “Gentleman's Magazine,” written by Dr. Bromet. This gentleman refers to Norden's map, dated 1607, preserved in MS. Harl.

3749, but has apparently overlooked one point in connexion with the assistance it affords in discovering the *loci* of Shakespeare's plot. It will be remembered that Mrs. Page says that the fairies were to rush "from forth a saw-pit," and that Page, Shallow, and Slender, must "couch in the castle-ditch, till they see the light of our fairies." This passage affords a strong presumption that the saw-pit was near the castle-ditch, and that Herne's oak was not far removed from either, else why should they have considered it necessary to take these precautionary measures? It would be difficult to compare the maps of Collier and Norden with great accuracy, but I think there is little doubt that the "garden-plott graunted by patent," delineated by Norden, corresponds to the "King's Garden" in Collier's map. Now between this "garden plott" and the castle-ditch, we find in Norden's map *a timber yard and a bridge*. The existence of a timber-yard affords grounds for believing that there may have been a saw-pit somewhere near; and Stowe, speaking of the Park walk, informs us that "at the end of this walke or baye is a *bridge and a dry dytche under the same, as parcell of the castell dyche*, wherby the sayd parke is severyd from the aforesayd walke and castell."—MS. Harl. 367, fol. 13. At this spot, therefore, it is probable that, in Shakespeare's time, there was a saw-pit for the fairies to "rush from," and it is certain that there was a dry ditch close by, and forming a part of the castle-ditch, where Page and his companions may have concealed themselves. If Shakespeare was well acquainted with Windsor Little Park, and the probabilities are in favour of this supposition, this may have been the spot alluded to by him, yet it is very possible that the coincidences above-mentioned may have been quite accidental.

The following decisive evidence that the tree was destroyed is extracted from a contemporary newspaper, communicated to me by Mr. Wright:—

Upon Herne's Oak being cut down, in the spring of 1796.

Within this dell, for many an age,
 Herne's oak uprear'd its antique head:—
 Oh! most unhallow'd was the rage
 Which tore it from its native bed!

The storm that stript the forest bare
 Would yet refrain this tree to wrong,
 And Time himself appear'd to spare
 A fragment he had known so long

'Twas marked with popular regard,
 When fam'd Elizabeth was queen ;
 And Shakespeare, England's matchless bard,
 Made it the subject of a scene.

So honour'd, when in verdure drest,
 To me the wither'd trunk was dear ;
 As, when the warrior is at rest,
 His trophied armour men revere.

That nightly Herne walk'd round this oak,
 " The superstitious eld receiv'd ;"
 And what they of his outrage spoke,
 The rising age in fear believ'd.

The hunter, in his morning range,
 Would not the tree with lightness view ;
 To him, Herne's legend, passing strange,
 In spite of scoffers, still seem'd true.

Oh, where were all the fairy crew
 Who revels kept in days remote,
 That round the oak no spell they drew,
 Before the axe its fibres smote ?

Could wishes but ensure the power,
 The tree again its head should rear ;
 Shrubs fence it with a fadeless bower,
 And these inscriptive lines appear :—

" Here, as wild Avon's poet stray'd"—
 Hold!—let me check this feeble strain—
 The spot by Shakespeare sacred made,
 A verse like mine would but profane !

See, however, what Pye says in his " Comments on the Commentators on Shakespeare," 8vo. Lond. 1807, p. 13-14—" The tree which the keepers show as Herne's oak is also in the little park, not much more than a hundred yards from the castle ditch, and in the middle of a row of elms, obviously above a century its juniors ; it is in a state of decay, and might well have been an old tree in the time of Shakespeare. I do not affirm this as

the tree, but the other could *not* be the tree; for Page proposes to couch in the castle ditch, till they see the light of the fairies; and that this was not far from the tree appears from their laying hold of Falstaff as soon as he rises from the ground." This second tree is the one mentioned by Steevens.

Page 40, line 26. With huge horns.] Can a pun be intended here on the name of Horne?

Page 41, line 11. And be like.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and will be like."

Page 41, line 29. Antripophigian.] i. e. a cannibal Cf. Othello, act 1. sc. 3. Steevens says "it is here used as a sounding word to astonish Simple."

Page 42, line 3. Now mine host.] The edition of 1619 here supplies the stage direction "He speakes above."

Page 42, line 12. Musselshell.] He calls poor Simple *muscle-shell*, observes Dr. Johnson, because he stands with his mouth open.

Page 42, line 22. I tike.] The folio of 1623 reads "Sir Tike."

Page 42, line 24. God be with you, sir.] The edition of 1619 supplies the stage direction of "Exit."

Page 43, line 10. Host.] "Hosts," 4to of 1619.

Page 43, line 28. Primero.] A game at cards, fashionable in Shakespeare's time. See Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 171.

Page 43, line 29. To say my prayers.] This is one of the few instances where the folio can be amended by the quarto. This sentence is unaccountably omitted in the amended play, though quite necessary for the complete sense of the passage.

Page 45, line 8. Matrimonie.] The folio of 1623 reads "ceremony."

Page 46, line 15. Puck.] Robin Goodfellow, who is so prominently introduced in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Pean, mentioned in the next line, is the name of another fairy.

Page 46, line 33. For "*Hir. Sir Hu.*," read "*Sir Hu.*"

Page 46, line 33. Middle earth.] An ancient term for "the world." A "man of middle-earth" merely means "a mortal." It is an Anglo-Saxon word.

Page 47, line 25. First pinch him well.] The common punishment given by the fairies to those who violated the laws of chastity. So in the "Faithful Shepherdess"—

"Then must I watch, if any be
Forcing of a chastity:
If I find it, then in hast
Give my wreathed horne a blast,

And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his lustful thoughts be gone."

Page 49, line 1. Ridden.] The 4to. of 1619 by some mistake reads "written."

Page 50, line 3. This mode of signals is alluded to in "Hudibras."

Page 50, line 26 Your wife is wel pleased.] The word "wel" is omitted in the quarto edition of 1619.

Page 50, line 33. I will also &c.] This line is omitted in the folio of 1623, although restored by Pope and subsequent editors.

Page 51, line 5. Now shal you keep your word.] "Now you sna lkeep your word," edition of 1619.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

[From "Le tredici piacevoli notti del s. Gio. Francesco Straparola," 8vo. Vineg, 1569, vol. i., fol. 47. The points of resemblance in this tale with the plot of the "Merry Wives of Windsor" are not many, chiefly consisting in the plurality of loves, and the ladies communicating to each other the addresses of the same gallant.]

Io non avrei mai creduto valorose donne, ne pur imaginato, che la Signora mi havesse dato carico di dover favoleggiare, e massimamente toccando la volta alla Sig. Fiordiana avenutale per sorte. Ma poscia che a sua altezza così piace et è di contentamento di tutti, io mi sforzerò di raccontare cosa che vi sia di sodisfacimento, et se per avventura il mio ragionare (che Iddio non voglia) vi fosse noioso, o che passasse di honestà il termine, mi havereste per iscusato, et incolparete la Signora Fiordiana, la quale di tal cosa n'è stata cagione. In Bologna nobilissima città di Lombardia, madre de gli studi, et accomodata di tutte le cose, che si convengono, ritrovavasi uno scolare gentil'huomo Cretense, il cui nome era Filenio Sisterna, giovane leggiadro, et amorevole. Avenne, che in Bologna si fece una bella et magnifica festa, alla quale furono invitate molte donne della città, e delle più belle, e vi concorsero molti gentil'huomini Bolognesi, et scolari, tra' quali vi era Filenio. Costui (si come è usanza de' giovani) vagheggiando hora l'una et hora l'altra donna, e tutte molto piacendogli, dispose al tutto carolar con una d'esse. Et accostatosi ad una, che Emerentiana si chiamava, moglie di Messer Lamberto Bentivogli; la chiese

in ballo. Et ella ch'era gentile, e non men ardita, che bella, non lo rifiutò. Filenio adunque con lento passo menando, et alle volte stringendole la mano con bassa voce, così le disse. Valorosa donna tanta è la bellezza vostra che senza alcun fallo quella trapassa ogni altra, ch'io vedessi giamai. Et non vi è donna à cui cotanto amore io porti, quanto alla vostra altezza, la quale se mi corrisponderà nell'amore, terrommi il piu contento, et il piu felice huomo, che si truovi al mondo, ma altrimenti facendo, tosto vedrammi di vita privo, et ella ne sarà stata della mia morte cagione. Amandovi io adunque Signora mia com'io fo, et è il debito mio, voi mi prendete per vostro servo, disponendo et di me, et delle cose mie (quantunque piccole sieno) come delle vostre proprie, e gratia maggiore dal cielo ricevere non potrei, che di venir soggetto a tanta donna, laquale come uccello mi ha preso nell'amorosa pania. Emerentiana, che attentamente ascoltate aveva le dolci, e gratiose parole, come persona prudente finse di non aver orecchie, et nulla rispose. Finito il ballo, et andatasi Emerentiana à sedere, il giovane Filenio prese un'altra matrona per mano, et con essa lei cominciò à ballare, nè appena egli aveva cominciata la danza, che con lei si mise in tal maniera a parlare. Certo non fa mestieri gentilissima madonna, che io con parole vi dimostri, quanto, e quale sia il fervido amore, ch'io vi porto, et porterò, fin che questo spirito vitale reggerà queste deboli membra, et infelici ossa. Et felice, anzi beato mi terrei allora, quando io vi avessi per mia patrona, anzi singolar Signora. Amandovi adunque io, sì come io vi amo, et essendo io vostro sì come voi agevolmente potete intendere, non harrete a sdegno di ricevermi per vostro humilissimo servitore, perciò che ogni mio bene, et ogni mia vita da voi, e non altronde dipende. La giovane donna, che Panthemia si chiamava, quantunque intendesse il tutto, non però li rispose, ma la danza honestamente seguì, e finito il ballo sorridendo alquanto si pose con le altere a sedere. Non stette molto, che l'innamorato Filenio prese la terza per mano, la piu gentile, la piu aggratiata, et la

piu bella donna, che in Bologna allora si trovasse, et con esso lei cominciò menare una danza, facendosi far calle a coloro che s'appressavano per rimirarla, et innanzi che si terminasse il ballo, egli le disse tai parole. Honestissima madonna, forse io parerò non poco presuntuoso, scoprendovi hora il celato amore, ch'io vi portai, et hora porto; ma non incolpate me, ma la vostra bellezza, laquale à ciascuna altra vi fa superiore, et me come vostro mancipio tiene. Taccio hora i vostri laudevoli costumi, taccio le egregie, et ammirabili vostre virtù, le quali sono tali, e tante, c'hanno forza di far discender giù da l'alto cielo i superni Dei. Se adunque la vostra bellezza accolta per natura, et non per arte aggradisce à gl'immortali Dei, non è maraviglia, se quella mi stringe ad amarvi, e tenervi chiusa nelle viscere del mio cuore. Pregovi adunque, gentil Signora mia, unico refrigerio della mia vita, c'habbiate caro colui, che per voi mille volte al giorno muore. Il che facendo, io reputerò aver la vita per voi, alla cui gratia mi raccomando. La bella donna, che Sinfrosia s'appellava, havendo intese le care, e dolci parole, che dal focoso cuore di Filenio uscivano, non puote alcun sospiretto nascondere, ma pur considerando l'honor suo, et che era maritata, niuna risposta li diede, ma finito il ballo, se n'andò al suo luogo a sedere. Essendo tutte tre una appresso l'altra quasi in cerchio a sedere, et intertenendosi in piacevoli ragionamenti, Emerentiana moglie di messer Lamberto non già a fine di male, ma burlando disse alle due compagne. Donne mie care, non vi ho io da raccontare una piacevolezza, che mi è avvenuta hoggi? Et che? dissero le compagne. Io (disse Emerentiana) mi ho trovato carolando un'innamorato, il piu bello, il piu leggiadro, et il piu gentile, che si possa trovare. Ilquale disse esser si acceso di me per la mia bellezza, che ne giorno, ne notte non trova riposo, e puntalmente le raccontò tutto ciò, ch'egli aveva detto. Ilche intendendo Panthemia, e Sinforosia, dissero quel medesimo essere avvenuto a loro, et dalla festa non si partirono, che agevolmente conobbero un'istesso esser stato colui, che

con tutte tre haveva fatto l'amore. Il perche chiaramente compresero, che quelle parole dell'innamorato non da fede amorosa, ma da folle, e fittitio amore procedavano, et a sue parole prestarono quella credenza, che prestare si suole a'sogni de gl'infermi, o a fola di romanzi. Et indi non si partirono, che tutte tre concordi si dierono la fede di operare sì, che ciascheduna di loro da per se li farebbe una beffa, et di tal sorte, che l'innamorato si ricorderebbe sempre, che anche le donne sanno beffare. Continovando Filenio in far l'amore quando con una, quando con l'altra, et vedendo, che ciascheduna di loro faceva sembante di volerli bene, si mise in cuore (se possibile era) di ottenere da ciascheduna di loro l'ultimo frutto d'amore, ma non li venne fatto, si come egli bramava, et era il desiderio suo, perciocche fu perturbato ogni suo disegno. Emerentiana, che non poteva sofferire il fittitio amore del sciocco scolare, chiamò una sua fanticella assai piacevoletta, et bella, et le impose, ch'ella dovesse con bel modo parlare con Filenio, e isponerli l'amore, che sua madouna li portava, e quando li fusse a piacere, ella una notte vorrebbe esser con esso lui in la propria casa. Ilche intendendo Filenio s'alleggrò, et disse alla fante, vâ, e ritorna a casa, e raccomandami a tua madonna, et dille da parte mia, che questa sera la mi aspetti, già che'l marito suo non alberga in casa. In questo mezzo Emerentiana fece raccogliere molti fascioli di pungenti spine, e poseli sotto la lettiera, dove la notte giaceva, et stette ad aspettare, che lo amante venisse. Venuta la notte Filenio prese la spada, e soletto se n'andò alla casa della sua nemica, et datole il segno, fu tostamente aperto. E dopò, c'ebbero insieme ragionato alquanto, e lautamente cenato ambe duo andarono in camera per riposare. Filenio appena si haveva spogliato per girsene al letto, che sopraggiunse messer Lamberto suo marito. Il che intendendo la donna, finse di smarrirsi; et non sapendo dove l'amante nascondere, gli ordinò, che sotto il letto se n'andasse. Filenio veggendo il pericolo suo, et della donna, senza mettersi alcun vestimento in dosso, ma solo con la camiscia corse sotto

la lettiera, et così fieramente si ponse, che non era parte veruna del suo corpo, cominciando dal capo sino a' piedi, che non gettasse sangue. Et quanto più egli in quel scuro voleva difendersi dalle spine, tanto maggiormente si pungeva, et non ardiva gridare, acciò che messer Lamberto non l'udisse, et uccidesse. Io lascio considerar a voi, a che termine quella notte si ritrovasse il miserello, il quale poco mancò, che senza coda non restasse, sì come era rimasto senza favella. Venuto il giorno, et partitosi il marito di casa, il povero scolare meglio ch'egli puote si rivestì, e così sanguinoso a casa se ne tornò, et stette con un picciolo spavento di morte. Ma curato diligentemente dal medico si riebbe, et ricuperò la pristina salute. Non passarono molti giorni, che Filenio seguì il suo innamoramento, facendo l'amore con l'altre due, cioè con Panthemìa, e Sinfrosia, e tanto fece, che ebbe agio di parlare una sera con Panthemìa, alla quale raccontò i suoi lunghi affanni, et continovi tormenti, et pregolla, che di lui pietà haver dovesse. L'astuta Panthemìa, fingendo averli compassione, si iscusava di non aver il modo di poterlo accontentare, ma pur al fine vinta da suoi dolci preghi, et cocenti sospiri lo introdusse in casa. Essendo già spogliato per andarsene a letto con esso lei, Panthemìa li comandò, che andasse nel camerino ivi vicino, ove ella teneva le sue acque nanfe, et profumate, e che prima molto bene si profumasse, et poi se n'andasse al letto. Il scolare non s'avedendo dell'astutia della malvagia donna, entrò nel camerino, et posto il piede sopra una tavola diffitta dal travicello, che la sosteneva, senza potersi ritenere insieme con la tavola cadde giù in un magazzino terreno, nel quale alcuni mercatanti tenevano bambagia, et lane. Et quantunque da alto cadesse, niuno però male si fece nella caduta. Ritrovandosi adunque il scolare in quello oscuro luogo, cominciò a brancolare, se scala, o uscio trovasse, ma nulla trovando, malediceva l'ora e'l punto, che Panthemìa conosciuta havea. Venuta l'aurora, et tardi accortosi il miserello dell'inganno della donna, vide in una parte del magazzino certe fessure nelle mura, che alquanto

rendevano di luce, et per essere antiche, et gramose di fastidiosa muffa, egli cominciò con maravigliosa forza cavar le pietre, ove men forti parevano, e tanto cavò, ch'egli fece un pertugio sì grande, che per quello fuori se ne uscì. Et trovandosi una calle non molto lontana dalla publica strada, così et scalzo, et in camiscia prese il camino verso il suo albergo, et senza esser da alcuno conosciuto, entrò in casa. Sinforosia, che già havea intesa l'una, et l'altra beffa fatta a Filenio, s'ingegnò di farli la terza, non minore delle due. E cominciò con la coda dell'occhio, quand'ella lo vedeva guatare, dimostrandoli ch'ella si consumava per lui. Lo scolare, già dimenticato delle passate ingiurie, cominciò a passeggiare dinanzi la casa di costei, facendo il passionato. Sinforosia avvedendosi lui esser già del suo amore oltre misura acceso, li mandò per una vecchiarella una lettere, per laquale li dimostrò, ch'egli con la sua bellezza, e gentil costumi l'avea sì fieramente presa, e legata, ch'ella non trovava riposo ne dì, ne notte, e perciò, quando a lui fusse a grado, ella desiderava più che ogni altra cosa, di poter con esso lui favellare. Filenio presa la lettera, et inteso il tenore, et non considerato l'inganno, et dismentitosi delle passate ingiurie fu il più lieto et consolato huomo che mai si trovasse. Et presa la carta et la penna le rispose che se ella lo amava e sentiva per lui tormento, che egli il medesimo sentiva e che di gran lunga amava più lei che ella lui et ad ogni hora che à lei paresse egli era a suoi servigi e comande. Letta la risposta e trovata la opportunità del tempo, Sinforosia lo fece venir in casa e dopo molti finti sospiri li disse. Filenio mio non so qual altro che tu mi havessi mai condotta à questo passo, al quale condotta mi hai. Imperciò che la tua bellezza, la tua leggiadria, et il tuo parlare mi ha posto tal fuoco nell'anima che come secco legno mi sento abbruciare. Ilche sentendo lo scolare teneva per certo ch'ella tutta si struggesse per suo amore. Dimorando adunque il cattivello con Sinforosia in dolci e dilettevoli ragionamenti e parendogli homai l'hora di andarsene al letto, e coricarsi a lato

a lei disse Sinforosia. Anima mia innanzi che noi andiamo a letto mi pare convenevole cosa che noi ci riconfortiamo alquanto, e presolo per la mano lo condusse in un camerino ivi vicino dove era una tavola apparecchiata con preciosi confetti, et ottimi vini. Havea la sagace donna alloppiato il vino per far che egli si addormentasse sin'à certo tempo. Filenio prese il bicchiere, et lo empì di quel vino, et non avedendosi dell'inganno, intieramente lo bevè. Restaurati li spiriti, e bagnatosi con acqua nanfa, e ben profumatosi, se n'andò à letto. Non stette guari che'l liquore operò la sua virtù e il giovane sì profondamente s'addormentò che'l grave tuono dell'artiglierie malagevolmente destato l'havrebbe. La onde Sinforosia vedendo ch'egli dirottamente dormiva, e il liquore la sua operazione ottimamente dimostrava, si parti e chiamò una sua fante giovane, et gagliarda che del fatto era consapevole et amendue per le mani e per li piedi presero lo scolare e chetamente aperto l'uscio lo misero sopra la strada tanto lungi di casa quanto sarebbe un buon tratto di pietra. Era cerca un hora innanzi che spuntasse l'aurora quando il liquore perdè la sua virtù e il miserello si destò et credendo egli esser à lato di Sinforosia si trovò scalzo e in camiscia mezo morto di freddo giacere sopra la nuda terra. Il poverello quasi perduto delle braccia e delle gambe appena si puote levare in piedi ma pur con gran malagevolezza levatosi et non potendo quasi affermarsi in piedi meglio ch'egli puote e seppe senza esser da alcun veduto al suo albergo ritornò et alla sua salute provedè. Et se non fusse stata la giovinezza che l'aiutò certamente egli sarebbe rimasto attratto de'nervi. Filenio ritornato sano e nell'esser che era prima chiuse dentro del petto le passate ingiurie e senza mostrarsi crucciato e di portarle odio finse ch'egli era di tutte tre vie piu innamorato che prima et quando l'una e quando l'altra vagheggiava. Et elle non avedendosi del mal animo ch'egli aveva contro loro ne prendevano trasullo facendoli quel viso allegro e quella benigna e gratiosa ciera che ad un vero innamorato far si suole. Il giovane

pensò piu volte di giocar di mano e signarle la faccia ma come savio considerò la grandezza delle donne e che vergognosa cosa li sarebbe stata à percuotere tre femminelle et raffrenossi. Pensava adunque e ripensava il giovane qual via in vendicarsi tener dovesse et non sovvenendogliene alcuna molto fra stesso si rammaricava. Avenne dopò molto spatio di tempo, che'l giovane s'imaginò di far cosa che al suo desiderio agevolmente sodisfar potesse, et si come gli venne nell'animo, così la fortuna li fu favorevole. Haveva Filenio in Bologna a pigione un bellissimo palagio, il quale era ornato d'una ampia sala e di polite camere. Egli determino di far una superba e honorata festa et invitare assai donne tra quali vi fussero anco Emerentiana Panthemia e Sinforosia. Fatto l'invito et accettato et venuto il dì dell'honorevol festa tutte tre le donne poco savie senza pensar piu oltre se n'andarono. Essendo la hora di rinfrescar le donne con recenti vini, et preciosi confetti, l'astuto giovane prese le tre innamorate per mano, et con molta piacevolezza le menò in una camera, pregandole che si rinfrescassero alquanto. Venute adunque le pazze e sciocche tre donne in camera, il giovane chiuse l'uscio della camera, e andatosene a loro disse. Hora malvagie femine è venuto'l tempo ch'io mi vendicherò di voi, e farovvi portar la pena dell'ingiuria fattami pel mio grand'amore. Le donne udendo queste parole rimasero piu morte che vive e cominciarono a ramaricarsi d'haver altrui offeso e appresso questo malediceano loro medesime che troppo s'haveano fidate di colui che odiare dovevano. Lo scolare con turbato e minaccievole viso comandò che per quanto cara haveano la vita loro tutte tre ignude si spogliassino. Il che intendendo le ghiottoncelle si guatarono l'una con l'altra e dirottamente cominciarono a piagnere pregandolo non già per lor amore ma per sua cortesia e innata humanità l'honor suo riservato le fusse. Il giovane che dentro tutto godeva in ciò le fu molto cortese non volse però che nel suo conspetto vestite rimasero. Le donne gettatesi a' piedi del scolare con pietose lagrime humilmente lo

pregarono che licentiarle le dovesse e che di sì grave scorno non fusse cagione. Ma egli che già fatto havea di diamante il cuore disse questo non esser di biasmo ma di vendetta degno. Spogliatesi adunque le donne, e rimase come nacquero, erano così belle ignude come vestite. Il giovane scolare riguardandole da capo a piedi e vedendole sì belle e sì delicate che la lor bianchezza avanzava la neve, cominciò tra se sentire alquanto compassione, ma nella memoria ritornandoli le ricevute ingiurie, e il pericolo di morte scacciò da se ogni pietà e nel suo fiero e duro proponimento rimase. Appresso questo l'astuto giovane tolse tutte le vestimenta loro, e altre robbe che indosso portate havevano, e in uno camerino ivi vicino le pose e con parole assai spiacevoli le ordinò che tutte tre l'una a lato de l'altra nel letto si coricassero. Le donne tutte sgomentate e tremanti da terrore dissero. O insensate noi che diranno i mariti, che diranno i parenti nostri, come si saprà, che noi siamo quivi state ignude trovate uccise? Meglio sarebbe, che noi fussimo morte in fascie, ch'esser con tal vituperoso scorno manifestate. Lo scolare vedendole coricate l'una appresso l'altra come fanno marito e moglie prese uno lenzuolo bianchissimo ma non molto sottile, accioche non trasparessero le carni, e fussero conosciute e tutte tre coperse da capo a piedi; e uscitosi di camera e chiuso l'uscio trovò li mariti loro che in sala danzavano et finito il ballo menolli nella camera dove le donne in letto giacevano e disseli. Signori miei io vi ho quivi condotti per darvi un poco di solazzo et per mostrarvi la più bella cosa che a tempi vostri vedeste giamai e approssimatosi al letto con un torchietto in mano leggiermente cominciò levar il lenzuolo da piedi, e involupparlo e discoperse le donne sino alle ginocchia e i suoi mariti videro le tondette e bianche gambe con i loro isnelli piedi maravigliosa cosa à riguardare. Indi discopersele sino al petto e mostrolli le candidissime coscie che parean due colonne di puro marmo col ritondo corpo all finissimo alabastro somigliante. Dopò scoprendole più in sù li mostrò il teneretto poco relevato petto con le due popoline

sode delicate e tonde che harebbono constretto il sommo Giove ad abbracciarle et basciarle. Di che i mariti ne prendevano quel trastullo e contento che imaginar si puote. Lascio pensar a voi, à che termine si trovavano le misere et infelici donne quando udivano i mariti suoi prendere di loro trastullo. Elle stavano chete, e non osavano citire accioche conosciute non fussero. I mariti tentavano lo scolare che le discoprisse il volto ma egli piu prudente nel altrui male che nel suo consentire non lo volse. Non contento di questo il giovane prese le vestimenta di tutte tre le donne e mostrolle a i mariti loro. I quali vedendo rimasero con una certa stupefazione che li rodeva il cuore. Dopò con grandissima meraviglia piu intensamente riguardandole dicevano tra se. Non è questo il vestimento ch'io fei alla mia donna? Non è questa la scuffia che io le comprai? Non è questo il pendente che le discende dal collo inanzi il petto? Non sono questi gli analletti che ella portava in dito? Usciti di camera per non turbar la festa non si partirono ma à cena rimasero. Il giovane scolare che gia aveva inteso esser cotta la cena et ogni cosa dal discretissimo siniscalco apparecchiata ordinò che ognuno si ponesse a mensa. E mentre che gli invitati menavano le mascelle lo scolare ritornò nella camera dove le tre donne in letto giacevano e discopertele disse. Buon di madonne havete voi uditi i mariti vostri? Eglino quivi fuori con grandissimo desiderio vi aspettano di vedere, che dimorate? Levatevi su dormiglione non sbadigliate cessate homai di stropicciarvi gli occhi, prendete le vestimenta vostre e senza indugio ponetevele indosso che homai è tempo di gire in sala dove le altre donne vi aspettano. E così le bertecciava e con diletto le teneva à parole. Le sconsolate donne dubitando che'l caso suo havesse qualche crudel fine piangevano et si disperavano della loro salute. Et così angosciate et da dolor trafitte in piedi si levarono piu la morte che altro aspettando, et voltatesi verso lo scolare dissero. Filenio ben ti sei oltre modo di noi vendicato; altro non ci resta, se non, che tu prendi la tua tagliente spada e con quella

tu ne dia la morte la quale noi piu che ogn'altra cosa desideriamo. E se questa gratia tu non ne vuoi fare ti preghiamo almeno isconosciute a casa ne lasci ritornare accioche l'honor nostro salvo rimanga. Parendo a Filenio aver fatto assai prese gli suoi panni, datigli gli ordinò che subito si rivestissero et rivestite che furono per un'uscio secreto fuori di casa le mandò, e così vergognate senza esser d'alcuno conosciute alle loro case ritornarono. Spogliatesi le loro vestimenta che indosso havevano, le posero nelli lor forzieri, et astutamente senza andar à letto si misero a lavorare. Finita la cena i mariti ringraziarono lo scolare del buon accetto che fatto gli haveva e molto piu del piacere che havevano havuto in vedere i delicati corpi che di bellezza avanzavano il sole, e preso da lui commiato si partirono, et a i loro alberghi ritornarono. Ritornati adunque i mariti a casa trovarono le loro mogli che nelle loro camere presso il fuoco sedevano et cucivano. Et per che i panni, l'anella et le gioie da'mariti vedute nella camera di Filenio li davano alquanta sospitione, accioche niuno sospetto li rimanesse ciascuno di loro addimandò la sua donna dove era stata quella sera e dove erano le sue vestimenta. A i quali ciascheduna di loro arditamente rispose che di casa quella notte uscita non era e presa la chiave della cassa dove erano le robbe li mostrò le vestimenta le anella e ciò che i loro mariti fatto gli havevano. Il che vedendo i mariti et non sapendosi che dire rimasero cheti raccontando minutamente alle loro donne tutto quello che gli era quella notte avvenuto. Il che intendendo le mogli, fecero sembante di non saper nulla, e doppo che ebbero alquanto riso si spogliarono e s'andarono à riposare. Non passarono molti giorni che Filenio piu volte per strada s'incontrò nelle sue care madonne e disse. Qual di noi hebbe maggior spavento? qual di noi fu peggio trattato? ma elle tenendo gli occhi chini à terra nulla rispondevano. Et in tal guisa lo scolare meglio, che egli seppe et puote senza battitura alcuna virilmente si vendicò della ricevuta ingiuria.

No II.

[From "Il Pecorone di Ser Giovanni Fiorentino," 4to., Trevig., 1640, fol. 7.

This is the tale translated in "The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers."]

Finita la novella cominciò Saturnina e disse così. Molto m'è piaciuta questa novella considerando la fermezza colui havendo nelle braccia colei cui egli haveva cotanto tempo desiderata. Che s'io fossi stata in quel caso che fu egli non so ch'io m'avessi fatto. Nondimeno io ti vuo dire una novelletta la quale credo che t'abbia à piacere e dice in questo modo.

Egli hebbe in Roma in casa i Savelli due compagni e consorti l'uno de quali haveva nome Bucciolo e l'altro Pietro Paolo ben nati e assai ricchi dell'havere del mondo : perch'eglino si possero in cuore d'andare a studiare à Bologna ; e l'uno volle apparar legge e l'altro decreto e così presero commiato da parenti loro e vennero à Bologna : et ordinatamente l'uno udì legge et l'altro decreto e così studiarono per ispatio di più tempo. Et, come voi sapete, il decreto e di minor volume che non è la legge però Bucciolo che udiva decreto apparì più tosto che non fe Pietro Paolo : per che essendo licenziato e' prese per partito di ritornarsi a Roma et disse a Pietro Paolo. Fratel mio poi ch'io son licenziato io ho fermo di volermi ritornare à casa. Rispose Pietro Paolo, io ti priego che tu non mi lasci qui ma piacciati d'aspettarmi questo verno e poi à primavera noi ce n'andremo. Tu in questo mezo potrai apparare qualche altra scienza et non perderai tempo. Di che Bucciolo fu contento et promise gli d'aspettarlo. Onde avvenne che Bucciolo per non perder tempo se n'andò al maestro suo et disse, Io mi son deliberato d'aspettare questo mio compagno e parente e però voglio che vi piaccia d'insegnarmi qualche bella scienza in questo tempo. Rispose il maestro ch'era contento e però gli disse Eleggi quale scienza tu vuoi e io te la insegnerò volentieri e Bucciolo disse Maestro mio io vorrei apparare come s'innamora e che modo si tiene. Rispose il maestro

quasi ridendo Questo mi piace e non potresti haver trovato scienza di che io fosse piu contento che di questa. Et però vattene domenica mattina alla chiesa de frati minori quando vi saranno ragunate tutte le donne e porrai mente se ve n'ha nessuna che ti piaccia: e quando l'havrai trovata seguila infino che tu vegga dove ella sta, e poi torna da me e questa sia la prima parte ch'io voglio che tu appari. Partissi Bucciolo e la domenica mattina vegnente sendo al luogo de frati come il maestro gli haveva detto e dando d'occhio tra quelle donne che ve n'erano assai, videvene una fra l'altre che moltò gli piaceva perche ella era assai bella e vaga. Per che partendosi la donne della chiesa Bucciolo le tenne dietro e vide e apparò la casa dov'ella stava; onde la donna s'avvide che questo scolare s'era incominciato à innamorare di lei e Bucciolo ritornò al maestro e disse io ho fatto ciò che voi mi diceste e honne veduta una che molto mi piace. Perche il maestro di questo pigliava grandissimo diletto e quasi uccellava Bucciolo veggendo la scienza ch'egli voleva apparare gli disse, Fa che tu vi passi ogni dì due o tre volte honestamente e habbia sempre gli occhi con teco e guarda che tu non sia veduto guardare allei ma pigliate con gli occhi quel piacere che tu puoi sì ch'ella s'avvegga che tu le voglia bene et poi torna da me. Et questa sia la seconda parte. Bucciolo si partì dal maestro e cominciò saviamente à passare da casa la donna sì che la donna s'avvide certamente ch'e'vi passava per lei. Ond' ella cominciò à guardar lui talche Bucciolo la cominciò à inchinare saviamente et ella lui piu e piu volte, da che Bucciolo s'avvide che la donna l'amava: per la qual cosa il tutto riferì al maestro, e essogli rispose e disse. Questo mi piace e son contento e hai saputo ben fare insino à qui; hor conviene che tu trovi modo di farle parlare à una di queste che vanno vendendo per Bologna veli e borse e altre cose. Et mandale à dire come tu se'suo servidore e che non e persona al mondo à cui tu voglia meglio che allei e che tu faresti volentieri cosa che le piacesse: e udirai com'ella ti dirà. Et poi secondo

ch'ella ti manda rispondendo torna da me e dimmelo : et io ti dirò quel che tu habbia à fare. Bucciuolo subito si partì e trovò una merciaiuola ch'era tutto atta a quello ufficio e si le disse. Io voglio che voi mi facciate un grandissimo servizio et io vi pagherò sì che sarete contenta. Rispose la merciaiuola io farò ciò che voi mi direte però ch'io non ci sono per altro se non per guadagnare. Bucciuolo le donò due fiorini e disse Io voglio che voi andiate hoggi una volta in una via che si chiama la Mascarella ove sta una giovane che si chiama madonna Giovanna alla quale io voglio meglio cheà persona che al mondo sia e voglio che voi me le raccomandiate e che voi le diciate ch'io farei volentieri cosa che le piacesse. E intorno à ciò ditele quelle dolci parole ch'io so le saprete dire : e di questo vi prego quanto io so e posso. Disse la vecchietta, lasciate fare à me ch'io piglierò il tempo. Rispose Bucciuolo, Andate ch'io v'aspetto qui. Et ella subitamente si mosse con un panniere di sue merce e andonne a questa donna e trovolla à sedere in sull'uscio e salutolla e poi le disse Madonna havrei io cosa tra queste mie mercantie che vi piacesse ? prendetene arditamente pur che ve ne piaccia. Et così si pose à sedere con lei e cominciòle à mostrare e veli e borse e cordelle e specchi e altre cose. Perche veduto molte cose, molto le piacque una borsa che v'era : ond'ella disse S'io havess danari io comprerei volentieri questa borsa. Disse la merciaiuola, Madonna e' non vi bisogna guardare à cotesto : prendete se c'è cosa che vi piaccia però ch'egli è pagato ogni cosa. La donna si maravigliò udendo le parole e veggendosi fare tante amorevolezze à costei e disse Madonna mia che volete voi dire ? Che parole son queste ? La vecchietta quasi lagrimando disse, io ve lo dirò. Egli è vero che un giovane che ha nome Bucciuolo mi ci ha mandata ; il quale v'ama e vuolvi meglio che à persona che sia al mondo. Et non è cosa che potesse fare per voi che non facesse ; e dicemi che Dio non gli potrebbe fare maggior gratia che essergli commandato da voi qualche cosa. E in verità e' mi pare ch'e' si consumi tutto ; tant'è la voglia ch'egli

ha di parlarvi ; e forse io non vidi mai il piu da bene giovane di lui. La Donna udendo le parole si fece tutto di color vermiglio e volsesi à costei e disse se non fosse ch'io vi risguardo per amore dell' honor mio io vi governerei sì che trista vi farei. Come non ti vergognitu sozza vecchia di venire à una buona donna a dire queste parole ? che trista ti faccia Dio. E in questa parola la giovane prese la stanza dell'uscio per volerle dare, et disse Se tu ci torni mai piu io governerò sì che tu non sarai mai da vedere. Perche la vecchietta fu presta e subito prese le cose sue spicchia et vennessene con Dio e hebbe una grandissima paura di non provare quella stanga et non si tenne sicura insino ch'ella non guinse à Bucciuolo. Come Bucciuolo la vide la domandò di novelle e come il fatto stava. Rispose la vecchietta, Sta male per cio ch'io non hebbi mai la maggior paura : e in conclusione ella non ti vuole ne udire ne vedere. Et se non fosse ch'io fui presta à partirmi, io havrei forse provato d'una stanga ch'ella aveva in mano. Quanto per mi io non intendo piu tornarvi ; e anche consiglio te, che non t'impacci piu in questi fatti. Bucciuolo rimase tutto sconsolato et subito se n'andò al maestro et disse cio che gli era incontrato. Il maestro lo confortò et disse non temere Bucciuolo che l'albero non cade per un colpo. Et però fa che tu vi passi stasera et pon mente che viso ella ti fa et guarda s'ella ti pare corucciata ò nò et tornamelo à dire. Mossesi Bucciuolo e andò verso la casa dove stave quella sua donna : la quale quando lo vide venire subitamente chiamò una sua fancuilla et dissele fa che tu vada dietro à quel giovane et digli per mia parte che mi venga stasera à parlare et non falli. Perche la fanticella andò à quello, et disse, Messere dice Madonna Giovanna che voi vegniate stasera infino allei ; però ch'ella vi vuol parlare. Maravigliossi Bucciuolo e poi le rispose et disse Dille ch'io vi verrò volentieri : e subito tornò al maestro e disse come il fatto stava. Di che il maestro si maravigliò e in se medesimo hebbe sospetto che quella non fosse la donna sua com'ella era : et disse a Bucciuolo Bene andravi tu ? disse Bucciuolo sì bene. Rispose

il maestro fa che quando tu vi vai, tu faccia la via ritto quinci. Disse Bucciuolo sarà fatto; e partissi. Era questa giovane moglie del maestro, et Bucciuolo nol sapeva e'l maestro n'haveva già presa gelosia perche egli dormiva il verno alla scuola per leggere la notte à gli scolari, e la donna sua si stava sola ella e la fante. Il maestro disse Io non vorrei che costui avesse apparato alle mie spese et pertanto lo vuo sapere. Perche venendo la sera *Bucciuolo allui, disse maestro io vo.* Disse il maestro Va e sia savio. Soggiunse Bucciuolo *Lasciate fare à me et partissi dal maestro: et havevasi messo in dosso una buona panciera, et sotto il braccio una giusta spada, e allato un buon coltello; e non andava come ismemorato.* Il maestro come Bucciuolo fu partito si gli avviò dietro, e di tutto questo Bucciuolo non sapeva niente; il quale giugnendo all'uscio della donna come lo toccò la donna si gli aperse e miselo dentro. Quando il maestro s'avvide che questa era la donna sua venne tutto meno e disse or veggio bene che costui ha apparato alle mie spese e si pensò d'ucciderlo e ritornò alla scuola e accattò una spada et un coltello e con molta furia fu tornato à casa con animo di fare villania a Bucciuolo: e giunto all'uscio cominciò con molta fretta à bussare. La donna era à sedere al fuoco con Bucciuolo e sentendo bussar l'uscio subitamente si pensò che fosse il maestro e prese Bucciuolo e nascose lo sotto un monte di panni di bucato, i quali non erano ancora rasciutti e per lo tempo gli haveva rágunati in su una tavola à pie d'una finestra. Poi corse all'uscio e domandò, chi era. Rispose il maestro; *Apri che tu lo potrai ben sapere mala femina che tu sei.* La donna gli aperse et veggendolo con la spada disse *Oime signor mio ch'è questo?* disse il maestro *Ben lo sai tu, chi tu hai in casa.* Disse la donna, *Trista me che di tu? sei tu fuori della memoria? cercate ciò che c'è; e se voi ci trovate persona squartatemi.* Come comincierei io hora à far quello ch'io non fei mai? guardate signor mio che'l nemico non vi facesse veder cosa che voi perdeste l'anima. Il maestro fece accendere un torchietto e cominciò à cercare nella cella

tra le botti; e poi se ne venne suso, et cercò tutta la camera et sotto il letto et mise la spada per lo saccone tutto forandolo: e brevemente e' cercò tutta la camera et non lo seppe trovare. Et la donna sempre gli era allato col lume in mano et spesse volte diceva Maestro mio segnatevi che per certo il nemico di Dio v'ha tentato e havvi mosso à vedere quello che mai non protrebbe essere: che s'io havessi pelo addosso che'l pensasse io m'ucciderei io stessa. Et però vi priego per Dio che voi non vi lasciate tentare. Perche il maestro veggendo ch'e' non v'era e udendo le parole della donna quasi se'l credette; e poco stante egli spense il lume e andossene alla scuola. Onde la donna subito serrò l'uscio e cavò Bucciuolo di sotto i pani e accese un gran fuoco e quivi cenarono un grosso e grasso capone e ebbero di parecchi ragioni vino e così cenarono di grandissimo vantaggio. Disse la donna più volte vedi che questo mio marito non ha pensato niente. E dopo molta festa e solazzo la donna lo prese per mano e menollo nella camera e con molta allegrezza s'andarono à letto e in quella notte si diedero quel piacere che l'una parte e l'altra volse rendendo più e più volte l'uno all'altro pace. Et passata la desiata notte venne il giorno: perche Bucciuolo si levò et disse Madonna io mi vuo partire: vorrestemi voi comandar niente? disse la donna Sì che tu ci torni stasera. Disse Bucciuolo sarà fatto: e preso commiato uscì fuori e andossene alla scuola et disse al maestro Io v'ho da fa ridere. Rispose il maestro, come? Disse Bucciuolo Hiersera poi che fui in casa colei et eccoti il marito e cercò tutta la casa et non mi seppe trovare: ella m'haveva nascoso sotto un monte di panni di bucato, i quali non erano anchora rasciutti. Et brevemente la donna seppe sì ben dire ch'egli se n'ando fuori: talche noi poi cenammo d'un grosso capone e beemo di fini vini con la maggior festa e allegrezza che voi vedeste mai: et così ci demmo vita et tempo enfino à di. Et perche io ho poco dormito tutta notte mi voglio ire à riposare: perch'io le promisi di ritornarvi stasera. Disse il maestro fa che quando tu vi vai tu mi faccia motto.

Bucciuolo disse Volentieri e poi si partì e'l maestro rimase tutto infiammato che per dolore non trovava luogo e in tutto il dì non potè leggere lettione tanto haveva il cuore afflitto : et pensossi di giugnerlo la sera vegnente e accattò una panciera e una cervelliera. Come tempo fu Bucciuolo non sapendo niente di questo fatto puramente se n'andò al maestro et disse io vò. Disse il maestro va e torna quinci domattina à dirmi come tu havrai fatto. Rispose Bucciuolo il farò e subito s'avviò verso la casa della donna. Il maestro subito tolse l'arme sua e uscì dietro à Bucciuolo quasi presso presso : et pensava di guignerlo sull'uscio. La donna che stava attenta subito gli aperse e miselo dentro et serri l'uscio e'l maestro subito giunse et cominciò a bussare e à fare un gran romore. La donna subitamente spense il lume e mise Buccioli dietro à se e aperse l'uscio e abbracciò il marito e con l'altro braccio mise fuori Bucciuolo che'l marito non se n'avvide. Et poi cominciò a gridare, Accor'huomo, accor'huomo che'l maestro è impazzato ; et parte il teneva stretto abbracciato. I vicini sentendo questo romore corsero et veggendo il maestro essere così armato e udendo la donna che diceva Tenetelo ch'egli è impazzato per lo troppo studiare, avisaroni e se'l credettero ch'e' fosse fuor della memoria : et cominciarongli à dire. Eh maestro che vuol dir questo? andatevi su'l letto a riposare, non v'affaticate piu. Disse il maestro come mi vuo io riposare quando questa mala femina ha uno huomo in casa e io ce lo vide entrare ? disse la donna, Trista la vita mia domandate tutti questi vicini se mai s'avvidero pur d'un mal atto di me. Risposero tutte le donne et gli huomini Maestro non habbiate pensiero di cotesto però che mai non nacque la miglior donna di costei ne la piu costumata ne con la miglior fama. Disse il maestro, Come, che io le vidi entrare uno ; e so che c'è entrato. In tanto vennero due fratelli della donne ; per ch'ella subito cominciò a piagnere et disse fratelli miei questo mio marito è impazzato e dice ch'io ho in casa uno huomo e non mi vuole se non morta : e voi sapete bene se io sono stata femina da quelle novelle. I

fratelli dissero. Noi ci maravigliamo come voi chiamate questa nostra sorella mala femina : e che vi move piu hora che l'altre volte essendo stata con voi tanto tempo quanto ell'è? Disse il maestro Io vi so dire che c'è uno in casa et io l'ho visto. Risposero i fratelli. Or via, cerchiamo se c'è : et se ci ha noi faremo di lei si fatta chiarezza et daremle si fatta punitione che voi sarete contento. E l'uno di loro chiamò la sorella et disse dimmi il vero hacci tu persona nessuna in casa? Rispose la donna oime che di tu? Christo me ne guardi, et diemi prima la morte innanzi ch'io volessi haver pelo che'l pensasse. Oime farei hora quello che non fe mai nessuna di casa nostra? non ti vergogni tu pure à dirmelo? Di che il fratello fu molto contento e col maestro insieme cominciarono à cercare. Il maestro se n'andò di subito a questi panni et venne forando contendendo con Bucciuolo ò vero credendo che Bucciuolo vi fosse dentro. Disse la donna. Non vi dico io ch'egli è impazzato à guastare questi panni? Tu non gli facesti tu. E cosi s'avvidero i fratelli che'l maestro era impazzato : e quando egli ebbero ben cerco cio che v'era non trovando persona disse l'uno dei fratelli. Costui è impazzato : e l'altro disse maestro in buona fe maestro voi fate una grandissima villania à fare questa nostra sorella mala femina. Perche il maestro ch'era infiammato et sapeva quel ch'era cominciò adirarsi forte di parole con costoro et sempre teneva la spada ignuda in mano ; onde costoro presero un buon bastone in mano per uno e bastonarono il maestro di vantaggio in modi che gli ruppero quei due bastoni adosso et lo incatenarono come matto dicendo ch'egli era impazzato per lo troppo studiare et tutta notte lo tennero legato ; et eglino si dormirono con la loro sorella. Et la mattina mandarono per lo medico, il qual gli fece fare un letto à pie del fuoco ; et comandando che non gli lasciassero favellare à persona, e che non gli rispondessero à nulla et che lo tenessero à dieta tanto ch'egli rassottigliasse la memoria ; et cosi fu fatto. La voce andò per Bologna come questo maestro era impazzato e à tutti ne cresceva dicendo l'un con l'altro Per certo io me n'avvide in-

fino hieri perciocch'e' non poteva leggere la lettione nostra. Alcuno diceva, Io lo vidi tutto mutare : sì che per tutti si diceva ch'egli era impazzato e così si ragunarono per andarlo à visitare. Buccioli non sapendo niente di questo venne alla scuola con animo di dire al maestro ciò che gli era intervenuto : e giungendo gli fu detto come il maestro era impazzato. Bucciolo se ne maravigliò e increbbegliene assai e con gli altri insieme l'andò à visitare. Et giugnendo alla casa del maestro, Bucciolo si cominciò à fare la maggior maraviglia del mondo e quasi venne meno veggendo il fatto com'egli stava. Ma perchè nessuno s'accorgesse di niente, andò dentro con gli altri insieme. Et giugnendo in sulla sala vide il maestro tutto rotto e incatenato giacere su'l letto à piè del fuoco per che tutti gli scolari si condolsero co'l maestro dicendo che del caso increseva loro forte. Onde toccò anche a Bucciolo a fargli motto, et disse, Maestro mio di voi m'incresce quanto di padre e se per me si può far cosa che vi piaccia, fate di me come di figliuolo. Rispose il maestro e disse Bucciolo Bucciolo vatti con Dio che tu hai bene apparato alle mie spese. Disse la donna non date cura a sue parole però che egli vagella et non sa ciò ch'egli stesso ti favella. Partissi Bucciolo, e venne a Pietro Paolo, e disse Fratello mio fatti con Dio però ch'io hò tanto apparato che non voglio più apparare, et così si parti et tornossi à Roma con buona ventura.

[TRANSLATION.]

When the novel was finished, Saturnina began to speak thus. Much hath this story pleased me, considering his firmness, who had in his arms her whom he had so long desired ; and, had I been in his place, I know not what I should have done. Nevertheless, I will relate to thee a story, which I think must needs please thee ; and she began after this fashion.

There were at Rome in the Casa i Savelli two companions and partners, one named Bucciolo, and the other Pietro Paolo, both of good family, and tolerably rich in the goods of this world. Wherefore they resolved to go to study at Bologna, one of them wishing to learn jurisprudence, and the

other the decretals, and so they took leave of their parents, and came to Bologna ; here they took lessons each in the branch of study which he had chosen, and thus they continued for some time. And, as you know, the decretals are of less volume than the canon law, whereby Bucciuolo, who studied the former, completed his studies more quickly than Pietro Paolo, and so, having received his congé, he purposed to return home, and thus he spoke to Pietro Paolo. My brother, since I have received my leave of departure, I am determined to return home. But Pietro Paolo answered, I pray thee leave me not here, but he pleased to wait for me this winter, and in the spring we will go together. Meanwhile thou wilt be able to learn some other science, and thus thou wilt not lose thy time. With this Bucciuolo was content, and promised to wait for him. Hence it came to pass, that Bucciuolo, not to lose time, went to his master, and said I have resolved to wait for this my companion and relation, and I wish, therefore, that it would please you to teach me some liberal science during this time. His master replied that he was willing to do so, bidding him choose what science he would, and he would teach him willingly. Whereupon Bucciuolo said, Master, I would fain learn how one falls in love, and what order should be taken therefore. The master answered jestingly, I am well pleased with this, nor couldst thou have chosen a subject to content me better. Wherefore go on the Sunday morning to the church of the Minorites when all the ladies are collected there, and there consider whether there is any one who pleases thee ; and, having found such a one, follow her to learn where she lives, and then return to me ; and take this as the first part of thy lesson. So Bucciuolo took his leave, and the next Sunday being where his preceptor had commanded him, and looking among the ladies, of whom there were many there, he saw one among the others who pleased him much, for she was beautiful and charming. Therefore, when she left the church, Bucciuolo kept behind her, and saw and took note of the house in which she dwelt. Hereby the lady saw that he had begun to be in love with her, and he returned to his master, and said, I have done as you bade me, and have seen one among the ladies who pleases me much. Wherefore the master was mightily pleased, and, considering the science which Bucciuolo was desirous of learning, he played with him as a fowler with a bird. And he said to him, contrive to pass before her house two or three times every day, and keep thy eyes open, and watch her, but so that no one may see thee watching, enjoying all that it is possible with thy eyes alone to enjoy, and giving her to understand thy good will towards her, and then return to me ; and let this be the second part of thy lesson. Bucciuolo took leave of his master, and began cautiously to pass backwards and forwards before her house, in such manner that she saw for certain that he did

so for the sake of her. Wherefore she began to look upon him so, that Bucciuolo began discreetly to bow to her, and the lady to him several times, so that he perceived that she began already to be in love with him, and all this he related to his master, who thus replied to him.

This pleases me well, and I am satisfied with thee, and thou hast hitherto performed thy part well. Now must thou find means of bringing to speech of her one of those women who go about Bologna, selling veils and purses, and such like matters. By her send word to the lady that thou art devoted to her, and that there is no one in the world to whom thou dost so wish well, and that thou wouldst willingly do something which should give her pleasure. Thou wilt then hear what she will say to thee; and as she shall answer, return and tell me, and I will tell thee what thou must do further.

Bucciuolo, therefore, departed, and found a pedlar woman, just such a one as his purpose required, and said to her: I wish you to do me a great service, for which I will pay you in such sort that you shall be well pleased. The woman replied, I will do as you require of me: seeing I am here for no other purpose but to make my gain. Bucciuolo gave her two florins, and said to her, I wish you to go to-day to a street called La Mascarella, where lives a young lady, by name Madonna Giovanna, whom I love better than any one else in the world; and to whom I wish that you should commend me, and say to her that I would willingly do somewhat which should be for her pleasure. And say to her on this matter such sweet words as I know you can well say: and for all this I beseech you as much as in me lies. The old woman replied, Leave all to me, for I will find a time for doing all this.

He replied Go, and I will wait for you here. And she forthwith set out with a basket of her wares, and went to this lady, whom she found sitting at her door, and, saluting her, she said to her, My lady, is there any thing among these my wares that would please you; take without doubting whatever you will. And hereupon she sat down beside her, and began to show her veils, and purses, and ribbons, and mirrors, and other things. When she had looked at many things, she was taken with a purse which was there, and she said, if I had the money I would willingly buy this purse. The pedlar woman replied, Madam, there is no need to stand upon that: take what you please, for all is paid for. The lady wondered hearing these words, and seeing herself treated with so much show of good will, and said, What do you mean, madam, and what words are these? The old lady, half crying, said, I will tell you. In very truth, a young gentleman named Bucciuolo has sent me to you, who loves you, and wishes you better than any body in this world; there is nothing that he could do for you which he would not do: and he has told me that no greater happiness could

come to him from God, than that he should have some command from you. And, indeed, it seems to me that he is pining away for the great longing he has to speak to you; a better youth than him I never saw.

The lady grew all crimson as she heard these words, and, turning to the other, she said, Were it not that I look to my own honour, I would so use you that you should repent of this. How is it you are not ashamed, vile old woman, to speak such words to a lady of honour? God give you your deserts therefore. And, so speaking, the young lady took the wooden bar which fastened the door, as if she would beat her with it, and said, If thou ever come hither again, I will so use thee that thou wilt not speedily be seen again. Whereat the old woman hastily took up her goods, and made her escape, mightily afraid of feeling the bar of wood on her shoulders, and thought herself not safe until she arrived at the house of Bucciolo. When he saw her he asked her news, and how the matter stood. She replied, Ill enough, for I never was so afraid in my life. In short, she will neither hear nor see thee; and but that I was quick to escape, I should, doubtless, have felt a stick that she had in her hand. For my own part, I have no will to return thither. And I would counsel thee also to have nothing more to do in this matter.

Bucciolo remained all discouraged at this, and went to his master to tell him what had happened to him. But he comforted him, saying, Take courage, Bucciolo, the tree does not fall for a single stroke. But contrive to pass her house this evening, and mark what countenance she shows thee, and whether she appears angry with thee or not, and return to tell me. So Bucciolo set out again for the house where this his lady was; who, when she saw him coming, suddenly called a serving girl of hers, and said to her, Go after that young gentleman, and tell him on my part to come to speak to me this evening without fail. So the girl came up to him and said, Sir, Madonna Giovanna bids that you come to her this evening, since she would speak with you. The youth was much surprised, but replied to her, saying, Tell her that I will come willingly, and returned immediately to his master to tell him how the case stood. At this the master marvelled, and began to doubt in himself whether this might not be his own wife, as, indeed, it was; and he said to Bucciolo, Wilt thou go thither? Surely, replied the other. The master replied, When thou goest there, go straight hence, to which Bucciolo replied, It shall be so, and set out immediately. Now this young lady was the wife of the master, and Bucciolo did not know it; and her husband had already conceived a jealousy of her, because he was obliged in winter to sleep at the school, that he might lecture at night, and his wife staid alone at home, she and the maid. I would not wish, said the master, that this man should be taught at my expense, but

at least I will know whether it is so. So Bucciuolo coming to him in the evening, said to him, Master, I am going, and he replied Go, and be prudent. Trust to me, said his scholar, and departed, having put on a shirt of mail, and with a good sword under his arm, and a knife by his side; and he went, taking good heed how he was going. When he was gone, the master set out after him, but of all this the scholar knew nothing; and, arriving at the house of the lady, he knocked, and was immediately let in. When the master saw that this was indeed his wife, he was ready to swoon with vexation, and said, Now I see that he has been learning at my expense; and he thought to slay him, and returned to the school to put on a sword and a dagger, and returned in great rage to the house with the mind to do Bucciuolo a grievous injury: and, when he came to the door, he knocked in great haste. The lady was sitting with Bucciuolo by the fire, and, hearing the door so suddenly assaulted, she imagined that it must be her husband, and took and hid her lover under a heap of clothes from the washing, which were not yet fully dry, and had been thrown for a time on a table under a window. Then she ran to the door to ask who was there, to which her husband replied, Open the door, for thou knowest well enough who it is, wretched woman. So she opened to him, and seeing his sword, cried out, O, my lord, what is this? The master replied, Thou very well knowest; who is it thou hast in the house? The lady said, Alas for thee, art thou out of thy mind? search if there is any one here, and if there be any one found here, cut me in pieces: how should I begin to do now what I never did in my life before; take care, my lord, lest the fiend show you somewhat which should drive you from your right mind. The master bade her light a torch, and began to look in the cellar among the barrels, then he came up stairs and looked through all the bedchamber, and under the bed, and put his sword into the mattress, piercing it in all directions. In short, he searched the whole chamber, but could not find what he sought. The lady stood by him all the while with the light in her hand, and said from time to time, Cross yourself, sir, for surely the enemy of God has tempted you, and moved you to see the thing which could never be; for, if I had a hair on my body that could think of such a thing, I would slay myself; and, therefore, I pray you for God's sake resist this temptation. The master seeing that there was no one there, and hearing the lady's words, was in some sort persuaded that she spoke the truth, wherefore he put out the lamp, and went back again to the school. Hereupon the lady quickly locked the door, and took out Bucciuolo from his hiding-place, and lighted a great fire, and there they prepared for supper a fine and fat capon, and had wine to match it, and thus they supped splendidly. The lady said several times, Look, this husband of mine has gone, and suspects nothing.

And after much feasting and merriment, the lady took him by the hand and led him into the chamber.

But the day came ; wherefore Bucciolo rose and said, Lady I must go ; but have you any commands for me ? she answered, Yes, that thou shouldst return this evening. It shall be so, said Bucciolo, and, taking his leave, he went to the school, and said to his master, I have wherewithal to make you laugh. How ? said he. Bucciolo replied, Yesterday, when I was in the house of her you wot of, behold you her husband comes and searches all the house and cannot find me, for she had hidden me under a heap of wet clothes from the wash ; and, in short, she contrived to deceive him so well, that he went out ; and then we supped on a fat capon and the best of wines, and had such feasting as you never saw : and thus we amused ourselves till dawn of day. And as I have slept but little all night, I will go to sleep now ; for I promised her to return this evening. The master said, When thou goest, let me know of it. He said, With all my heart, and so went away, and the master remained all inflamed with jealousy, and so troubled that he could not for very grief lecture to his scholars. However, he thought to catch his enemy the coming evening, and provided himself with a shirt of mail and a head-piece. When the time was come, Bucciolo, who knew nothing of all this, went in his simplicity to the master, and said I am going : the other replied Go, and come and tell me to-morrow morning how thou hast sped. Bucciolo replied that he would do so, and straightway set out for the house of the lady. The husband took his arms and followed him, almost at his heels, and thought to catch him at the door, but the lady who was waiting, and saw her lover arrive, opened to him, and locked him in. When the master came he knocked at the door, and made a great noise, and the lady, putting out the light, and, putting Bucciolo behind her, opened the door, and put her arm round her husband, and with the other hand pushed her lover out of the door, without her husband's perceiving it. Then she began to cry Help, help, the master is mad, holding him tightly embraced all the while. The neighbours at this rumour running up, and seeing him thus armed, and hearing the lady cry out that he was mad from overmuch study, imagined that it was as she said, and began to say to him What is this, master ? go to bed and to sleep, and do not disturb yourself further. He said How should I go to sleep when this wretched woman has a man in the house, for I saw him go in myself ? Alas, said she, ask all these our the neighbours if they ever saw an ill act of mine. All the women and men too answered, Master, think no such thing as this, for there never was born a better woman, nor of more careful conduct, nor of better fame. How, said he, when I saw him go in with my own eyes, and know surely that he is there ? Meanwhile came in the lady's two brothers ; whereupon she began

incontinent to weep, and said, O my brothers, this husband of mine is mad, and will have it that I have a man in the house, and nothing will satisfy him but that he will kill me, and you know well if I am a woman to do such a thing. The brothers said to him, It is a wonderful thing to us that you should call our sister incontinent; and we marvel what moves you thereto now of all times when she has been your wife so long. But the master only repeated, I tell you there is a man in the house, and I saw him. The brothers answered, We will look, and, if we find it as you have said, we will so expose and punish her, that you shall be contented: and one of them called his sister, and said to her, tell me truly hast thou any one here in the house? She replied, O me, what is it thou askest! Christ keep me therefrom, and grant that I may die before I have a part of me that could think such a thing. Oh me, should I do what no woman of our house has ever done? are you not ashamed even to speak of such a thing to me? Whereat the brother was well pleased, and they two and the master began to search together. The master went straight to those clothes, piercing them with his sword, fighting with Bucciuolo, or believing at least that he was among the linen. She said, did I not tell you he was mad; see how he is spoiling the clothes: and they, seeing what he did, were persuaded that he was mad; and when they had searched every thing there, and found nothing, one of the brothers said as he thought: and the other said, Master, master, in good truth, you are doing a shameful thing, to be making out our sister an adulteress. Whereat the master, who was enraged, and knew how much he was in the right, began to grow very angry at them, all the while holding his naked sword in his hand; wherefore they took each in hand a stout cudgel, and beat him till they broke the cudgels over his back. They then chained him like a madman, saying that he had lost his senses by overmuch study, and kept him bound all that night, while they and their sister went to sleep. And in the morning they sent for the physician, who told them to make him a bed before the fire, and not to let him speak to any body, and that they should give him no answer if he spoke, but should keep him on low diet until his intellect was cleared; all which was done. The rumour went through Bologna how this professor had gone mad, and all were very sorry for it, one saying to another, Indeed, I saw this yesterday, for he could not give us our lecture. Another said, I saw him change countenance all at once. So all agreed that he was indeed out of his senses, and so they went altogether to visit him. Bucciuolo, knowing nothing of all this, came to the school, meaning to tell his master what had happened to him; but, when he came to the school, he was told how the master had gone out of his senses. At this he marvelled, and was much grieved, and went along with the others to visit him. And as they came to the master's

house, Bucciuolo was more astonished than ever any man in this world, and was ready to faint seeing how the case stood ; but, that no one might perceive any thing, he went in together with the others. And coming into the room, he saw the master all bruised and chained lying on a bed before the fire ; whereat all the scholars condoled with their master, saying how much they were grieved to see this. So it came to Bucciuolo's turn to say something also, wherefore he said, Master, I am as sorry for you as if you were my father, and, if I can do any thing for your pleasure, dispose of me as if I were your son. The master answered, Bucciuolo, Bucciuolo, go in God's name, for thou hast learnt well at my expense. The lady said, Heed not his words, for he is wandering, and knows not what he is saying. Bucciuolo took his leave, and came to Pietro Paolo, and said to him, Brother, make ready to go in God's name, for I have learnt so much that I wish to learn no more. And then he departed, and came safely to Rome.

No. III.

[The following story is reprinted from a scarce collection of early English tales, entitled, " The Fortunate, the Deceived, and the Unfortunate Lovers," 4to., Lond., 1632, of which there are, according to Steevens, several impressions. One of a much later date is preserved in Capell's Collection at Trinity College, Cambridge. The names of the characters are altered, but it is merely an abridged translation of the preceding article.]

Two friends went to study at Bologna, in Italy. One of them would needs learn of a Doctor the art of making love. The Doctor taught him, but it was at his cost. For his scholar try'd his art upon his wife, to whom he made love in the manner you will find here related.

Two young gentlemen, who had contracted a streight bond of friendship together, went to Bologna to study, one of them the Law, the other Physick. One was called Lucius, the other Camillus. Being arrived at Bologna they lodg'd together, and apply'd themselves with very great diligence and success to the sciences to which they had addicted themselves. In fine Camillus, having ended his studies sooner than Lucius, intended to return to Rome ; and had infallibly been gone, if Lucius had not conjur'd him, by all the tenderness of the friendship

that was between them, to stay and pass away the winter with him there, that they might both return together the next spring. To be short, Camillus yielded to Lucius his intreaties, and resolved upon staying. But, that he might not pass away all his time in idleness, he had a great mind to learn some other science; and, in order to this design, he thus accosted his professor. The friendship, Doctor, which I have for Lucius, obliges me to stay here till next spring. If during this time you will do me the kindness to instruct me in some noble science, I will receive your instructions with joy, and it may be with success. Doubt not any thing on my part, answer'd *the Doctor, I am ready to teach you whatsoever you shall please to learn. It is the art of making love, reply'd Camillus, which I desire to learn. I am yet but a novice, and I would fain acquire a handsom air, and gentle garb of gallantry. Ah! reply'd again the Doctor, this is a noble art indeed, an art which hath its rules and maxims, and which comes very near to poleticks. It is a science wherein I can safely boast my self an expert person; and, if you have a mind to become as great a proficient as my self, follow my precepts boldly.*

What course shall I then take, said Camillus. Go, answer'd the Doctor, one morning or some Festival day, to the Church of the Cordeliers, at the time of High Mass. Take particular cognisance of the ladies which you shall see there; and, as you go out of the Church, follow her whom you like best, and lose not the sight of her till you see her at home. When you have housed her, come to me again.

Camillus lost no time. The next day he went to Church very early in the morning, where he posted himself in a place very commodious to see the ladies, and to be seen of them. He took notice of one among the rest, who pleased him extremely. She had a round visage, black eyes, a brisk and delicate complexion, a little and well shaped mouth, a bosom representing two globes of alabaster, an indifferent stature,

and well compacted. In fine, she was the epitome of all the charms and perfections that an amorous person could be taken with. He went out of the Church with her, and lost not the sight of her, till she was enter'd into her house. The lady all this while, who had taken notice in the Church of the amorous glances he had directed to her, concluded thereupon herself to be the object of his inclination.

Camillus immediately went to the Doctor to take new measures from him. The Doctor, who suspected nothing of his own wife, heard with great pleasure the report his disciple made to him of his transactions. In fine, he advis'd him to make two or three turns modestly before the house of the lady, whom he had follow'd. As soon as you see her, said he, salute her with a profound respect, to make her understand the passion which you have for her. But take your time, and do it in such a manner as not to be discover'd by any body but her self. After that, come again to me.

The lover followed his masters advice, passed modestly before the ladies house, cast his secret regards, and as he passed by, took the liberty to salute her. Which he did with a most profound respect, and at a time when there were no passengers in the street. Camillus, who was a man of a good presence, had the good fortune to please this lady. She cast attentive regards upon him, and return'd his salutation with a sweet and amiable eye. And what could Camillus conclude from these complaisances, but that this lady had a particular love for him? And indeed he found himself not deceived.

All transported with joy, he went to inform the Doctor of his good fortune. The Doctor applauded his conduct, and promis'd him a prosperous success. And, the better to carry on the affair, he advised him to an amorous letter to the lady, and to intrust it in the hands of one of those women who use to go from house to house to vend their wares, and under that pretext are easily admitted to the most private concerns of the ladies.

Camillus immediately put pen to paper, and imploy'd one of these female letter-carriers. She undertook the business ; but what success she had you will wonder to hear. She was so far from making much of this woman, that she treated her with a thousand reproachful expressions, and threw the letter in her face. What do you take me for ? said she, you old wretch, know my vertue is proof against all your stratagems. You had better pack away with speed, and must not hope to find here the penny-worths you gape so much after.

The poor woman, who was afraid of being ill handled, as well as ill treated with the tongue, packed up her bag and baggage, and away she trotted. She went presently, and gave Camillus an account of her success. Who was not a little surprized thereat, and concluded from thence, that this lady was too severe to be ever brought to his bow.

Upon this he went again to the Doctor's house, and with a melancholy tone recounted to him all that had passed. The Doctor bid him not be troubled, telling him that the tree is not fell'd with one stroke, and advis'd for all this not to fail to make another onset. Go, said he, again, and take some turns before this ladies door, and observe very well what her countenance is toward you.

So said, so done. Our lover takes heart of grace, and presently steers his course again to his mistresses house. The lady no sooner saw him, but she commanded her chambermaid to go after him, and to tell him from her, that if he would come that night to the garden door, she would speak with him. The maid, staying near the Church, and waiting his coming by, desir'd him to go along with her into the Church, for that she had something of importance to communicate to him. Camillus, though somewhat surpriz'd, however went into the Church after the maid. Who, taking him aside into a by-place, told him what she had to impart to him from her lady, and desir'd him of all loves not to fail, being present at the time and place appointed. Camillus, all trans-

ported with joy, assured her he would not fail to go and receive her ladies commands, at the hour she had appointed him.

In the interim he return'd to his Doctor, to render him an account of what had passed, and to make him a partaker of his good fortune. It was at this time that the Doctor kept himself up close in the academy, because the days being short, he was obliged to read to his scholars by night. So that Camillus found him in the academy, where the Doctor was pleased to hear the success of this last adventure. But, as he was a person naturally inclin'd to jealousy (a passion extraordinarily reigning in Italy) he oftentimes revolved in his mind the description Camillus had made to him of this lady; insomuch that it came into his head, that possibly it might be his own wife. The good man, who was pretty well in years, knew that his wife had cause enough to complain. In fine, he doubted very much, lest the gallant had learnt this science of him at his cost. Thereupon he resolv'd to follow him at a distance, after he had in form'd him of the nearest way to his mistresses house. Camillus put on a coat of a mail, and went arm'd with sword and dagger to defend himself against all assaults.

Our gallant was no sooner arriv'd at the garden-door, but he was let in. The lady received him with open arms, and gave him a world of undoubted marks of the sincerity of her affection towards him. Sir, said she, it is no hard matter for me to recollect the time since you first did me the honour to think me worthy of your love, and you may assure yourself you have not to do with an ungrateful or cruel person. Let us quench our flames together, and injoy such charming delights as may exceed what ever the most heroick souls have yet ere comprehended. Take not in ill part, pursued she, the manner in which I lately receiv'd your amorous lines. It was necessary to proceed in that fashion, that I might conceal my love the better. And all these love-letter-carriers are, at the bottom, but a company of mercenary souls.

The chamber-maid, having shut and bolted the door, immediately the lady conducted Camillus into her chamber. The Doctor who saw Camillus enter the garden, remain'd no longer in suspense concerning this affair. Jealousy gnaw'd upon his heart, and put him in a most desperate condition. In stead of knocking at the door, he return'd to the academy, to go and fetch his arms, that he might give the fatal blow to the ravisher of his honour. But, in regard the academy was far enough from his house, his wife and her gallant in the mean while lost no time. They satisfied their passion, while the husband was taking a course to satisfy his revenge. In fine, the Doctor arrived, and knock'd at the gate with an authority no less than that of master of the house. The maid look'd out at the window, knew her master's voice, and presently went and inform'd her mistress thereof.

Judge then in what confusion and disorder, and what a peck of troubles these lovers were in. The maid, the better to give her mistress time to hide her gallant, made use of this trick. As she went down stairs in great haste, she pretended to fall; and, in the counterfeit fall, out went the candle. So that she was forc'd to go, and light it again. All this took up time, and gave opportunity to dispose of the lover in a place of security. Mean while the Doctor raps at the door with all his force. At last the maid comes, and opens it; but, as she opens it, feigns her self hurt. In rushes the Doctor, with sword in hand, runs presently up to his wives chamber, and roundly asks where the young gallant was, whom he saw enter the garden-gate?

His wife, seeming much startled at the question, answer'd There was nobody in the house, but herself and her maid; that he might search all about; and, if he found his suspicion true, she would freely be content to suffer the utmost punishment could be inflicted. Upon these words, the good man takes the candle, and looks all about in every nook and corner. His jealousy carries him into every place, into the

barn, into the cellar, into the garden. And, as he went thus looking in vain, and found nothing, his wife went after him with a candle in her hand, still redoubling her protestations, which made him apt to think at last that all was but meer illusion.

Thus the Doctor put up his sword in his scabbard, and gave the candle into his maids hands. He fancied, that it being somewhat dark, and he at a pretty distance when he thought he saw the gallant enter, possibly the young man might have enter'd into some neighbour's house. In fine, he concludes happily for his wife and gallant, that he might be deceiv'd. With these thoughts he return'd again to the academy, purposing next morning to inform himself better in this affair by his disciple.

Mean while Camillus creeps out of his prison, the gates were made fast again, and a good supper prepared. Supper being ready, they repair to the table; and supper ended, to bed. As soon as it was light, Camillus bethought himself of retiring; but before the fair one made him promise to come to her again the night following.

Our gallant, as soon as he had dispatch'd some other affairs of his, return'd to the academy, where he recited to his Doctor the pleasures he had enjoy'd with his mistress, and the troubles he had been put to through the pursuit of a jealous husband. The Doctor, who put a good face upon the business, and made the best of a bad market, ask'd him in what place he had been hidden? Camillus answer'd him, that he had been hidden in a heap of linnen which was but half dry.* In conclusion, he expressed his high obligation to the Doctor, for that by his instructions he had gain'd possession of a lady, whose beauty far surpass'd all the beauties

* See Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 210. From this passage Malone thinks it highly probable that Shakespeare had read this tale. I suppose he conjectures that an earlier edition was published than any now known.

of the town. Moreover, he protested, that the goddess of love and beauty had not a body more curiously framed than hers. At length he inform'd the Doctor, that in the evening he was to go again, and to pass the following night with her. And, as he had taken but little repose the foregoing night, he said he would go and take some rest, to the end he might be the better enabled to perform his duty the night following. The Doctor thereupon intreated him to come again, and see him, before he went to his mistress. Camillus promis'd him he would, and so they parted.

The Doctor began to have his eyes opened, before Camillus had time to shut his. He was hardly able to contain himself, while Camillus was yet speaking; and his jealousy seized so strongly upon his spirit, that he could scarce make his lecture to his scholars. His heart was even transported with grief, and he had no consolation but in his hopes of revenging himself upon the dishonesty of his wife and her gallant.

Evening being come, Camillus came to see him, and to tell him he was just going. Go in a good hour, said the Doctor, and to morrow morning fail not to come again, and give me an account of your adventures. But our gallant was no sooner gone, but the Doctor all armed as he was, threw his cloak over his shoulders, and follow'd him fair and softly. He thought to overtake him by that time he got to the garden-door. But the fair one, who with impatience expected his arrival, as soon as she discern'd it was her lover, let him in, and shut the door after him.

Presently after arriv'd the Doctor, knockt at the door with all his might, and made a horrible outcry. His wife putting Camillus behind her, asked who was there? The Doctor, storming and making a fearful noise, commanded her to open. As she open'd the Door she put out the candle, took her husband in with one hand, and with the other thrust Camillus out, who nimbly made his escape. As good luck would have it, the Doctor perceiv'd nothing. The Lady immediately began

to cry out for help, as fearing he would kill her, and excepting the succor of the neighbourhood, she and her maid held the good man fast by the arms. The neighbours, all alarm'd, came in from all parts. They beheld the Dr. armed cap-a-pe, a spectacle sufficiently surprizing. His wife made him pass for a lunatick,* and told the neighbours her husband was grown mad with over-much study. They, seeing him in that posture, easily beleived her. And, while they used all their endeavours to persuade him to go and repose him, I repose my selfe said the Doctor, at a time when this wicked woman keeps a gallant lockt up in my house, a gallant whom with my own eyes I saw enter. Unhappy woman that I am, reply'd his wife, to have to do with such a husband! Ask all the neighbours, if ever they saw any ill action by me. Pray, Mr. Doctor, said all the good neighbours, be not over-hasty to entertain any such thought of your wife. Certainly you deceive yourself, and the lady is too honest for you to have any such suspicion of her. You know not, said he, what you say : for my part I saw a man enter here a while ago, and know who he is. It is the same person who came hither last night, and I thought to surprize, but that this wicked woman hid him under a great heap of linnen.

As he was going on in his speech, in come his wive's brothers, whom she had sent out for. As soon as ever she saw them, she went to them with her eyes all bathed in tears, and thus address'd her speech to them. Assist me, my dear brothers, in this unhappy condition to which you see me now reduced. My husband is become mad, and hath a design to murder me. A conceit is enter'd into his pate, that I keep a man here for my pleasure. I leave it to you to judge, whether I am such a person as he would have me thought to be. The brothers immediately discourse the Doctor, and blame him for his folly and injustice. I am certain, said the

* "This is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!" observes Evans, alluding to Ford's jealousy. See "Merry Wives of Windsor," act. iv., sc. 2.

Doctor, there is a man here, whom this impudent woman let in before my face not above a quarter of an hour since.

See if it be so, said the brothers ; and, if we find him here, assure yourself, Doctor, we will chastise our sister according to her merit. Upon this one of them took his sister aside, and pray'd her, if she had any person concealed in the house, to confess it, to the end she might save her honour. His sister, who knew well enough there was no body, protested she was altogether innocent of the crime laid to her charge, and that she would willingly suffer death, if they found her culpable. Her brother was extremely satisfy'd with her answer.

In fine, the Doctor, and his wives brothers, having placed the neighbours at the gate of the house to hinder this pretended gallant from making his escape, went and made search in every corner of the house. They came at last to the heap of linnen which was still remaining in the fair one's chamber, where Camillus had been concealed the night before. The Doctor made no question but to find his wives gallant in the heap of linnen, takes out the linnen piece by piece, but found not the person he lookt for.* His wife presently began to cry out, Do you not see now plainly, that he is mad ? It is but too evident, answer'd one of them. If he have not lost his senses, said another of them, we must needs conclude him to be a very naughty man, thus to disgrace our sister as he hath done.

Mean while the Doctor, knowing very well how the case stood, brake forth into a rage, and having his sword still drawn in his hand, began to run at his brothers-in-Law. They having none of them a sword, took each of them a good cudgel, and having first disarmed him, belabour'd him in a most severe manner. This done, they bound him as a mad-man ; and, for fear any misfortune should happen, lodged themselves in the house. The next morning they sent for a

* The reader will at once perceive the strong similarity between this scene and Ford's examination of the buck-basket.

physician, who order'd that no body should speak to him, and that he should be kept to a diet.

Presently news was spread through the whole town, that the Dr. was run mad, and upon this report a thousand reflexions were made. Don't you remember, said one of his scholars to another, that yesterday he could not go on with his lecture to us? Truly, said the other, the Doctor seem'd very much altered from what he used to be, so that in effect he appear'd clear another man. Camillus all this while knew nothing of all this, till such time as he came again to the academy, to give the Doctor an account of his last adventure. Then it was that he understood from the scholars, that the Doctor had lost his senses, and that he lay chain'd up in his own house. He shewed himself very much troubled at the news, and took a resolution with some other of the scholars to go and give him a visit.

Our gallant was very much startled, when he saw the Doctor all battered and bruised with striving to break his chains, and lying upon a bed by the fire-side. He was ready to drop down at the sight of so sad a spectacle; but the Doctor's wife being there took Camillus aside, and recited all that had passed. As for Camillus, he then first began to understand that it was from her husband he had received all his instructions of love.

All the intrigue being discover'd between them, Camillus was thinking to retire, and not see the Doctor any more. But his mistriss perswaded him to go in again, well knowing that what ever the Doctor could possibly say, the company would never give any credit to the word of a person that went for a mad-man. Camillus then approached the Doctor, and testified very much sorrow to see him in that condition. The Doctor looking upon him with a fierce look, The Devil take you, said he, Camillus, don't come hither to mock me. You have very well learnt the art of love at my cost. My dear cavalier, said the Doctor's wife, take no heed to what he saith, for he

is out of his wits. Thou hast good reason, infamous woman, said the Doctor, to call him thy cavalier.

At these words the lady tipt Camillus a wink with her eye, to follow her into her chamber. Where, in regard Lucius had taken a firm resolution to part within two days, he advertis'd his mistriss thereof. Who thereupon was most desperately afflicted, conjured and importuned him of all loves to stay. But he could not be prevailed with. In fine, after many tender endearments, and reciprocal promises of eternal love, Camillus took leave of his mistriss. At parting he put a diamond ring upon her finger, and she on the other side took off a chain of gold from her neck, and pray'd him to keep it as a pledge of her love. Soon after, redoubling their kisses and embraces, they took leave of each other.

The morrow after Camillus obliged Lucius to be gone. And, as they were upon the way in their journy, he imparted the story of his adventures to him; and so by little journeys they arrived in their due time at Rome.

No. IV.

[From "Le tredici piacevoli notti del S. Gio. Fr. Straparola," 8vo., Vineg. 1569, vol. i., folio 129.]

Sono molti dilettevoli donne i quali per aver lungo tempo dato opera al studio delle buone lettere si pensano molte co.e sapere e poi ò nulla ò poco sanno. E mentre questi tali credonsi segnare il fronte, a se stesse cavano gli occhi siccome avvenne ad un medico molto scientiato nell'arte sua il quale persuadendosi d'altrui uccellare fu non senza suo grave danno ignominiosamentè uccellato, si come per la presente favola che raccontarvi intendo potrete pienamente comprendere. Gallese re di Portogallo hebbe un figliuolo Nerino per nome chiamato, et in tal maniera il fece nudrire ch'egli (sino a tanto che non pervenisse al decim'ottavo anno della sua età) non potesse vedere donna alcuna se non la madre e la balia che lo nudricava.

Venuto adunque Nerino alla età perfetta determinò il re di mandarlo in studio a Padova accioche egli imparasse le lettere latine la lingua e i costumi Italiani e così come egli determinò così fece. Hora essendo il giovane Nerino in Padova e havendo presa amicitia di molti scolari che quotidianamente il corteggiavano avvenne che tra questi v'era un medico che maestro Raimondo Brunello Fisico si nominava et sovente ragionando tra loro diverse cose si misero (come è usanza di giovani) a ragionare della bellezza delle donne e chi diceva l'una e chi l'altra cosa. Ma Nerino perciòche per lo adietro non haveva veduta donna alcuna eccetto la madre e la balia sua animosamente diceva che per suo giudicio non si trovava al mondo donna che fusse piu bella piu leggiadra e piu attilata che la madre sua. Et essendone state a lui dimostrate molte, tutte come carogne a comparazione della madre sua, reputava. Maestro Raimondo ch'aveva una moglie delle belle donne che mai la natura facesse postosi la gorgiera delle ciancie disse. S. Nerino io ho veduta una donna di tal bellezza che quando voi la vedeste forse non la riputareste meno anzi piu bella della madre vostra. A cui rispose Nerino ch'egli credere non lo poteva ch'ella fosse piu formosa della madre sua ma che ben harebbe piacere di vederla. A cui disse maestro Raimondo quando vi sia a grado di vederla mi offerisco di mostrarvela. Di questo (rispose Nerino) ne sarò molto contento e vi rimarrò obligato. Disse allora M. Raimondo. Poiche vi piace di vederla verrete domattina nella chiesa del domo che vi prometto che la vedrete. Et andatosene a casa disse alla moglie. Domane lievati di letto per tempo, et acconciati il capo e fatti bella e vestiti honoratissimamente perciò io voglio che tu vadi nell'hora della messa solenne del domo ad udir l'officio. Genobia (così era il nome della moglie di messer Raimondo) non essendo usa di andar hor quinci hor quindi ma la maggior parte si stava in casa a cucire e ricamare molto di questo si maravigliò ma perciòche così egli voleva et era il desiderio suo ella così fece e si mise in punto e conciossi si fattamente che

non donna anzi Dea pareva. Andatasene adunque Genobbia nel sacro tempio si come il marito l'haveva imposto venne Nerino figliuolo del re in chiesa e veduta Genobbia tra se stesso bellissima la giudicò. Partita la bella Genobbia sopraggiunse maestro Raimondo e accostatosi a Nerino disse. Hor che vi pare di quella donne che hora e partita di chiesa? parvi ch'ella patisca oppositione alcuna? E ella piu bella della madre vostra? Veramente disse Nerino ch'ella è bella e la natura piu bella far non la potrebbe. Ma ditemi per cortesia di cui è ella moglie e dove habita? A cui maestro Raimondo non rispose a verso, percioche dirglielo non voleva. Allora disse Nerino. Maestro Raimondo mio se voi non volete dirni chi ella sia e dove habita almeno contentatemi di questo ch'io un'altra fiata la vegga. Ben volontieri rispose M. Raimondo. Dimane verrete qua in chiesa e io farò sì che come hoggi la vedrete. Et andatosene a casa M. Raimondo disse alla moglie Genobbia apparecchiati per domattina che io voglio che tu vadi a messa nel domo e se mai tu ti festi bella e pomposamente vestisti fa che dimane il facci. Genobbia di ciò come prima stavasi maravigliosa. Ma percioche importava il comandamento del marito ella fece tanto quanto per lui imposto le fu. Venuto il giorno Genobbia riccamente vestita e vie piu del solito ornata in chiesa se n'andò. E non stette molto che Nerino venne il qual veggendola bellissima tanto del lei amore s'infiammò quanto mai uomo di donna facesse. Et essendo giunto maestro Raimondo Nerino lo prego che egli dir li dovesse chi era costei che sì bella agli occhi suoi pareva. Ma fingendo Maestro Raimondo di haver pressa per rispetto delle pratiche sue nulla allora dir gli volse, ma lasciato il giovane cuocersi nel suo unto lietamente si partì. La onde Nerino alquanto d'ira acceso per lo poco conto che maestro Raimondo haveva mostrato farsi di lui tra se stesso disse. Tu non vuoi ch'io sappia chi ella sia, e dove habiti et io lo saprò a tuo malgrado. Et uscito della chiesa tanto aspettò che la bella donna ancor uscì della chiesa fuori e fattali riverenza con modesto

modo e volto allegro fino a casa l'accompagnò. Havendo adunque Nerino chiaramente compresa la casa dove ella habitava, cominciò vagheggiarla ne sarebbe passato un giorno che egli non fusse dieci volte passato dinanzi la casa sua. E desiderando di parlar con lei andava imaginandosi che via egli potesse tenere per laquale l'onor della donna rimanesse salvo et egli ottenesse lo intento suo. Et havendo pensato e ripensato ne trovando alcun remedio che salutare li fusse pur tanto fantasticò che gli venne fatto di haver l'amicitia d'una vecchiarella la quale aveva la sua casa all'incontro di quella di Genobbia. Et fattole certi presentuzzi et confermata la stretta amicitia secretamente se ne andava in casa sua. Haveva la casa di questa vecchiarella una finestra la quale guardava nella sala della casa di Genobbia e per quella a suo bel agio poteva vederla andare sù e quì per casa ma non voleva scoprirsi per non darle materia di non lasciarsi piu vedere. Stando dunque Nerino ogni giorno in questo segreto vagheggiamento nè potendo resistere all'ardente fiamma che gli abbruciava il cuore deliberò tra se stesso di scriverle una lettera e gettargliela in casa a tempo che li paresse che'l marito non fusse in casa. Et così gliela gettò. Et questo egli piu volte fece. Ma Genobbia senza altrimenti leggierla ne altro pensando la gettava nel fuoco e l'abbruciava. Et quantunque ella avesse tal effetto fatto piu fiate, pur una volta le parve di aprirgliene una e veder quello che dentro si conteneva. Et apertala et veduto come il scrittore era Nerino figliuolo del Re di Portogallo di lei fieramente innamorato, stette al quanto sopra di se ma poi considerando alla mala vita che'l marito suo le dava fece buon animo e cominciò far buona ciera a Nerino e dato buon ordine lo introdusse in casa e il giovane le raccontò il sommo amore, ch'egli le portava; et i tormenti che per lei ogn'ora sentiva e parimente il modo come fusse di lei innamorato. Et ella che bella piacevole e pietosa era il suo amore non gli negò. Essendo dunque ambeduo d'un reciproco amore congiunti, et stando ne gli amorosi ragionamenti ecco maestro Raimondo

picchiare a l'uscio. Ilche Genobbia sentendo fece Nerino coricarsi sopra il letto e stese le cortine ivi dimorare sino a tanto che'l marito si partisse. Entrato il marito in casa e prese alcune sue cosette senza avedersene di cosa alcuna si partì. Et altresì fece Nerino. Venuto il giorno seguente et essendo Nerino in piazza a passeggiare per aventura passò maestro Raimondo a cui Nerino fece di cenno che gli voleva parlare e accostatosi a lui li disse. Messere non vi ho io da dir una buona novella? Et che disse maestro Raimondo? Non so io (disse Nerino) la casa di quella bellissima Madonna? Et non sono io stato in piacevoli ragionamenti con esso lei e perciò che il suo marito venne a casa ella mi nascose nel letto e tirò le cortine accioche egli vedermi non potesse e subito si partì. Disse maestro Raimondo è possibil questo? Rispose Nerino possibile e il vero ne mai vidi la piu festevole ne la piu gratiata donna di lei. Se per caso messere mio voi andaste a lei fate che mi raccomandate pregandola che la mi conservi nella sua buona gratia. A cui maestro Raimondo promesse di farlo e di mala voglia di lui si partì. Ma prima disse a Nerino gli tornarete piu? A cui rispose Nerino pensatel voi. Et andatosene maestro Raimondo a casa non volse dir cosa alcuna alla moglie ma aspettare il tempo di ritrovarli insieme, yenuto il giorno seguente Nerino a Genobbia ritornò e mentre stavano in amorosi piaceri e dilettevoli ragionamenti venne a casa il marito. Ma ella subito nascose Nerino in una cassa a rimpetto della quale pose molte robbe ch'ella sborrava acciò che non si tarmassino. Il marito fingendo di cercare certe sue cose, gettò sottasopra tutta la casa e guatando sino nel letto e nulla trovando con piu riposato animo si partì e alle sue pratiche se n'andò. Et Nerino parimente si partì. Et ritrovato maestro Raimondo gli disse. Signor dottore non sono io ritornato da quella gentildonna? e la invidiosa fortuna mi ha disconzo ogni piacere, perciò che il lei marito sopra giunse e disturbò il tutto. Come facesti disse Maestro Raimondo? Ella (rispose Nerino) prese una

cassa e mi pose dentro e a rimpetto della cassa pose molte vestimenta ch'ella governava che non si tarmassino. Et egli il letto sottosopra volgendo e rivolgendo e nulla trovando si partì. Quanto questa cosa tormentosa fusse a maestro Raimondo pensare il puo chiunque ha provato amore. Haveva Nerino a Genobbia donato un bello e pretioso diamante il quale dentro le legature nell'oro haveva scolpito il capo e nome suo; e venuto il giorno e essendo M. Raimondo andato alle sue pratiche Nerino fu dalla donna in casa introdotto e stando con esso lei in piaceri e grati raggiamenti ecco il marito che ritorno a casa. Ma Genobia cattivella veggendosi della venuta sua immantinente aperse un scrigno grande ch'era nella sua camera e dentro lo nascose. Et maestro Raimondo entrato in casa, fingendo di cercare certe sue cose rivolse la camera sotto sopra e nulla trovando ne in letto ne nelle casse come sbalordito prese il fuoco et a tutti i quattro cantoni della camera lo pose con determinato animo d'abbrusciar la camera e tutto cio che in quella si conteneva. Già i parieti e travamenta cominciarono ardere quando Genobia voltatasi contra il marito disse. Che vuol dir questo marito mio? Siete forse voi divenuto pazzo? Se pur voi volete abbrusciare la casa, bruciatela in vostro piacere ma in fede mia non abbrusciarete quel scrigno dove sono le scritture che appartengono alla dote mia? E fatti chiamare quattro valenti bastagi gli fece trahere di casa lo scrigno e ponerlo in casa della vicina vecchiarella, e celatamente l'aprì che niuno se n'avide e ritornossene a casa. L'insensato maestro Raimondo stava pur a vedere se usciva fuori alcuno che non gli piacesse ma nulla vedeva se non l'insopportabile fumo e ardente fuoco che la casa abbrusciava. Erano già concorsi i vicini per estinguer il fuoco e tanto si operarono che finalmente lo spensero. Il giorno seguente Nerino andando verso il Prato dalla Valle in maestro Raimondo si abbattè e salutatolo disse maestro mio, non vi ho io da raccontare una cosa che molto vi piacerà? Et che? rispose maestro Raimondo? Io (disse Nerino) ho fuggito il piu spa-

ventevole pericolo che mai fuggisse huomo che porti vita. Andai a casa di quella gentil madonna e dimorando con esso lei in piacevoli ragionamenti sopraggiunse il suo marito il quale dopò c'hebbe rivolta la casa sottosopra, accese il fuoco e poselo in tutti i quattro cantoni della camera e abbruciò ciò che era in camera. Et voi (disse maestro Raimondo) dove eravate? io (rispose Nerino) era nascoso nel scrigno che ella fuori di casa mandò. Il che maestro Raimondo intendendo, e conoscendo ciò che egli raccontava esser il vero, da dolore e passione si sentiva morire ma pur non osava scoprirsi per cioche desiderava di vederlo nel fatto. E dissegli. Signor Nerino vi ritornarete voi mai piu? a cui rispose Nerino. Havendo io scampato il fuoco di che piu temenza debbo io avere? Hor messi da canto questi ragionamenti, Maestro Raimondo prego Nerino che si degnasse di andare il giorno seguente a desinar seco, il giovane accettò volentieri l'invito. Venuto il giorno seguente, maestro Raimondo invitò tutti i suoi parenti e quelli della moglie ancora e apparecchiò un pomposo e superbo prandio in un'altra bellissima casa e comandò alla moglie che ancor ella venisse ma che non dovesse sedere a mensa ma che stesse nascosta e preparasse quello che faceva mestieri. Raunati adunque tutti i parenti e il giovane Nerino furono posti a mensa e maestro Raimondo con la sua maccaronesca scienza cercò di enbriare Nerino per poter poifare il parer suo. Laonde havendoli piu volte porto maestro Raimondo il beccchiere pieno di malvatico vino, e havendolo Nerino ogni volta bevuto disse Maestro Raimondo. Deh Sig. Nerino raccontate un poco a questi parenti nostri una qualche novelluzza da ridere. Il povero giovane Nerino non sapendo che Genobbia fusse moglie di maestro Raimondo, cominciò raccontargli l'istoria riservando poi il nome di ciascuno. Avenne che una servente andò in camera dove Genobbia dimorava, e dissele. Mia donna se voi foste in un cantone nascosta, voi sentireste raccontar la piu bella novella che mai udiste alla vita vostra, venite vi prego. Et andatasene in un cantone conobbe che la voce era di Nerino suo amante e che

l'historya ch'egli raccontava lei perteneva. E da donna prudente e saggia tolse il diamante che Nerino donato le haveva e poselo in una tazza d'argento piena d'una delicata bevanda, et disse al servente. Prendi questa tazza, e recala a Nerino, e digli che egli la beva che poi meglio ragionerà. Il servente presa la tazza, portolla à Nerino, e dissegli. Pigliate questa tazza e bevete signore che poi meglio ragionerete. Et egli presa la tazza bevè tutto il vino e veduto e conosciuto il diamante che vi era dentro lo lasciò andar in bocca, e fingendo di nettarsi la bocca, lo trasse fuori, e se lo mise in dito. Et accortosi Nerino che la bella donna di cui ragionava era mogliè di maestro Raimondo piu oltre passare non volse et stimolato da maestro Raimondo, e da i parenti che l'historya cominciata seguisse egli rispose. Et si et si cantò il gallo e subito fu di e dal sonno risvegliato altro piu non vidi. Questo udendo i parenti di Maestro Raimondo e prima credendo che tutto quello che Nerino gli aveva detto della moglie esser vero trattarono l'uno e l'altro da grandissimi embriachi. Dopo alquanti giornì Nerino trovò maestro Raimondo et fingendo di non sapere che egli fosse marito di Genobbia dissegli che fra due giorni era per partirsi, percioche il padre scritto gli aveva, ch'a tutto tornasse nel suo reame. Maestro Raimondo li rispose che fosse il ben andato. Nerino messo secreto ordine con Genobbia con lei se ne fuggì et in Portogallo la trasferì dove con somma allegrezza lungamente vissero. E maestro Raimondo andatosene a casa e non trovata la moglie, fra pochi giorni disperato se ne morì.

[TRANSLATION.]

There are many charming ladies who, because of their having long laboured in the study of letters, do think themselves to know much, and yet, for all that, know little or nothing. And these, while they think they are but making the cross on their forehead, they take out their own eyes; as happened to a physician, skilful in his profession, who, thinking to catch another, was, to his great loss, entangled himself; as, by the present fable, which I am going to relate to you, you may clearly understand.

Gallese, King of Portugal, had a son named Nerino, whom he so brought up, that, till the eighteenth year of his age, he had seen no woman but his own mother, and the woman who nursed him. When Nerino had reached this age, his father resolved to send him to study at Padua, that he might learn the Latin literature, and the language and manners of Italy ; and, as he had resolved, so he did. Now the young Nerino, being in Padua, and having made the acquaintance of many scholars who daily paid their court to him, it chanced that there was among them a physician named Raimondo Brunello Fisico. These two, often discoursing with each other on various matters, began, as young men are apt to do, to speak of the beauty of woman ; and one said one thing, and another another. But Nerino, who had as yet never seen any woman but his mother and his nurse, boldly declared that in his judgment there was no woman in the world more beautiful, graceful, or elegant, than his mother. And, though many beautiful women were shewn him, he declared that all were ugly in comparison with her. Maestro Raimondo, who had to wife one of the most beautiful women that Nature ever made, said to him (meaning to have a jest at his expense) Signor Nerino, I have seen a lady of such loveliness, that if you were to see her you would repute her not less beautiful than your mother, perhaps even more so. To which Nerino answered, that he could not indeed credit what his friend had said, but that nevertheless it would much please him to see her. When it shall please you to do so, said Raimondo, I offer my services to shew her to you. With this, answered Nerino, I shall be much delighted, and shall be under much obligation to you for it. Then, said Messer Raimondo, since it pleases you to see her, you shall come to-morrow to the cathedral church, and there I promise to shew her to you. And going to his own house, he said to his wife, To-morrow rise by times, and order thy head-dress carefully, and adorn thyself and dress thyself splendidly, for I wish thee to go to hear the solemn mass at the Cathedral. Genobbia (for so the lady of Messer Raimondo was named), not being accustomed to go hither and thither, staying mostly at home sewing and embroidering, was no little surprised at this ; but as he so wished and desired, she did as he bade her, and decked herself, and that with such skill that she appeared less a mortal than a goddess.

Genobbia then, being gone to the church, as her husband ordered, the king's son, Nerino, came thither also ; and, seeing Genobbia, thought within himself that she was certainly a most beautiful woman. When the fair Genobbia was gone, Master Raymond came up, and, accosting himself to Nerino, said, What think you now of this lady who has just gone out of the church ? think you that she will bear any rival ? is she more beautiful than your lady mother ? Truly, said Nerino, she is so beautiful that Nature

could not make her more so. But tell me of your courtesy, whose wife she is and where she lives. Whereto Master Raymond did not suddenly answer, as not wishing to tell him the truth. Then, said Nerino, my good Master Raymond, if you will not tell me who she is and where she lives, at least be so good as to allow that I see her again. Willingly, replied the other. Come hither to-morrow, and I will contrive that you shall see her, as you have seen her to-day.

And going home, Master Raymond said to his wife, Genobbia, prepare thyself for to-morrow, for I wish thee to go to mass in the cathedral church; and, if ever thou madest thyself beautiful, and wert dressed splendidly, do so to-morrow. Genobbia wondered much at this, as she had done before: but, as the command of her husband was positive, she did what he had commanded her, and, when the day came, went to the church richly clad, and with much more ornament than she was accustomed to wear. Nor did she wait long before Nerino came, who, seeing her so very beautiful, was so inflamed with love of her as never man for woman. And Master Raymond being come, Nerino again begged that he would tell him who this was who was so beautiful in his eyes. But the physician, pretending to be in great haste upon his own business, gave him no manner of answer, but went carelessly away, leaving the youth devoured with impatience; whence Nerino, somewhat angered by the little esteem which Master Raymond seemed to hold him in, said within himself—Thou art not willing, then, that I should know who she is and where she lives, but I will know it in spite of thee. And going out of the church, he waited till the fair lady came out too; and, making his reverence to her, accompanied her, in modest manner and with cheerful countenance, to her own house.

Nerino having thus made out clearly the house where she lived, began to watch for and pay his court to her; and no day passed in which he did not walk ten times before her door; and, desiring to speak with her, he went imagining within himself how he should obtain his wish, and her honour remain uninjured. And having thought and thought again, and finding no plan by which he could accomplish his purpose, yet he took so much pains that he obtained the friendship of an old woman whose house was opposite that of Genobbia; and, having made her certain presents, and ingratiated himself fully with her, he went into her house. The house of this old woman had a window which looked into the principal room of Genobbia's house, and by this he could, at his ease, see her go up and down in the house; but he did not choose to discover himself, lest he should give her cause to withdraw herself from his sight.

Nerino standing, then, thus every day secretly on the watch, and being unable to resist the ardent flame which was consuming his heart, determined

with himself to write her a letter, and to throw it into her house at a time when he imagined that her husband was not there. And this he did, and did, too, more than once; but Genobbia, without reading the letters, or thinking more of them, threw them into the fire. But though she had done this many times, yet once she had a mind to open one of the letters, and to see what was in it; and having done so, and seen that the writer was Nerino, son of the King of Portugal, who was violently in love with her, she hesitated awhile. But considering with herself the evil life which her husband led her, she took courage, and began to encourage Nerino. Wherefore she took order to introduce him into the house; and he recounted to her the great love he bore her, and the torments he continually endured for her, and also how he came to be in love with her: and she, who was beautiful, amiable, and pitiful, did not deny him her love. Both, then, being bound by a mutual love, and standing in amorous talk, behold Master Raymond knocks at the door; hearing which, Genobbia bade Nerino lie down upon the bed, and remain there with the curtains drawn till her husband was gone. The husband came into the house, and, taking some matters he had come to seek, departed without noticing any thing: and Nerino did the same. When the next day came, and Nerino was walking in the public place, by chance passed Master Raymond, to whom Nerino beckoned that he wished to speak to him; and, when he came up to him, said—Sir, have I not a pleasant story to tell you? What is it? said Master Raymond. Perhaps, said Nerino, I do not know the house of that most beautiful lady, nor have been engaged in the most pleasant discourse with her; and because her husband came home she hid me in the bed, and drew the curtains that he might not see me, and so he straightway departed. Is this possible? said Master Raymond. It is possible and true, replied the other, and I never saw a more festive or a more gracious lady. If you, sir, should visit her, remember me to her, praying her to keep me in her good favour. To whom the other promised that he would do so, and departed ill content with him. But, first, he said to Nerino, Will you go thither again? to which Nerino answered, You may suppose it. And Master Raymond, going home, resolved to say nothing to his wife, but to await his opportunity of finding them together.

The next day Nerino returned to Genobbia; and, whilst they were in loving discourse together, the husband came to the house, whereupon she hid her lover in a chest, before which she placed a quantity of clothes, in such a manner that they should not see him. The husband, pretending to be seeking something he had left, turned over the whole house, prying every where, even into the bed; but, finding nothing, he went away, somewhat quieter in mind, to his business, and Nerino did the same. And, meeting with the physician, Nerino said, Signor doctor, have I not returned from the house of that lady?

but fortune, envious of our pleasure, spoiled it all, for her husband came upon us and disturbed every thing. And what didst thou? inquired Master Raymond. She, replied Nerino, took a chest and placed me therein, and put a number of clothes before it, which she so disposed that they should not see me; and he, turning the bed over and over, and finding nothing, went away.

How tormenting this was to Master Raymond may any one think who has experienced what a thing love is. Nerino had given to Genobbia a beautiful and precious diamond, which had his figure and name sculptured within the gold of the setting; and when day was come, and the husband was gone to his patients, Nerino was introduced by the lady into the house; and, while he was engaged in pleasant discourse with her, behold again the husband comes home. But the cunning Genobbia, aware of his coming, opened a large desk which was in her chamber, and hid him in it. And Master Raymond coming into his house, and pretending to be seeking somewhat, turned the whole room upside down, and finding nothing either in the bed or the chests, like a madman, took a light, and set fire to the room at the four corners, with firm intention to burn the room and all that was in it. The walls and beams were already on fire, when Genobbia turned to her husband and said, Husband, what is this? are you mad perhaps? if you choose to burn the house, burn it, but, by my faith, you shall not burn this desk, where are the writings belonging to my fortune. And calling four able porters, she made them take the desk from her house and put it in that of the old woman her neighbour: then she secretly opened it, so that no one should see her, and returned to her husband. The mad physician stood waiting to see if any one was coming out whom he did not choose to have within, but he saw nothing except an intolerable smoke, and a blazing fire that was burning up the whole house. By this time the neighbours were collected to extinguish it, in which at last they succeeded.

The next day, Nerino going towards the Prato della Valle, fell in with Master Raymond, and, saluting him, said, Have I not a thing to tell you, master, which will please you much? And what is it? replied Master Raymond. I have escaped, said he, the greatest danger that living man ever ran. I went to the house of the fair lady, and, being in pleasant discourse with her, her husband came, and, after throwing every thing into confusion, took a light and set fire to the four corners of the chamber, to burn all that was in it. And where were you? said Master Raymond. I was hidden, said he, in the desk which she sent out of the room. Hearing which, and knowing all he said to be truth, Master Raymond was almost dead with grief and passion, but yet dare not discover himself, because he wished to find him in the fact. And he said to him, Signor Nerino, will you return

thither again? to which Nerino replied, Having escaped the fire, what more should I fear?

Now, putting these discourses aside, Master Raymond begged Nerino that he would condescend to dine with him the next day, which invitation the youth willingly accepted. On the day fixed, Master Raymond invited all his relations, and those of his wife also, and prepared a splendid and pompous banquet in another magnificent house, and bade his wife come also, but not to sit at table, but keep out of sight, and prepare what was necessary. When, then, all the guests were assembled, and Nerino among the rest, the physician tried, with all his might, to make him drunk, that he might afterwards carry into effect his design against him. To which end, having several times filled his goblet with strong wine, and Nerino having as often drunk, his host said to him, Signor Nerino, be so good as to tell these our relations some story that may make them laugh. The poor youth, not knowing that his Genobbia was the wife of his entertainer, began to tell them the story, keeping to himself, however, the name of all parties. It so happened, that a servant went into the chamber where Genobbia was, and said to her, My lady, if you were hidden in some corner, you might hear the finest story that ever you heard told in your life—I pray you come. And she, going into a hiding-place, perceived that the voice was that of Nerino, and that the story he was telling belonged to herself. Wherefore, like a prudent lady, she took the diamond which Nerino had given her, and put it in a silver cup full of a choice wine, and said to the servant, Take this cup, and carry it to Nerino, and tell him to drink it, and he will afterwards speak better. The servant took the cup, carried it to Nerino, and said to him, Take this cup, signor, and drink, and afterwards you will talk better. And he, taking the cup, drunk out the wine; and seeing and recognizing the diamond that was in it, he let it go into his mouth, and then, feigning to wipe his mouth, took it out, and put it upon his finger; and, perceiving that the lady of whom he spoke was the wife of Master Raymond, he would tell no more. But, being pressed by his host and the guests that he should go on with his story, he said, And so—and so—the cock crowed, and I woke from my dream, and saw nothing more.

Hearing this, the relations, who had imagined at first that all which Nerino had told them of the lady was true, burst into loud laughter. After some days, Nerino met Master Raymond, and, pretending not to know that he was the husband of Genobbia, told him, that within two days he should depart, because his father had written to him, to say that, by all means, he should return into his kingdom. Master Raymond bade him good speed; and Nerino, taking secret order with Genobbia, fled with her,

and took her to Portugal, where they lived in great happiness many years. And Master Raymond, going to his house, and not finding his wife there, within a few days died of despair.

No. V.

[From Tarlton's "Newes out of Purgatorie," 4to., London, 1590, taken from the preceding novel of Straparola. This tale has been reprinted by Malone, and also in Mr. Collier's "Shakespeare's Library." Dr. Farmer is of opinion that the adventures of Falstaff are taken from this story.]

The tale of the two lovers of Pisa, and why they were whipt in purgatory with nettles.

In Pisa, a famous cittie of Italye, there lived a gentleman of good linage and landes, feared as well for his wealth, as honoured for his vertue ; but, indeed, well thought on for both : yet the better for his riches. This gentleman had one onely daughter, called Margaret, who for her beauty was liked of all, and desired of many : but neither might their sutes, nor her owne prevaile about her fathers resolution, who was determynd not to marrye her, but to such a man as should be able in abundance to maintain the excellency of her beauty. Divers yong gentlemen proffered large feoffments, but in vaine ; a maide shee must bee still : till at last an olde doctor in the towne, that professed physicke, became a sutor to her, who was a welcome man to her father, in that he was one of the welthiest men in all Pisa. A tall stripling he was, and a proper youth, his age about fourescore ; his heade as white as milke, wherein, for offence sake, there was left never a tooth : but it is no matter ; what he wanted in person he had in the purse ; which the poore gentlewoman little regarded, wishing rather to tie herselfe to one that might fit her content, though they lived meanely, then to him with all the wealth in Italye. But shee was yong, and forcest to follow her father's direction, who, upon large covenants, was content his daughter should marry with the doctor ; and whether she likte him

or no, the match was made up, and in short time she was married. The poore wench was bound to the stake, and had not onely an olde impotent man, but one that was so jealous as none might enter into his house without suspicion, nor shee do any thing without blame : the least glance, the smallest countenance, any smile, was a manifest instance to him, that shee thought of others better then himselfe ; thus he himselfe lived in a hell, and tormented his wife in as ill perplexitie. At last it chaunced, that a young gentleman of the citie comming by her house, and seeing her look out at her window, noting her rare and excellent proportion, fell in love with her, and that so extreame, as his passions had no meanes till her favour might mitigate his heartsicke discontent. The yong man that was ignorant in amorous matters, and had never beene used to courte anye gentlewoman, thought to reveale his passions to some one freend that might give him counsaile for the winning of her love ; and thinking experience was the surest maister, on a daye seeing the olde doctor walking in the churche—that was Margaret's husband — little knowing who he was, he thought this was the fittest man to whom he might discover his passions, for that hee was olde and knewe much, and was a physition that with his drugges might helpe him forward in his purposes : so that, seeing the old man walke solitary, he joinde unto him ; and, after a curteous salute, tolde him that he was to impart a matter of great import unto him ; wherein, if hee would not onely be secrete, but indeavour to pleasure him, his pains should bee every way to the full considered. You must imagine, gentleman, quoth Mutio—for so was the doctor's name—that men of our profession are no blabs, but hold their secrets in their hearts' bottome ; and therefore reveale what you please, it shall not onely be concealed, but cured, if either my heart or counsaile may doo it. Upon this Lionell — so was the young gentleman called — told and discourst unto him, from point to point, how he was false in love with a gentlewoman that was married to one of his profession ;

discovered her dwelling and the house ; and for that he was unacquainted with the woman, and a man little experienced in love matters, he required his favour to further him with his advise. Mutio, at this motion, was stung to the hart, knowing it was his wife hee was fallen in love withall ; yet to conceale the matter, and to experience his wive's chastity, and that if she plaide false, he might be revengde on them both, he dissembled the matter, and answered, that he knewe the woman very well, and commended her highly ; but saide she had a churle to her husband, and therefore he thought shee would bee the more tractable. Trie her, man, quoth hee ; fainte hart never woone fairelady ; and if shee will not be brought to the bent of your bowe, I will provide such a potion as shall dispatch all to your owne content ; and to give you further instructions for oportunitie, knowe that her husband is foorth every afternoone from three till sixe. Thus farre I have advised you, because I pittie your passions, as myselfe being once a lover ; but now I charge thee, reveale it to none whomsoever, least it doo disparage my credit to meddle in amorous matters. The yong gentleman not onely promised all carefull secrecy, but gave him harty thanks for his good counsell, promising to meete him there the next day, and tell him what newes. Then hee left the old man, who was almost mad for feare his wife any way should play false. He saw, by experience, brave men came to besiege the castle ; and seeing it was in a woman's custodie, and had so weake a governor as himselfe, he doubted it would in time be delivered up ; which feare made him almost franticke, yet he driude of the time in great torment, till he might heare from his rival. Lionello, he hastes him home, and sutes him in his bravery, and goes downe towards the house of Mutio, where he sees her at her windowe, whome he courted with a passionate looke, with such an humble salute, as shee might perceive how the gentleman was affectionate. Margareta, looking earnestlye upon him, and noting the perfection of is proportion, accounted him, in her eye, the flower

of all Pisa ; thinkte herselfe fortunate if shee might have him for her freend, to supply those defaultes that she found in Mutio. Sundry times that afternoone he past by her window, and he cast not up more loving lookes than he received gracious favours : which did so incourage him, that the next daye, betweene three and sixe, hee went to the house, and, knocking at the doore, desired to speake with the mistris of the house, who, hearing by her maid's description what he was, commaunded him to come in, where she interteined him with all courtesie.

The youth that never before had given the attempt to covet a ladye, began his exordium with a blushe ; and yet went forward so well, that hee discourst unto her howe hee loved her, and that if it might please her so to accept of his service, as of a freende ever vowde in all dutye to bee at her commaunde, the care of her honour should bee deerer to him then his life, and hee would bee ready to prise her discontent with his bloud at all times.

The gentlewoman was a little coye, but before they part they concluded that the next day, at foure of the clock, hee should come thither and eate a pound of cherries, which was resolved on with a *succado des labras*, and so, with a loath to depart, they tooke their leaves. Lionello, as joyfull a man as might be, hyed him to the church to meete his olde doctor, where hee found him in his olde walke. What newes, syr ? quoth Mutio. How have you sped ? Even as I can wishe, quoth Lionello ; for I have been with my mistrisse, and have found her so tr[a]ctable, that I hope to make the olde peasant, her husband, looke broad-headed by a paire of browantlers. How deepe this strooke into Mutio's hart, let them imagine that can conjecture what jelousie is ; insomuch that the olde doctor askte when should be the time. Mary, quoth Lionello, to-morrow at foure of the clocke in the afternoone ; and then, maister doctor, quoth hee, will I dub the olde squire knight of the forked order.

Thus they passed on in chat, till it grew late ; and then Lyonello went home to his lodging, and Mutio to his house, covering all his sorrowes with a merrye countenance, with full resolution to revenge them both the next day with extremitie. He past the night as patiently as he could, and the next day after dinner awaye hee went, watching when it should bee four of the clocke. At the houre justly came Lyonello, and was intertained with all curtesie : but scarce had they kist, ere the maide cried out to her mistresse that her maister was at the doore ; for he hasted, knowing that a horne was but a litle while in grafting. Margaret, at this alarum, was amazed ; and yet, for a shifte, chopt Lyonello into a great drie-fatte* full of feathers, and sat her downe close to her woorke. By that came Mutio in blowing ; and, as though hee came to looke somewhat in haste, called for the keyes of his chambers, and looked in everye place, searching so narrowlye in everye corner of the house, that he left not the very privie unsearcht. Seeing he could not finde him, hee saide nothing ; but, fayning himselfe not well at ease, staide at home, so that poor Lyonello was faine to staye in the drifatte till the olde churle was in bed with his wife ; and then the maide let him out at a backe doore, who went home with a flea in his eare to his lodging.

Well, the next day he went againe to meete his doctor, whome hee found in his woonted walke. What newes, quoth Mutio ? Howe have you sped ? A poxe of the olde slave, quoth Lyonello ; I was no sooner in, and had given my mistrisse one kisse, but the jealous asse was at the doore : the maide spied him, and cryed, *her maister* ! so that the poore gentlewoman, for very shifte, was faine to put me in a driefatte of

* What can Malone mean by saying, that in this tale there is no trace of the basket ? See Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 210. The boasting of Lyonello that he would place horns on Mutio, exactly tallies with Falstaff's boast to Ford, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." See also the present volume, p. 20.

feathers that stode in an olde chamber, and there I was faine to tarrie while he was in bed and asleepe, and then the maide let me out, and I departed.

But it is no matter; 'twas but a chaunce, and I hope to crye quittance with him ere it be long. As how, quoth Mutio? Marry thus, quoth Lionello: she sent me woord by her maide this daye, that upon Thursday next the olde churle suppeth with a patient of his a mile out of Pisa, and then I feare not but to quitte him for all. It is well, quoth Mutio; fortune bee your freende. I thanke you, quoth Lionello; and so after a little more prattle they departed.

To bee shorte, Thursdaye came; and about sixe of the clocke foorth goes Mutio no further then a freendes house of his, from whence hee might descrye who went into his house. Straight hee sawe Lionello enter in; and after goes hee, insomuche that hee was scarcelye sitten downe before the mayde cryed out againe, *my maister comes*. The good-wife that before had provided for afterclaps, had found out a privie place between two seelings of a plauncher, and there she thrust Lionello; and her husband came sweting. What news, quoth shee, drives you home againe so soone, husband? Marry, sweete wife, quoth he, a fearefull dreame that I had this night, which came to my remembrance, and that was this: Methought there was a villeine that came secretly into my house with a naked poinard in his hand, and hid himselfe; but I could not finde the place: with that mine nose bled, and I came backe; and by the grace of God, I will seeke every corner in the house for the quiet of my minde. Marry, I pray you doo, husband, quoth she. With that he lockt in all the doors and began to search every chamber, every hole, every chest, every tub, the very well;* he stabd every featherbed through, and made havocke,

* This enumeration of the different places that were ransacked is very similar to that put into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans on a like occasion in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

like a mad man, which made him thinke all was in vaine, and hee began to blame his eies that thought they saw that which they did not. Upon this he rest halfe lunaticke, and all night he was very wakefull; that towards the morning he fell into a dead sleepe, and then was Lionello conveighed away.

In the morning when Mutio wakened, hee thought how by no means hee should be able to take Lyonello tardy; yet he laid in his head a most dangerous plot, and that was this. Wife, quoth he, I must the next Monday ride to Vycensa to visit an olde patient of mine; till my returne, which will be some ten dayes, I will have thee staye at our little graunge house in the countrey. Marry, very well content, husband, quoth she: with that he kist her, and was verye pleasant, as though he had suspected nothing, and away hee flinges to the church, where he meetes Lionello. What sir, quoth he, what newes? Is your mistresse yours in possession? No, a plague of the old slave, quoth he: I think he is either a witch, or els woorkes by magick: for I can no sooner enter in the doores, but he is at my backe, and so he was againe yesternight; for I was not warme in my seate before the maide cried, *my maister comes*; and then was the poore soule faine to conveigh me betwene two seelings of a chamber in a fit place for the purpose: wher I laught hartely to myself too see how he sought every corner, ransackt every tub, and stabd every featherbed; but in vaine,—I was safe enough till the morning, and then when he was fast asleepe, I lept out. Fortune frowns on you, quoth Mutio: I, but I hope, quoth Lionello, this is the last time, and now shee will begin to smile; for on Monday next he rides to Vicensa, and his wife lyes at a grange house a little of the towne, and there in his absence I will revenge all forepassed misfortunes. God send it be so, quoth Mutio, and so took his leave. These two lovers longed for Monday, and at last it came. Early in the morning Mutio horst himselfe, and his wife, his maide, and a man, and no more, and away he rides to his grange house; where after he

had brok his fast, he took his leave, and away towards Vicenza. He rode not far ere by a false way he returned into a thicket, and there with a company of cuntry peasants lay in an ambuscade to take the young gentleman. In the afternoon comes Lionello gallopping ; and as soon as he came within sight of the house, he sent back his horse by his boy, and went easily afoot, and there at the very entry was entertained by Margaret, who led him up the staires, and convaidd him into her bedchamber, saying he was welcome into so mean a cottage : but, quoth she, now I hope fortune will not envy the purity of our loves. Alas, alas, mistris, cried the maid, heer is my maister, and 100 men with him, with bils and staves. We are betraid, quoth Lionel, and I am but a dead man.* Feare not, quoth she, but follow me ; and straight she carried him downe into a lowe parlor, where stode an old rotten chest full of writings. She put him into that, and covered him with olde papers and evidences, and went to the gate to meet her husband. Why, signor Mutio, what means this hurly burly, quoth she ? Vile and shameless strumpet as thou art, thou shalt know by and by, quoth he. Where is thy love ? All we have watcht him and seen him enter in : now, quoth he, shal neither thy tub of feathers, nor thy seeling serve, for perish he shall with fire, or els fall into my hands. Doo thy woorst, jealous foole, quoth she ; I ask thee no favour. With that in a rage he beset the house round, and then set fire on it. Oh ! in what a perplexitie was poore Lionello, that was shut in a chest, and the fire about his eares ? And how was Margaret passionat, that knew her lover in such danger ? Yet she made light of the matter, and as one in a rage called her maid to her and said : Come on, wench ; seeing thy maister mad with jelousie hath set the house and al my living on fire, I will be revengd upon him ; help me heer to lift this old chest where

* This is the very same expression that Mrs. Page uses to Falstaff in a similar emergency. See the present volume, p. 37.

all his writings and deeds are; let that burne first; and as soon as I see that one fire, I will walk towards my freends, for the old foole will be beggard, and I will refuse him. Mutio, that knew al his obligations and statutes lay there, puld her back, and bad two of his men carry the chest into the feeld, and see it were safe; himself standing by and seeing his house burnd downe, sticke and stone. Then quieted in his minde, he went home with his wife, and began to flatter her, thinking assuredly that he had burnd her paramour; causing his chest to be carried in a cart to his house at Pisa. Margaret impatient went to her mothers, and complained to her and to her brethern of the jealousie of her husband; who maintained her it he true, and desired but a daies respite to proove it. Wel, hee was bidden to supper the next night at her mothers, she thinking to make her daughter and him frends againe. In the meane time, he to his woonted walk in the church, and there *præter expectationem* he found Lionello walking. Wondring at this, he straight enquires, what newes? What newes, maister doctor, quoth he, and he fell in a great laughing: in faith yesterday I scapt a scouring; for, syrrha, I went to the grange house, where I was appointed to come, and I was no sooner gotten up the chamber, but the magicall villeine her husband beset the house with bils and staves, and that he might be sure no seeling nor corner should shrowde me, he set the house on fire, and so burnt it down to the ground. Why, quoth Mutio, and how did you escape? Alas, quoth he, wel fare a woman's wit! She conveighed me into an old chest ful of writings, which she knew her husband durst not burne; and so was I saved and brought to Pisa, and yesternight by her maide let home to my lodging. This, quoth he, is the pleasantest jest that ever I heard; and upon this I have a sute to you. I am this night bidden forth to supper; you shall be my guest: onelye I will crave so much favour, as after supper for a pleasant sporte to make relation what successe you have had in your loves. For that I will not sticke,

quothe he ; and so he caried Lionello to his mother-in-lawes house with him, and discovered to his wives brethren who he was, and how at supper he would disclose the whole matter : for, quoth he, he knowes not that I am Margarets husband. At this all the brethren bad him welcome, and so did the mother to ; and Margaret she was kept out of sight. Supper-time being come, they fell to their victals, and Lionello was carrowst unto by Mutio, who was very pleasant, to draw him to a merry humor, that he might to the ful discourse the effect and fortunes of his love. Supper being ended, Mutio requested him to tel to the gentleman what had hapned between him and his mistresse. Lionello with a smiling countenance began to describe his mistresse, the house and street where she dwelt, how he fell in love with her, and how he used the counsell of this doctor, who in al his affaires was his secretarye. Margaret heard all this with a greate feare ; and when he came at the last point, she caused a cup of wine to be given him by one of her sisters, wherein was a ring that he had given Margaret. As he had told how he escapt burning, and was ready to confirme all for a troth, the gentlewoman drunke to him ; who, taking the cup, and seing the ring, having a quick wit and a reaching head, spide the fetch, and perceived that all this while this was his lovers husband, to whome hee had revealed these escapes. At this drinking the wine, and swallowing the ring into his mouth, he went forward : Gentlemen, quoth he, how like you of my loves and my fortunes ? Wel, quoth the gentlemen ; I pray you is it true ? As true, quoth he, as if I would be so simple as to reveal what I did to Margarets husband : for know you, gentlemen, that I knew this Mutio to be her husband whom I notified to be my lover ; and for that he was generally known through Pisa to be a jealous fool, therefore with these tales I brought him into this paradise,* which indeed are follies of mine own braine ; for

* The same phrase is used by Mrs. Quickly, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

trust me by the faith of a gentleman, I never spake to the woman, was never in her companye, neither doo I know her if I see her. At this they all fell in a laughing at Mutio, who was ashamde that Lionello had so scoft him : but all was well—they were made friends ; but the jest went so to his hart, that he shortly after died, and Lionello enjoyed the ladye : and for that they two were the death of the old man, now are they plagued in purgatory, and he whips them with nettles.

No. VI.

[I print the following tale from a very curious and rare work, entitled, "Westward for Smelts," 4to., Lond., 1620 ; the only copy of which I have ever seen is in Trinity College Library, Cambridge. Steevens mentions an earlier copy, of the date of 1603, but, not finding any notice elsewhere of such an edition, and there being nothing in the Cambridge copy to indicate that it is a reprint, I am inclined to think that Steevens must have fallen into an error. It was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company in January, 1619-20. I insert the present tale in this place in deference to the opinion of Malone, who thinks "it probably led Shakespeare to lay the scene of Falstaff's love adventures at Windsor." See Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. viii., p. 3.]

The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford.

In Windsor, not long agoe, dwelt a sumpter man, who had to wife a very faire (but something wanton) creature, ouer whom (not without cause) he was something iealous, yet had hee neuer any prooffe of her inconstancie ; but he feared he was, or should be a cuckold, and therefore preuented it so much as he could by restraining her libertie ; but this did but set an edge to her wanton appetite, and was a prouocatiue to her lust (for what women are restrained from they desire), for long hee could not hold his watchfull eye ouer her, 'cause his businesse call'd him away, which alway lay farre from home. He being to depart from home, bethought himselfe what he were best to do ; put another in trust with his wife he durst not (for no greater shame is there to a man then to be knowne iealous

ouer his wife); himselfe could tarry no longer at home for fear of losing his place, and then his liuing was gone: thus was hee troubled in minde, not knowing what to doe. Now he repented himselfe that he had vsed his wife so ill, which had giuen her cause to hate him, and procure him a mischiefe, for he saw that he had no other way now to take, but to put his credit into his wiue's hands; therefore, the day and night before he went from home, he vsed her extraordinary kindly, making more on her then the first day they were married. His wife maruelled at this suddaine change, and, though she liked this vsage well, yet she thought neuer the better of him in her heart, and in her outward carriage bare her selfe as before, which was euer modestly in his sight. The morning being come that he was to depart from home (after many sweet kisses and kinde embraces giuen him), he said, Sweet honey, I cannot blame thee that thou takest my vsage heretofore vnkindly; but if thou knewest (as I meane to shew thee) what my intent was, thou wilt change that bad thought for a better liking of me. Know then, my loue, that I vsed thee thus strangely, to know how deepe thy loue was settled on me (for to vse a friend frowardly, tryes her loue, in forbearance of his iniuries, and in seeking to please him), which I haue found by prooffe immouable. Oh, my more then deare wife, thy loue is fixed sure on me, and not to be remoued by any crosse whatsoever. Thus did hee seeke to vnsnare himselfe, but was caught faster, for his wife, perceiuing his iealousie, vowed to be reuenged, and giue him good and sufficient cause to thinke himselfe a cuckolde; and, with very ioy to see him creepe to her after this manner, she let fall a few teares, which proceeded rather of inward laughter then any griefe. Hee seeing this, thought they proceeded from pure loue, yet did hee not thorowly trust her, but minded to return ere she was aware of him. To be short, they broke their fasts together, and louingly parted. His wife, beeing glad of this, sent for a woman in the towne, one that was the procurer of her friend, to whom she told all that had hapned

betweene her husband and her selfe, requesting her in all haste to giue her friend notice that her husband was now from home, and that shee would meete him when and wheresoeuer he pleased. The old woman, glad of this, gaue her loue to vnderstand of this good hap, who soone met her at a place in the towne, where they vsually met, where they plumed the sumpter-man's cap. There she gaue the old woman a key which would open her doore, by which meanes shee might come to the speech of her at any time of the night without knocking, so carefull was she to keepe her selfe cleere and spotlesse in the eyes of her neighbours, who would not haue thought well of her, if they had heard noise at her doore in the night, and her husband from home. Hauing passed the time away in louing complements, they parted, each going their seuerall wayes, not any one of her neighbours mistrusting her, she bare her selfe so cunningly modest. Her husband, being on his iourney, following his sumpter-horse, thought his wife at home, working like a good huswife (when, perchance, she was following a station she tooke more delight in then he, poore man, did in his); yet put he no more trust in her than he was forced to doe, for hee dispatches his businesse so soone as hee could, and returned three dayes sooner then he promised her. When he came home he knocked at the doore: there might he knocke long enough, for his wife, who was knocking the wintner's pots with her loue. He, hauing no answere, began to curse and ban, bidding a pope on all women. His neighbours began to perswade him, telling him that she went but new forth, and would returne suddenly againe; and iust at that instant came she homeward, not knowing her good man was returned, for she had appointed the old woman to come and call her that night. Seeing her husband, you may iudge what a taking this poore woman was in: back she durst not goe, for that would haue sharpened his rage; and, if shee went forward, she was sure of some seuer punishment; yet, taking courage, on she went. Her husband entertained her with halfe a doozen gadding

queans, and such like words, and she excused her selfe so well as she could. But, to be briefe, in a doores they went: then made he the doore fast, and came to her (who was almost dead with feare that her close play now would he descride), saying, Thou wretch, long time haue I doubted this looseness in thy life, which I now haue plaine prooffe of by thy gadding in my absence, and doe thou at this present looke for no other thing at my hands then reward fit for so vilde a creature as a whore is. At these words she would haue skreeked out; but he stopped her mouth, pulling withall a rusty dagger from his side, vowing to scowre it with her bloud, if shee did but offer to open her mouth. She, poore creature, forced more with feare then with duty, held her peace, while hee bound her to a post hard by the dore, vowing she should stand there all night, to coole her hot bloud. Hauing done this, about ten of the clock, he went to bed, telling her that he meant not to sleepe, but watch her if she durst once open her mouth; but he was better then his word, though hee held it not, for he was no sooner in bed but he fell fast asleepe, being wearied with riding. Long had not he beene so, but the old woman came and opened the dore with the key that the sumpter-man's wife had giuen her, and was going to the bed which the sumpter-man lay vpon to call his wife; but, as she passed by, the poor woman that was bound to her good behauiour, call'd her by name (yet very softly), saying, Mother Ione, I am heere, mother Ione, pray goe no further, and speake softly, for my husband, mother Ione, is a bed. This good old woman went to her, and, finding her bound, asked her the cause; to whom the afflicted wife related (with still speech, which is contrary to women's nature) euery circumstance, for she knew her husband fast enough for three houres. Is that all? said the old woman; then feare not but you shal enioy your friend's bed: with that she vnloosed her. The sumpter-man's wife maruelled what she meant to doe, saying, Mother, what meane you? this is not the way that I must take to cleere my selfe. Alas,

should he wake and finde me gone to-morrow, he will kill mee in his rage. Content you, said the old wife, I will bide the brunt of all ; and heere will I stand tyed to this post till you returne, which I pray let be so soone as you can. This wanton wife praised her counsell, and imbraces the same, and leauing the old woman bound (as she desired) in her place, she went to her lusty louer, who long time had expected her, to whom she related her husband's vnluckie comming home, her ill vsage, and the old woman's kindnesse ; for all which he was sorrie, but could not mend, onely hee promised to reward this kinde woman, call'd Mother Jone : so leauing that talke they fell to other.

The sumpter-man, who could not soundly sleepe, because still he dreamed of hornes and cuckolds, wakened not long after his wife was gone, and, being wakened, he fell to talking after this manner : Now, you queene, is it good gadding ? is your hote bloud cooled yet with cold ayre ? Will your insatiable desires be allayed with hunger and cold ? If they be not, thou arrant wretch, I will tye thee thus up, not onely nine dayes, but nineteene times nine dayes, till thou hast lost this hote and damnable pride of thine. Ile doo't, I will, I sweare I will. This good old woman, hearing him rayle thus frantickly, wished (with all her heart) her selfe out of doores, and his wife in her old place. Shee durst not speake to him, for feare she should be knowne by her speech to bee another, and not his wife ; and hee lay still calling to her, asking if her hote desires were cooled. At length hee, hearing her make no answer, thought her to be sullen, and bid her speak to him, or else she should repent it (yet durst not the old wife speake.) He, hearing no speech, rose vp, and took his knife, swearing hee would marke her for a whore, and with those words he ranne to her, and cut her ouer the nose ; all this the old woman indured quietly, knowing her words would haue but increased her punishment. To bed went he againe, with such words as hee vsed before, saying that, since her bloud would not coole,

he would let it out. Hauing lyen a while, he fell asleepe, leauing old Ione bleeding at nose, where shee stood till three of the clocke in the morning, at which time this honest lasse (the sumpter-man's wife) came home: when she had quietly opened the doore, she went to the old woman, asking her how shee had sped. Marry, quoth shee, as I would wish my enemies to speed—ill! I pray vnbinde me, or I shall bleed to death. The good wife was sorry to heare that she had receiued such hurt, but fane gladde that it did not happen vnto her selfe; so, vnbinding her, she stood in her place. Homeward went the old woman, bethinking her selfe all the way how she might excuse that hurt to her husband. At last she had one (for excuses are neuer further off women then their apron strings), which was this—she went home to her husband, who was a mason, and went euery morning betimes to worke out of the towne; him she calleth, telling him it was time to goe to worke. The silly man rose, and, being ready to goe, he missed a chisell (which his wife had hid), and went vp and downe groping for it in the darke, praying his wife to helpe him to looke it. She made as she had sought for it, but, instead of that, she gaue him a sharpe knife (which a butcher had brought to grinding); he, catching at this suddenly (as one being in haste), cut all his fingers, so that with anger he threw the knife to the earth, cursing his wife that gaue it him. Presently, vpon y^e fall of the knife, she cryed out that shee was hurt. The mason, being amazed, went and lighted a candle, and, returning, he found his wife's nose cut. The silly man (perswading himselfe that hee had done it with hurling the knife) intreated her to forgiue him, for he protested that hee thought her no hurt when hee did it; then fetched he a surgeon, who cunningly stitched it vp, that it was little whole in a short time. The sumpter-man all this while did thinke how he was beguiled, who, when he was awaked, lighted a candle to see what hurt he had done his wife in his rage. He comming neere her, and seeing her face whole, stood in a

maze, not knowing what to thinke on it, for he was sure that he had cut her nose. His wife, seeing him stand in this maner, asked him what he did ayle, and why he gazed so on her, as though he knew her not. Pardon mee, wife, quoth he, for this night hath a miracle beene wrought; I doe see plainly that the heauens will not suffer the innocent to suffer harme. Then fetched hee his knife, which was all bloody, saying, Deare wife, with this knife did I giue thee, this present night, a wound on the face, the which, most miraculously, is whole, which is a signe thou art free and spotlesse, and so will I euer hold thee. His wife said little (for feare of laughing), onely she said she knew heauen would defend the innocent; so they went to bed louingly together, he vowing neuer to thinke amisse on her. So had she more libertie then before, and the old woman had gold for her wound, which wound was so well cured (I thanke God!) that you can scarce see it on my nose. Hereat they all laughed, saying she had told a good tale for her selfe; at which she bit her lip, to thinke how she was so very a foole to betray her selfe. But, knowing that excuses would but make her more suspected, she held her tongue, giuing the next leaue to speake.

THE END.

LONDON :

F. SHOBERL, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,
PRINTER TO H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.

THE
FIRST SKETCHES
OF THE
SECOND AND THIRD PARTS
OF
KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

EDITED BY
JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, ESQ.

F.R.S., HON. M.R.I.A., &c.

Quæ in veteribus libris reperta mutare imperiti solent, dum librariorum insectari inscitiam volunt, suam confitentur.

QUINTILIAN, lib. ix., c. 4.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1843.

LONDON :
P. PHOENIX, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,
PRINTER TO H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.

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INTRODUCTION.

On the 2nd of April, 1798, Messrs. Leigh and Sotheby, the well-known booksellers and auctioneers, were selling by auction the fourth day's division of the "curious and valuable" library of Dr. Samuel Pegge, prebendary of Lichfield, and a distinguished antiquary. There was one particular lot in that day's sale which has rendered the auction an era in Shakespearian bibliography—a very small octavo volume, without covers, purchased by the author of "Caledonia" for £5 15s. 6d., and described in the sale catalogue, No. 938, as "Shakespeare's true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt, *Lond. by P. S.*, 1595." This little tract, so unpretendingly exhibited to competition, was no less than the *unique* copy of the play upon which the Third Part of Henry VI. was founded, which fetched the enormous sum of one hundred and thirty pounds at Chalmers's sale in 1842, and concerning the nature of which so much was said in the public prints at the time of its producing the above sum, at the rate of more than three guineas for each leaf. This inestimable treasure was acquired by the Bodleian Library,

and is one of the greatest rarities of the kind in that repository. It is the second tract presented to the reader in the following pages, who is indebted to the Shakespeare Society for this attempt to make it easily and generally accessible.

This celebrated "True Tragedie" was the Second Part of the play called "The Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster," on the First Part of which is founded the Second Part of Henry VI., which is now, for the first time, reprinted from an *unique* copy of the edition of 1594, also preserved in the Bodleian Library. Thus the possessor of the present volume will have the two plays upon which are founded the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., both printed from *unique* copies—one a small octavo, the marketable value of which is one hundred and fifty pounds; the other, a very thin, small quarto, which produced £64 several years ago, and would now probably realize more than twice that sum.

These early editions of 1594 and 1595 vary very considerably from the later impression of 1619, when they were published collectively. The amended play, in the form in which we have received it as Shakespeare's, appeared for the first time in the folio of 1623. All the various editions of the earlier drama have been collated for the notes, and will be found of some importance in a question to which I shall presently draw the reader's attention. This may be considered a part of the external evidence in the dispute concerning the exact portions of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., which may be attributed with safety to Shakespeare.

I. THE FIRST PART.

1. "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of *Suffolke*, and the Tragicall end of the proud Cardinall of *Winchester*, with the notable Rebellion of *Iacke Cade*: And the Duke of *Yorkes* first claime vnto the Crowne. London Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594."

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. The present copy, which is in the Bodleian Library, belonged to Heber, and is the only one known. See *Bibl. Heber.*, vol. ii., No. 5479. Malone had a copy of it, and he has collated it with the second edition, marking the variations in his inlaid copy of the latter. Why Malone's copy was not inlaid with the rest of his early editions does not any where appear; and Dr. Bandinel, who is an excellent authority, says it was obtained improperly from Malone's possession, and that the very one he used is that now in the Bodleian. At p. 33, l. 19, however, occurs the word "honouring," as in the Bodleian copy, which, according to Malone's collation, was "thinking" in the exemplar that belonged to him. Unless, therefore, Malone made a mistaken alteration, these must have been different books, and an instance of the curious differences which sometimes occur in various copies of the same edition. See p. 92. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on March 12th.

2. "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey : And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Iacke Cade : *And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the crowne.* London : Printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600."

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. It was reprinted from the first edition, but carelessly, omitting about two dozen words necessary for the sense. It possesses, however, a few important corrections. This edition is very rare, and I have unwillingly used the Bodleian copy, which has a manuscript title.

3. "The First part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey : And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade : And the Duke of Yorkes first clayme to the Crowne. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder S. Peters church in Cornewall. 1600."

This is the same impression as the preceding, excepting a very few trifling literal variations of no importance, with a different titlepage. The only copy known is in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, which is *ατελ.*, having only the first 25 leaves, and concluding with the first leaf of Sig. G. All after the first stage-

direction at p. 57 of our reprint is deficient. This edition is not mentioned by Lowndes, or any bibliographer.

II. THE TRUE TRAGEDIE.

1. “The True Tragedie of Richard *Duke of Yorke*, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two Houses Lancaster and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1595.”

A small octavo, containing 40 leaves, A to E in eights. Owing to its being printed with a narrow page, the metre is often destroyed by the concluding words of one line being inserted in the beginning of the subsequent. This is corrected, in a great measure, in the succeeding impressions. Very few early plays are printed in this size; and so natural is it to consider nearly the whole of this class of literature as a race of small quartos, that although Mr. Knight in one place very correctly describes the present volume as “a small octavo,” yet he afterwards refers to it as “the *quarto* of 1595.” On a fly-leaf, Chalmers has written the following note:—“This very rare volume, of which no other copy is known to exist, was purchased by Mr. Chalmers at Dr. Pegge’s sale in 1796 [?]. It was then unbound, as it had been neglected by the Doctor, who was unaware of its great value. By an oversight of Mr. Malone, and a singular mistake of Mr. Steevens, Mr. Chalmers obtained it easily for £5 15s. 6d., without much competition; and Steevens was enraged to find that

it had gone for less than a fifth of what he would have given for it." On the top of the title-page some one has inscribed the name of

Shakespeare

which is not of much authority in the question of authorship, if it was written, as Dr. Bandinel says it was, by Dr. Pegge. He is probably right; but I have given a fac-simile, so that the reader may draw his own conclusion. The slightest evidence on these matters ought not to be omitted.

2. "The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the sixt: With the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke; as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruantes. Printed at Londou by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600."

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. Malone mentions an edition of this date printed by Valentine Simmes. See his "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii., 363, 543. Malone says that Pavier's edition of 1619 was printed from this one, but I apprehend he has merely followed Capell's more general assertion that Pavier reprinted from the copies of 1600. I have not succeeded in finding any evidence of the existence of an edition of "The True Tragedie" printed by Valentine Simmes; for Malone confesses he has never seen a copy, although it is very possible that such a one may have been published.

3. “The Whole Contention betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragicall ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London, for T. P.”

A small quarto, containing 64 leaves, A to Q in fours. This contains the “First Part of the Contention,” as well as “The True Tragedie.” T. P. was Thomas Pavier, the publisher of other plays. This edition has no date, but it is ascertained to have been printed in or about 1619 by the signatures. The last signature of Pavier’s edition is Q, and the first signature of the text of “Pericles,” 4to. Lond. 1619, for the same bookseller, is R; and on the recto of sig. I of this play, where the Second Part commences, is the same device as on the first page of that edition of Pericles. The Second Part has no separate title-page, but is introduced as “The Second Part. Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Good King Henrie the Sixt.”

Pavier’s edition was reprinted by Steevens in 1766, and in general with accuracy,^a although he has not considered it necessary to follow the rigid system I have pursued in the reprints now presented to the reader.

^a Steevens’s reprints are excellently made, and the mistakes of importance do not average more than three or four in each play. I suspect that his successors have not improved. The Percy Society’s reprint of “Kind-Harts Dreame” contains above one hundred and thirty errors, some of a portentous kind; yet it is but a small tract, not so long as one of Shakespeare’s plays. It is almost impossible to prevent occasional mistakes.

Mistakes and peculiarities of all kinds I have retained as they stand in the original, capital letters, hyphens, punctuation, &c. : in all these particulars I have endeavoured to give as faithful a copy of the originals as I possibly could. The collations will be found in the notes, and with these a little judgment would form as good a text as could probably be made with the materials that have descended to our use.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, we have the following entries relative to these plays :

“ 12 March 1593-4.

“ Tho. Millington.] A booke intituled the firste parte of the contention of the twoo famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrey and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of *Sufk.* and the tragicall Ende of the prowd Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade and the Duke of Yorks first clayme unto the Crowne.

“ 19 April 1602.

“ Tho. Pavier.] By assignment from Tho. Millington, *salvo jure cujuscunque*, the 1st and 2nd parts of Henry the VI: ij. books.”

The last entry is a mistake for the First and Second Parts of the “Contention;” and we accordingly find that when Blount and Jaggard, in 1623, inserted a list of Shakespeare's plays “as are not formerly entered to other men,” they omitted the first and second parts of Henry VI., and only inserted “The Thirde Parte of Henry the Sixt.” In the same way, we find they did not insert “King John” in the same list, although there is no reason to suppose that any copy of that play in its present form had previously been entered. The probable inference is, that the list was hastily compiled from

the previous entries. Millington, it appears, kept possession of the "Whole Contention," as Pavier afterwards called it, till 1602. There seems something mysterious in the words, "salvo juris cujuscunque;" and it may be asked why Pavier kept them so long without a republication, if the date of 1619 be correct. The entry is, however, important, for it clearly shows that, as early as 1602, the present title of "Henry VI." had superseded the older one.

I have called these plays "The First Sketches of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.;" but it is a question with the critics whether Shakespeare was their author, or whether he merely borrowed from some older dramatist.

The external evidence is in favour of Malone's theory, that Shakespeare was *not* the author of the two plays here reprinted. They appear to have been, as I have said, in the hands of Millington till 1602, and they were then transferred to Pavier, who retained them till 1626. Millington and Pavier managed between them to monopolize nearly the whole of Shakespeare's disputed plays. Thus Millington had the "First Part of the Contention," the "Chronicle History," and the "True Tragedie," which he transferred to Pavier in 1600 and 1602. In addition to these, Pavier also had "Sir John Oldcastle," "Titus Andronicus," "The Yorkshire Tragedy," "The Puritan," and "Pericles," all of which seem to be suspicious plays, to say the least of them. Again, Millington, who published these plays in 1594, 1595, and 1600, did not put the name of Shakespeare to them, though it would have been for his advantage to have

done so. After the year 1598, none of the undisputed plays of Shakespeare were published without having his name conspicuously inserted on the title,^b and only three were ever published without his name, two in 1597, and one in 1598, although, between the years 1598 and 1655, forty-four quarto editions appeared with the authorship clearly announced. In 1600, when Millington published the Two Parts of the "Contention" without Shakespeare's name, six undisputed plays were published with his name, and seven disputed plays^c without; but Pavier was afterwards bolder, and, out of the twenty-four editions of the disputed plays published between the years 1591 and 1635, we find eight with Shakespeare's name. This, however, was after 1609. The probability, therefore, is that the First Part of the "Contention," and the "True Tragedy," were published piratically, and altogether without Shakespeare's authority, if he had any share in them. In 1626, Pavier assigned to Edward Brewster and Robert Birde his right in the disputed plays, and we hear again of the two parts of the "Contention," for the last time, on November 8, 1630, as "Yorke and Lancaster," when they were assigned to Richard Cotes "by Mr. Bird and consent of a full court."

The first edition of the "True Tragedy" does not

^b I except the early editions of "Romeo and Juliet," and the first edition of "Hamlet," for these are not perfect copies, and, in all probability, published piratically.

^c Copies of "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600, as Mr. Collier informs us, are also found with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, as well as without. This would seem to show that the name of our great dramatist could not always be used indiscriminately.

appear to have been entered at Stationers' Hall, and it is probable that there is a secret history attached to its publication that remains to be unravelled. The first thing that strikes us is its title, and the reason why it was not published as the "Second Part of the Contention" till 1619. It will be remarked that the title-page affirms it to contain "the *whole* contention." Could this have been done for the purpose of deception? We may, however, infer that the amended plays appeared after 1595, and before 1602, or it is probable that the old titles would not have been retained. Perhaps, however, the same argument holds with respect to the edition of 1600, and this would place the date of the amended plays within a very narrow compass. There are some reasons for thinking that the Third Part of Henry VI., in the form in which we now have it, was written before 1598,^d as, in one of the stage-directions in the first folio, we have Gabriel, an actor, introduced, who, according to Mr. Collier, was killed by Ben Jonson in the September of that year. The Third Part of Henry VI. also introduces Sinklo, another actor, in a similar manner, who performed in Tarlton's

^d It may one day be found that the allusion to enclosures at Melford is valuable in the question of the chronology of the earlier dramas. It is not unlikely that a dramatist may have alluded to the popular dissatisfaction which enclosures generally produce. The particular allusion may, perhaps, be discovered. As early as 1549, there had been disturbances in that part of the country in consequence of enclosures; but, as I am kindly informed by Mr. Almack, of Melford, there is no local tradition respecting it, nor do the parish books, although very ancient, contain any thing to the purpose. Perhaps the place is not included in the satire.

play of the "Seven Deadly Sins,"* and who probably, therefore, did not survive the year 1598. It is reasonable to suppose that the editors of the first folio used copies transcribed when those actors performed.

The constant offences against grammar which occur in these early copies may perhaps be another proof that they were not published by authority. For the reasons I have previously stated, very little doubt can be entertained of the fact that Pavier's copies of the older plays were piratically published; and Shakespeare's name was *for the first time* appended to them in 1619, and not in 1600, probably because the poet was not alive to protect his interests, and in the latter case because he did not acknowledge them for his own. I will now place before the reader certain evidences, before unnoticed, which lead me to think that neither Malone, nor Knight, nor Collier, are exactly right in the

* Harvey, in his "Foure Letters," 1592, says that Nash's "Pierce Penilesse" was not "dunsically botched-vp, but right-formally conueied, according to the stile and tenour of Tarletons president, his famous play of the seauen Deadly sinnes: which most-deadly, but most liuely playe, I might haue seene in London, and was verie gently inuited thereunto at Oxford, by Tarleton himselfe." Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, angrily denies any similarity between his book and Tarlton's play. The original "platt of the secound Parte of the Seven Deadlie Sinns" is given in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, iii., 348. The exact date of Tarlton's death is not known; but, in the parish register of St. Leonard, Shoreditch, for 1588, we have the following entry: "Richard Tarelton was buryed the third of September." It also appears from the same register that his residence was in "Haliwel Stret," so called from a famous well in the neighbourhood, but is now generally known as High Street, Shoreditch.

results to which they have arrived concerning the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.

In a literary point of view, the first edition of the "First Part of the Contention" is far more valuable than the first edition of the "True Tragedy;" and considering that both are in the same library, it seems rather strange that Mr. Knight should have collated the Second Part, and left the more valuable copy. Perhaps, however, this remark is not necessary; nor should I have alluded to the circumstance, had not Mr. Knight written so extensively concerning these plays, that a reasonable doubt might be raised as to where new evidences, properly so called, could exist. To proceed. In the two first editions of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594 and 1600, act i., sc. 2, we read—

"This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt that
This, my staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd
The heads of the Cardinal of Winchester,
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk."

This speech, in the edition of 1619, the only one used by Mr. Knight, stands thus :

"This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt
That this my staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain ; *by whom, I cannot guess :*
But, as I think, by the cardinal. What it bodes
God knows ; and on the ends were plac'd
The heads of *Edmund Duke of Somerset,*
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk."

Now let the reader carefully compare these different texts with the passage as corrected in the amended play :

"Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,
Was broke in twain ; by whom, I have forgot,

But as I think, it was by the cardinal;
 And on the pieces of the broken wand
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
 And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
 This was my dream : what it doth bode God knows."

The words in italics in the second quotation are those which are common to the editions of 1619 and 1623, but are not found in the earlier impressions of 1594 and 1600. We have thus *an intermediate composition* between the edition of 1594 and the amended play. It will be at once seen that these differences cannot be the result of emendation, in the way that we account for the differences of the second folio. I will produce another and a stronger instance. In act i., sc. 2, the edition of 1594 has these two lines :

" But ere it be long, I'll go before them all,
 Despite of all that seek to cross me thus."

Instead of these two lines, we have a different speech, an elaboration of the other two—

" I'll come after you, for I cannot go before,
 As long as *Gloster bears this base and humble mind :*
Were I a man, and Protector, as he is,
 I'd reach to th' crown, or make some hop *headless :*
And being but a woman, I'll not [be] behind
 For playing of *my part*, in spite of all
 That seek to cross me thus."

Again, compare these versions with the amended play :

" Follow I must : I cannot go before,
 While Gloster bears this base and humble mind :
 Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks :

And, being a woman, I will not be slack
To play my part in fortune's pageant."

Here, perhaps, is a still stronger evidence of an intermediate composition, and others of like importance may be seen from the notes. But more than this, the genealogy in act ii., sc. 2, in the edition of 1594, is entirely different from that given in the edition of 1619, and this latter very nearly corresponds with the amended play. See p. 87. It seems from these instances, that it will be a difficult matter to ascertain what really belongs to the first original play. I am inclined to think that there is a good deal of what may be termed the amended play in the two parts of the "Contention," and, although the evidence to my mind is so strong that Shakespeare was not the author of the whole of these plays, yet it appears little less than absurd to form an arithmetical computation of what was written by Shakespeare, and what was the work of the author of the original dramas.

There are so many passages in the two plays now reprinted, that seem almost beyond the power of any of Shakespeare's predecessors or contemporaries, perhaps even not excepting Marlowe, that as one method of explaining away the difficulties which attend a belief in Malone's theory, my conjecture that when these plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, *they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals*, does not seem improbable, borne out, as it is, by an examination of the early editions. If I am so far correct, we have yet to discover the originals of the two parts of the "Contention," as well as that of 1 Henry VI.

The well-known passage in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" proves that Shakespeare was the author of the line :

"O ! tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide,"

before September 3rd, 1592, and the angry allusion to the "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," may be best explained by supposing that Shakespeare had then superseded the older play, in which perhaps Greene may have had some very small share. The attempt to generalize this passage fails, for Greene is speaking of Shakespeare as a writer, not as an actor, a point which Mr. Knight does not sufficiently consider. But that Greene "parodies a line of his own," as the other critics tell us, is assuming a power in Greene of penning the speech in which that line occurs; and it is only necessary to compare that speech with others in Greene's acknowledged plays, to be convinced that he was not equal to any thing of the kind.

When Greene calls our great dramatist "in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country," it is scarcely possible that he could allude to Shakespeare's power of dramatic arrangement; yet the words imply something of the kind, and we may wish to believe they really do. The notice just quoted is the earliest introduction of Shakespeare in the printed literature of this country, and so valuable an authority is it, that it is unfortunate any dispute or doubt should arise relative to its meaning. That the address in which it is inserted excited much attention at the time, is told by more than one authority;^f and it probably proved a source of considerable

^f And by none more clearly than a curious tract, entitled "Greenes Newes both from *Heauen and Hell*. Prohibited the first for writing

vexation to Shakespeare himself, for shortly after its publication we find Chettle, who edited Greene's tract, apologizing for the insertion of the offensive passage. Nash also calls it, "a scald, trivial, lying, pamphlet," but there is no reason for supposing that the last epithet was applied to the part now under consideration. Chettle is enthusiastic. We may believe that he became acquainted with Shakespeare after the publication of Greene's work, and before the appearance of "Kind-Hart's Dreame." He tells us that Shakespeare was "excellent in the quality he professes," that is, as an actor; and had, moreover, a "facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."⁸ This was in November or De-

of Bookes, and banished out of the last for displaying of *Conny-catchers*. *Commended to the Presse* By B. R. At London, Printed, Anno. Domini. 1593," containing 31 leaves, A to H 3, in fours. This is not by Greene, as Mr. Dyce supposes, but perhaps by Barnaby Rich. As authors at that time frequently transposed their initials, if this book were by the same person who wrote "Greenes Funeralls," 1594, these two were perhaps those alluded to in Barnefield's "Cynthia," 12mo. Lond. 1595. "Howsoever undeseruedly (I protest) I haue beene thought (of some) to haue beene the authour of two Books heretofore. I neede not to name them, because they are too-well knowne already: nor will I deny them, because they are dislik't; but because they are not mine."

⁸ A copy of "Kind-Harts Dreame," in the Bodleian, which belonged to Burton, and cost him two-pence, reads, "*fatious* grace in writting, *which* approoues his art." The passage was corrected in passing through the press. Only one perfect copy of this rare book is known, and is preserved in the King's Library in the British Museum. The two copies in the Bodleian Library, in the Burton and Malone collections, want the concluding chapter. Burton's copy has several peculiar readings worthy of notice. Thus at p. 16 of the reprint, we have:—"It were to be wished, if they will not be warned,

cember, 1592. Shakespeare probably had written part of the "True Tragedy" before that time.

There is another passage in "Kind-Harts Dreame," which seems rather at variance with the one just quoted. Chettle, speaking of Greene, says, "of whom, *however some suppose themselves injured*, I have learned to speak, considering he is dead, *nil nisi necessarium*. He was of singular plesance, *the very supporter*, and, *to no man's disgrace be this intended*, the ONLY comedian of a vulgar writer in this country." Chettle here seems to recollect the offence that the "address" had given; he exclaims, "to *no man's disgrace be this intended*," he was not wronging Shakespeare in calling Greene "the *only* comedian of a vulgar writer in this country." Chettle professes to say nothing more of Greene than is requisite; this testimony to his merits is given, notwithstanding his alleged friendliness to Shakespeare. He probably alludes to Shakespeare, when he says, "however some suppose themselves injured."^h Mr. Collier thinks Chettle implies that Shakespeare had acquired no reputation as an *original* dramatic poet in 1592; and it certainly goes far to prove that his *comic* pieces

that, as well the singers, as their supporters, were burned in the tongue, that they might rather be ever utterly mute, than the *triumphers* of so many mischiefs." The word "triumphers," which is clearly wrong, is corrected in Burton's copy to "trumpets." If this book be again reprinted, the editor would do well to notice this and other variations.

^h In case any one may chance to read the whole in the Percy Society's reprint, it is necessary, for my own sake, to say that this passage is there erroneously given, "however some *may* suppose themselves injured."

had not then appeared, or, if they had, had obtained little applause. Our business is now with the histories; and the "First Part of the Contention," and the "True Tragedy," may have been *rifacimenti* by Shakespeare as early as 1592.

When Greene parodied the line in "The True Tragedy," and alluded to the "crow beautified with *our* feathers," it is probable he meant to insinuate that he himself had some share in the composition of the play, which in one state of its reconstruction or amendment by Shakespeare fell under his satire. This probability is considerably strengthened by the following passage in "Greene's Funeralls, By R. B. Gent.," 4to. Lond. 1594, a rare tract of twelve leaves, preserved in the Bodleian Library:—

"Greene is the pleasing Obiect of an eie;

Greene pleasse the eies of all that lookt vppon him.

Greene is the ground of euerie Painters die;

Greene gaue the ground to all that wrote vpon him.

Nay more the men that so Eclipt his fame,

Purloynde his Plumes, can they deny the same."

This is "Sonnet ix." in this rare little volume, which contains the term "sugred sonnets," afterwards appropriated by Meres to Shakespeare. R. B., whoever he was, may write somewhat in partisanship, but how Nash's indignant rejection of the authorship of the other tract can be held a sufficient reply to this plain statement seems mysterious. Yet so Mr. Knight would tell us, and adds that no "great author appeared in the world who was not reputed, in the outset of his career, to be a plagiarist." Was Harriot held a plagiarist,

when he promulgated his original theories? Was not his adoption of Vieta's notions discovered afterwards? The cases are nearly parallel, though there was no Vieta alive to claim the groundwork. We may not care to know who laid the foundation, but surely Greene's words are not to be altogether divested of any intelligible meaning.ⁱ

The "True Tragedy," as originally composed, was, as we learn from the title-page, played by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, for whom Greene was in the habit of writing. None of Shakespeare's undisputed plays were played by this company. "Titus Andronicus," an earlier drama, also has this external evidence against its authenticity. Mr. Collier, indeed, tells us that *before* 1592, "a popular play, written for one company, and perhaps acted by that company as it was written, might be surreptitiously obtained by another, having been at best taken down from the mouths of the original performers: from the second company it might be procured

ⁱ A writer of our own day, and, strange to say, since the publication of Mr. Knight's "Essay," has given a gratuitous assertion quite as much the other way. The following announcement will be read with considerable astonishment by those who have paid any attention to this branch of literature. "Shakespeare was just then [1592] rising into notice; and we know from various sources that he was employed in adapting and altering the productions of Nash, Greene, and other unprincipled companions—a circumstance which drew down upon him their hatred and abuse." — *Introduction to the Percy Society's reprint of Kind Heart's Dream*, 8vo. Lond. 1841, p. xiv. Where are these various sources? Who were the *other* "unprincipled" companions? Shakespeare adapting and altering the productions of Nash!

by a third, and, after a succession of changes, corruptions, and omissions, it might find its way at last to the press." This, as Mr. Knight thinks, entirely overthrows Malone's argument on the point: but the "True Tragedy" was not printed till 1595, and, according to Mr. Collier, this system probably concluded two years previously. Besides, the title-page would probably exhibit the name of the original company. If Malone is not right, it is very singular that the suspicious account should only appear on the titles of two suspicious dramas.

Passing over Malone's conclusions from inaccuracies and anachronisms, which can hardly be considered safe guides, when we reflect how numerous they are throughout Shakespeare's plays, there is yet one other circumstance worthy of notice, that indirectly associates the name of Greene with the older dramas. In "The First Part of the Contention," mention is made of "Abradas, *the great Macedonian pirate*." Who Abradas was, does not anywhere appear, and the only other mention of him that has been discovered is in "Penelopes Web," 4to. Lond. 1588,^k a tract written by Greene: "I remember, Ismena, that Epicurus measured every mans dyet by his own principles, and Abradas, *the great Macedonian pirat*,

^k This book was entered, according to a MS. note by Malone, on the Stationers' Registers, by E. Aggas, Jan. 26th, 1587-8, and the book itself, "imprinted at London for T. C. and E. A.," was published that year without a date. Another edition appeared in 1601, which Mr. Collier calls "the only known edition," but there is a copy of the *editio princeps* in the Bodleian. See Collier's "Shakespeare," v., 183.

thought euery one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." These coincidences are perhaps more curious than important, but still they appear worth notice. It may likewise be mentioned, as a confirmatory circumstance, that Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, mentions Greene "being chiefe agent for the companie, for hee writ more than foure other,¹ how well I will not say." If, therefore, Greene was so intimately connected with the Earl of Pembroke's servants, and Shakespeare not at all, the external evidence, as far as this goes, is strongly in favour of Greene's having had some share in the composition of the "True Tragedy," and, as a matter of course, "The First Part of the Contention."

I have followed Mr. Hunter in saying that the allusion to Shakespeare in the "Groatsworth of Wit," entered at Stationers' Hall on September 20th, 1592, is the earliest introduction of our great dramatic poet in the printed literature of this country. If, however, the opinion of Chalmers may be relied on, Gabriel Harvey, in his "Four letters especially touching Robert Greene, and *other parties*, by him abused," 1592, alludes to Shakespeare in the third letter, dated September 9th, 1592, wherein he says: "I speak generally to every springing wit, but more especially to a few: and, at this instant, *singularly*, to *one*, whom I salute with a hundred bless-

¹ "He that was wont to sollicite your mindes with many pleasant conciets, and to fit your fancies at the least euery quarter of the yere, with strange and quaint deuises, best beseeming the season, and most answerable to your pleasures." — *Greene's Newes both from Heauen and Hell*, 1593.

ings." These notices of Shakespeare are, however, digressions in this place, even if they prove that Shakespeare was not popularly known as a dramatic writer before 1592. Chettle's evidence in the same year is almost conclusive with respect to the histrionic powers of Shakespeare; and it would be a curious addition to our poet's history to ascertain whether he performed in the plays now presented to the reader, after they had been altered and amended. There is a well-known epigram by Davies, in his "Scourge of Folly," 1611, p. 76, that has some theatrical anecdote connected with it, now perhaps for ever lost,^m but which implies that Rowe was not exactly right when he stated that "the top of his performance was the ghost of Hamlet." Another evidence may be adduced, from Davies' "Humours Heav'n

^m I do not know the authority for the following anecdote, which appears to illustrate Davies' epigram. "It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of the immortal Shakespeare, and used frequently, as was the custom with persons of great rank in those days, to appear upon the stage before the audience, or to sit delighted behind the scenes, when the plays of our bard were performed. One evening, *when Shakespeare himself was personating the part of a king*, the audience knew of her majesty being in the house. She crossed the stage when he was performing, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it. When behind the scenes, she caught his eye, and moved again, but still he could not throw off his character to notice her: this made her majesty think of some means by which she might know whether he would depart or not from the dignity of his character while on the stage. Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage, which Shakespeare noticing, took up with these words,

on Earth," 8vo. Lond. 1609, p. 208, which has not been yet quoted :—

"Some followed her [Fortune] by acting all men's parts,
 These on a stage she rais'd, in scorn to fall,
 And made them mirrors by their acting arts,
 Wherein men saw their faults, though ne'er so small :
 Yet some she guerdon'd not to their ⁿ deserts ;
 But othersome were but ill-action all,
 Who, while they acted ill, ill stay'd behind,
 By custom of their manners, in their mind."

This alludes to Shakespeare and Burbage, as appears from the marginal note ; but the inference to be drawn from it is in favour of Shakespeare's capabilities as an actor. Davies is often rather unintelligible, and the allusion :—

"Some say, good Will, which I, in sport, do sing,
 Hadst thou not play'd some kingly parts in sport,
 Thou hadst been a companion for a king,
 And been a king among the meaner sort,"

remains to be unravelled. It clearly alludes to some circumstance which took place after the accession of James I.

This digression is not without its use, because it shows immediately after finishing his speech ; and so aptly were they delivered, that they seemed to belong to it :—

'And though now bent on this high embassy,
 Yet stoop we to take up our cousin's glove.'

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the queen, who was greatly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him upon the propriety of it." — *Dramatic Table Talk*, 8vo. Lond. 1825, ii., 156-7.

ⁿ "W. S., R. B."—*Marg. note in orig.*

that we have good grounds for believing Chettle's testimony to Shakespeare's histrionic merits, we can the more readily give credence to his assertion that our dramatist possessed a "facetious grace in writing that approves his art." If the other passage just quoted, which relates to Greene, proves that Shakespeare was not known as a comic writer as early as 1592, it by no means sufficiently outweighs Chettle's first testimony to make us doubt that Shakespeare had then largely contributed to the two parts of the "Contention." Mr. Knight tells us repeatedly that if Malone's theory be adopted, Shakespeare was the most unblushing plagiarist that ever put pen to paper. Why so? Did Shakespeare adopt the labours of others as his own? If he had done so, why was his name effaced from the title-page of "Sir John Oldcastle," and why was it not inserted on the early editions of the present plays? He would have been essentially a dishonest plagiarist, says Mr. Knight. But it was the common custom of the time for dramatists to be engaged to remodel and amplify the productions of others. A reference to Henslowe's Diary will at once establish this fact. In 1601, Decker was paid thirty shillings "for *altering* of Fayton;" and, in the following year, we find Ben Jonson paid £10 on account, "in earnest of a boocke called Richard Croockback, and for *new adycions* for Jeronimo." According to Mr. Knight's theory, Decker, Jonson, and every unfortunate playwright, who complied with the custom of the time, were "unblushing plagiarists." The great probability is that the theatre for which Shakespeare wrote had become proprietor of the older plays, and that he made altera-

tions, and added to them when necessary. There was no plagiarism in the case ; and perhaps one day it will be discovered that little of the original dramas now remains in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.

From Henslowe's Diary it appears that a play called Henry VI. was acted thirteen times in the spring of 1592 by Lord Strange's players, who, be it remembered, never performed any of Shakespeare's plays. This is conjectured with great probability to be the First Part of Henry VI. in some state or other of its composition, and the play whose power "embalmed" the bones of "brave Talbot" with the tears of ten thousand spectators. The death-scene of Talbot is, perhaps, the most powerfully constructed part of the play ; our national sympathies have been awakened in his favour, and we pity his woful end : but Nash gives like praise to the contemptible "Famous Victories." Mr. Knight places great reliance on the unity of action in the First Part of the Contention and the First Part of Henry VI. to prove that they were both written by one and the same person ; but surely these two plays have neither unity of characterisation, nor unity of style, and the want of these outweighs the unity of action. That there is considerable unity of action, I admit. In some cases, nearly the same expressions occur. Thus, in 1 Henry VI. act iv., sc. 1., King Henry says :

"Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France."

And in the First Part of the Contention, act i., sc. 1, he says—

"Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
From being regent in the parts of France."

But I suspect these coincidences, and the evidences of the unity of action, as well also as those scenes which a cursory reader might suppose to have been written for the purposes of continuation, may be attributed to the writer having adopted his incidents out of the old chronicles, where such matters are placed in not very strict chronological arrangement. Thus, in *Richard III.*, the incident of the King sending the Bishop of Ely for strawberries is isolated, adopted in order with the other scenes from the chroniclers, probably Holinshead, and useless for the purposes of continuation. With a discussion on the supposed unity of style I will not occupy these pages. Opinion in this matter is sufficient, for the plays are accessible. Mr. Hallam thinks the First Part of *Henry VI.* might have been written by Greene, and the very opening of the play is in the bombastic style of the older dramatists. Again, with respect to the characterisation, is the Margaret of 1 *Henry VI.* the Margaret of the First Part of the *Contention*? Perhaps her character is not sufficiently developed in the first of these to enable us to judge; but, in regard to the characters that are common to both, we may safely decide that not one characteristic of importance is to be found in 1 *Henry VI.* not immediately derived from the chroniclers. Are we to suppose that Suffolk's instantaneous love was corresponded to by Margaret, or was she only haughty and not passionate when she quietly answers Suffolk in the speech in which she is introduced? I do not mean to assert that there is any inconsistency in her being represented merely haughty in one play, and passionate in the other, for

different circumstances would render this very possible ; but it is not easy to infer the strict unity of characterisation that is attempted to be established.

If the First Part of Henry VI. were originally written by Shakespeare, and with all these scenes for the purposes of continuation, as Mr. Knight would have us believe, how does Mr. Knight account for the appearance of the Second Part of Henry VI. under the title of “ The *First* Part of the Contention ? ” This is a point to which no attention has been given. Two editions of the “ First Part of the Contention ” were published in 1600 under the old title, but we find that in 1602 their later appellations as parts of Henry VI. had been given them. It seems reasonable to infer that, when Shakespeare remodelled the old plays, and formed the two parts of the “ Contention,” he had had nothing to do with the old play of Henry VI. mentioned by Henslowe, and had intended the play now called the Second Part of Henry VI. to be the first of his own series. Afterwards, he might have been employed to make “ new adycyons ” to the old play of Henry VI. and then the three plays may have been amalgamated into a series, and the old play rendered uniform by scenes written for continuations previously made. Take the First Part of Henry VI. away, and the concluding chorus to Henry V. remains equally intelligible. The “ True Tragedy ” may also have been called “ Edward IV.,” and so more naturally the series would have continued with Richard III.

In vain have I looked for any identity of manner in the scene between Suffolk and Margaret in the First Part

of Henry VI. and the similar scene in the First Part of the Contention. But so much stress has been laid on this point, that I beg the reader will here carefully compare them together.

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI., Act v. Sc. 3.

“ *Suf.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly ;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou ? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples ; whoso’er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call’d.
Be not offended, nature’s miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta’en by me :
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.
Yet if this servile usage once offend,
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk’s friend.

[*She turns away as going*

O, stay !—I have no power to let her pass ;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.”

FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, Act iii., Sc. 2.

“ *Queen.* Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,
For if the king do come, thou sure must die.

Suf. And if I go I cannot live : but here to die,
What were it else,

But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 As mild and gentle as the new-born babe,
 That dies with mother's dug between his lips.
 Where from thy sight I should be raging mad,
 And call for thee to close mine eyes,
 Or with thy lips to stop my dying soul,
 That I might breathe it so into thy body,
 And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
 By thee to die, were but to die in jest ;
 From thee to die, were torment more than death :
 Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Queen. Oh might'st thou stay with safety of thy life,
 Then should'st thou stay ; but heavens deny it,
 And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeal'd.

Suf. I go.

Queen. And take my heart with thee.

[*She kisses him.*]

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the wofull'st cask,
 That ever yet contain'd a thing of worth.

Thus, like a splitted bark, so sunder we ;

This way fall I to death.

[*Exit* SUFFOLK.]

Queen. This way for me.

[*Exit* QUEEN."]

Mr. Dyce could not have been far wrong, when he excluded the first of these plays from his chronology, as "exhibiting no traces of Shakespeare's peculiar style, and being altogether in the manner of an older school." This judicious writer thinks that it may be attributed either to Marlowe or Kyd, and we are occasionally reminded of the former author. Henslowe's "Diary" lets us a good deal into the prison-house secrets of the relative position between author and manager in those days ; we there find that sometimes four writers were occasionally employed on one play ; and there seems to

be strong internal evidence that the **First Part of Henry VI.** was not wholly the work of one hand.

Capell, struck with the power of the death-scene of Henry VI., long since decided that it was unquestionably the work of Shakespeare. It is, indeed, a composition in Shakespeare's peculiar style; and it occurs in the "**True Tragedy**," with only a few verbal alterations, and the omission of five unimportant lines at the commencement. In the same way, the speech beginning :—

" I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,"

is equal, if not superior, in smoothness and power, to a like speech in "**Richard III.**" How can Mr. Collier find it in his heart to deprive Shakespeare of these? There is nothing equal to them in the **First Part of Henry VI.**, and little superior to them in the other historical plays. It is, however, worthy of remark, that Meres in 1598 does not mention either Henry VI., or the **Contention**, which would seem to show that they were not highly estimated even in Shakespeare's own time.

Gildon tells us of a tradition, that Shakespeare, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, said, that, " finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote plays in order to instruct the people in that particular." This is absurd. "**Plays**," says Heywood in 1612, " have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of all our English chronicles; and what man have you now of that weak capacity, that cannot discourse of any notable

thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay, from the landing of Brute, until this day?"^o Henslowe mentions a play on the subject of William the Conqueror, and there can be little doubt that a complete series once existed, even up to Henry VIII., and perhaps even later. There was little authentic history in those days, and the researches of Cotton and Hayward were not popularly known. Most were content to take the "depraved lies" of the playwrights for truth, and, like the simpleton mentioned by Ben Jonson, prefer them to the sage chroniclers:—

"No, I confess I have it from the play-books,
And think they are more authentic."

It is ridiculous to talk of Shakespeare having invented an historical drama, that had been gradually growing towards the perfection it reached in his hands from the middle of the sixteenth century. Let, therefore, Gildon's tradition be distributed with the other myths that the

^o "Thirdly, he affirms that playes have taught the ignorant knowledge of many famous histories. They have indeed made many to know of those histories they never did, by reason they would never take the paines to reade them. But these that know the histories before they see them acted, are ever ashamed, when they have heard what lyes the players insert amongst them, and how greatly they deprave them. If they be too long for a play, they make them curtals; if too short, they enlarge them with many fables, and whither too long or too short, they corrupt them with a foole and his bables: whereby they make them like leaden rules, which men will fit to their worke, and not frame their worke to them. So that the ignorant instead of true history shall beare away nothing but fabulous lyes." — *A Refutation of the Apology for Actors*, 4to. Lond. 1615, p. 42.

commencement of the seventeenth century interwove with the little that was then known of Shakespeare's authentic history.

There are other opinions that require notice in this place. It has been conjectured that the "First Part of the Contention" and the "True Tragedy" were not written by the same person, because the account of Clifford's death at the conclusion of the former play varies with that given of the same occurrence at the commencement of the other. The reader will find this mentioned in another place. On the same principle we might conclude that the Second Parts of Henry IV. and Henry VI. are not by the same hand, because the story of Althea is erroneously told in the first of these plays, and rightly in the second. It is difficult to account for these inconsistencies, but there they are, the *ἁμαρτία κατὰ συμβεβηκός* of Shakespeare. It seems paradoxical that Shakespeare should at one time remember a well-known classical story, and forget it at another; but these instances illustrate the correctness of Aristotle's definition, and can probably be explained in no other way.

Dr. Johnson, who often speaks at random in these matters, asserts that the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. were not written without a *dependence* on the first. Malone has answered him satisfactorily, by saying, "the old play of Henry VI. had been exhibited before these were written in any form; but it does not follow from this concession, either that the 'Contention' was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakespeare was the author of these two pieces, as *originally composed*." This is exactly the point to

which I would draw the reader's attention. I will leave *the unity of action out of the question*, because we are not dealing with works of imagination, and this can be accounted for, as I have previously contended, in the sources from which the incidents are derived. Had there been two Parts to the "*Tempest*," and the same kind of unity of action, and similar instances of scenes written for the purposes of continuation, the argument would hold in that case, unless it could be shown that these were also to be found in the original romance or drama upon which it was founded. Here there is nothing of the kind. I believe that, with the present evidence, it is impossible to ascertain the exact portions of the two Parts of the "*Contention*," which were not written by Shakespeare, and belong to the older drama. There is nothing Shakesperian in this :—

"These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.
The duchess she thinks now that all is well,
But I have gold comes from another place,
From one that hired me to set her on,
To plot these treasons 'gainst the king and peers ;
And that is the mighty duke of Suffolk.
For he it is, but I must not say so,
That by my means must work the duchess' fall,
Who now by conjurations thinks to rise."

This is one of the most favourable specimens of the rejections. Mr. Knight would have us believe that Shakespeare wrote the following speech, and put it into the mouth of Richard, after he had slain Somerset :—

"So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood.
What's here, the sign of the Castle ?

Then the prophecy is come to pass,
For Somerset was forewarn'd of castles,
The which he always did observe,
And now behold, under a paltry alehouse sign,
The Castle in St. Alban's, Somerset
Hath made the wizard famous by his death."

Is there in this one single characteristic of the language which *Shakespeare* gives to Richard? Is there identity of manner? Is not the style comparatively puerile? Let this and similar passages be given to the author or authors of the original play, but let us retain for Shakespeare the parts, that we may fairly judge from comparison to have been beyond the power of those of his contemporaries, whose works have descended to our times.

In these discussions, it ought to be recollected that the works of Shakespeare have met with a better fate than those of most of his contemporaries. There may have been "six Shakespeares in the field" at the time we have been speaking of, and the works of one only been preserved. Few had kind friends like Hemings and Condell to look to the interests of their posthumous reputation. It may be that few deserved such treatment, but we are by no means to decide conclusively, merely because the specimens of their talent which have come down to our time are so vastly inferior to the productions of the great bard. The argument of authorship, as adopted by Mr. Knight, is at best but a *reductio ad absurdum*, where *possibilities* exist, that even, if the predicates be proved, two conclusions may be drawn. Supposing we are satisfied that neither Peele, nor Kyd, nor

Greene, nor even Marlowe, was equal to any given performance, it does not necessarily follow that there was no one of their contemporaries who was not capable of it, though the presumptive evidence may be in favour of the first position.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

Feb. 22nd, 1843.

THE
FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION
BETWIXT THE TWO FAMOUS HOUSES
OF YORKE AND LANCASTER, WITH
THE DEATH OF THE GOOD
DUKE HUMPHREY:

And the banishment and death of the Duke of
Suffolke, and the Tragicall end of the proud
C'ardinall of *Winchester*, with the notable
Rebellion of *Iacke Cade*:

*And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the
Crowne.*

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington,
and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters
Church in Cornwall.

1594.

The First Part of the Contention of the Two
Famovs Houses of *Yorke & Lancaster*,
with the death of the good Duke
Humphrey.

Enter at one doore, King HENRY the sixt, and HUMPHREY Duke of GLOSTER, the Duke of SOMMERSET, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Cardinall BEWFORD, and others.

Enter at the other doore, the Duke of YORKE, and the Marquesse of SUFFOLKE, and Queene MARGARET, and the Earle of SALISBURY and WARWICKE.

Suffolke. As by your high imperiall Maiesties command,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator for your excellence,
To marry Princes Margaret for your grace,
So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,
In presence of the Kings of France & Cyssile,
The Dukes of Orleance, Calabar, Brittain, and Alonson.
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the reuerend
Bishops,
I did performe my taske and was espoused,
And now, most humbly on my bended knees,
In sight of England and her royall Peeres,
Deliuer vp my title in the Queene,
Vnto your gracious excellence, that are the substance

Of that great shadow I did represent :
 The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,
 The fairest Queene that euer King possest.

King. Suffolke arise.

Welcome Queene Margaret to English Henries Court,
 The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,
 Is this kinde kisse : Oh gracious God of heauen,
 Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulnessse,
 For in this beautilous face thou hast bestowde
 A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

Queene. Th' excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,
 Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,
 Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman :
 Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,
 And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable,
 Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King.

Kin. Her looks did wound, but now her speech doth
 pierce,

Louely Queene Margaret sit down by my side :
 And vncke Gloster, and you Lordly Peeres,
 With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.

All. Long liue Queene Margaret, Englands happinesse.

Queene. We thanke you all. [*Sound Trumpets.*]

Suffolke. My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,
 Here are the Articles confirme of peace,
 Betweene our Soueraigne and the French King Charles,
 Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.

Humphrey. Imprimis, It is agreed betweene the French
 King Charles, and William de la Poule, Marquesse of
 Suffolke, Embassador for Henry King of England, that
 the said Henry shal wed and espouse the Ladie Marga-
 ret, daughter to Raynard King of Naples, Cyssels, and
 Ierusalem, and crowne her Queene of England, ere the
 30. of the next month.

Item. It is further agreed betweene them, that the

Dutches of Anioy and of Maine, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her fa.

[*Duke HUMPHREY lets it fall.*

Kin. How now vnkle, whats the matter that you stay so sodenly.

Humph. Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,

Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.

Vnkle of Winchester, I pray you reade on.

Cardinall. Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of Anioy and of Mayne, shall be released and deliuered ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

King. They please vs well, Lord Marquesse kneele downe, We here create thee first Duke of Suffolke, & girt thee with the sword. Cosin of Yorke, We here discharge your grace from being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18. months be full expirde.

Thankes vnkle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham, Somerset, Salisbury and Warwicke.

We thanke you all for this great fauour done,

In entertainment to my Princely Queene,

Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide

To see her Coronation be performde.

[*Exet King, Queene, and SUFFOLKE, and Duke HUMPHREY staires all the rest.*

Humphrey. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must vnfold his grieve,

What did my brother Henry toyle himselfe,

And waste his subiects for to conquere France?

And did my brother Bedford spend his time

To keepe in awe that stout vnruely Realme?

And haue not I and mine vnkle Bewford here,

Done all we could to keepe that land in peace?

And is all our labours then spent in vaine,
 For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the roast,
 Hath giuen away for our King Henries Queene,
The Dutches of Anioy and Mayne vnto her father.
 Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canselling our states,
 Reuersing Monuments of conquered France,
 Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done.

Card. Why how now cosin Gloster, what needs this?
 As if our King were bound vnto your will,
 And might not do his will without your leaue,
 Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,
 The big swolne venome of thy hatefull heart,
 That dares presume gainst that thy Soueraigne likes.

Humphr. Nay my Lord tis not my words that troubles
 you,

But my presence, proud Prelate as thou art :
 But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake.
 Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,
 I prophesied France would be lost ere long.

[*Exet Duke HUMPHREY.*

Card. There goes our Protector in a rage,
 My Lords you know he is my great enemy,
 And though he be Protector of the land,
 And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,
 For well you see, if he but walke the streets,
 The common people swarme about him straight,
 Crying Iesus blesse your royall exellence,
 With God preserue the good Duke Humphrey.
 And many things besides that are not knownc,
 Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

But I will after him, and if I can
 Ile laie a plot to heaue him from his seate.

[*Exet Cardinall.*

Buck. But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,

Cosen of Somerset be rulde by me,
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

Somerset. Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with
me,

And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,
Weele quickly heaue Duke Humphrey from his seate.

Buck. Content, Come then let vs about it straight,
For either thou or I will be Protector.

[*Exet* BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.

Salsb. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.
Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,
My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,
Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall
Sweare, and forswear himselfe, and braue it out,
More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.
Cosin Yorke, the victories thou hast wonne,
In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,
Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.
And thou braue Warwicke, my thrice valiant sonne,
Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,
The reurence of mine age, and Neuels name,
Is of no little force if I command,
Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,
That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,
But wherefore weepes Warwicke my noble sonne.

Warw. For grieve that all is lost that Warwick won.
Sonnes. Anioy and Maine, both giuen away at once,
Why Warwick did win them, & must that then which
we wonne with our swords, be giuen away with wordes.

Yorke. As I haue read, our Kinges of England were
woont to haue large dowries with their wiues, but our
King Henry giues away his owne.

Sals. Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.

War. Vnto the Maine, Oh father Maine is lost,
Which Warwicke by maine force did win from France,
Maine chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

[*Exet* SALSBURY and WARWICKE.

Yorke. Anioy and Maine, both giuen vnto the French,
Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,
And make a show of loue to proud Duke Humphrey :
And when I spie aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For thats the golden marke I seeke to hit :
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
Nor weare the Diademe vpon his head.
Whose church-like humours fits not for a Crowne :
Then Yorke be still a while till time do serue,
Watch thou, and wake when others be a sleepe,
To prie into the secrets of the state,
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,
With his new bride, and Englands dear bought queene,
And Humphrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres.
Then will I raise aloft the milke-white Rose,
With whose sweete smell the aire shall be perfumde,
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the House of Lancaster :
And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England downe.

[*Exet* YORKE.

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY, and Dame ELLANOR, COBHAM
his wife.*

Elnor. Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,
Hanging the head at Cearies plenteous load,

What seest thou Duke Humphrey King Henries Crowne?
Reach at it, and if thine arme be too short,
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,
Vnckle to the King, and his Protector?
Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content thy
minde.

Humph. My louely Nell, far be it from my heart,
To thinke of Treasons gainst my soueraigne Lord,
But I was troubled with a dreame to night,
And God I pray, it do betide no ill.

Elnor. What drempt my Lord. Good Humphrey tell
it me,
And ile interpret it, and when thats done,
Ile tell thee then, what I did dreame to night.

Humphrey. This night when I was laid in bed, I
drempt that
This my staffe mine Office badge in Court,
Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd,
The heads of the Cardinall of Winchester,
And William de la Poule first Duke of Suffolke.

Elnor. Tush my Lord, this signifies nought but this,
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I drempt,
Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church
At Westminster, and seated in the chaire
Where Kings and Queenes are crownde, and at my feete
Henry and Margaret with a Crowne of gold
Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.

Humphrey. Fie Nell. Ambitious woman as thou art,
Art thou not second woman in this land,
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him,
And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,
Away I say, and let me heare no more.

Elnor. How now my Lord. What angry with your Nell,

For telling but her dreame. The next I haue
Ile keepe to my selfe, and not be rated thus.

Humphrey. Nay Nell, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,
But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

Enters a Messenger.

Messenger. And it please your grace, the King and
Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to Saint
Albones, and craues your company along with them.

Humphrey. With all my heart, I will attend his grace :
Come Nell, thou wilt go with vs vs I am sure.

[*Exit HUMPHREY.*

Elnor. Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,
But ere it be long, Ile go before them all,
Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,
Who is within there ?

Enter sir IOHN HUM.

What sir Iohn Hum, what newes with you ?

Sir Iohn. Iesus preserue your Maiestie.

Elnor. My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.

Sir Iohn. I, but by the grace of God & Hums aduise,
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

Elnor. What hast thou conferd with Margery Iordaine,
the cunning Witch of Ely, with Roger Bullingbrooke
and the rest, and will they vndertake to do me good ?

Sir Iohn. I haue Madame, and they haue promised
me to raise a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde, that
shall tell your grace all questions you demaund.

Elnor. Thanks good sir Iohn. Some two daies hence
I gesse

Will fit our time, then see that they be here :
For now the King is ryding to Saint Albones,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,
When they be gone, then safely they may come,

And on the backside of my Orchard heere,
 There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,
 And so resolute vs of the thing we wish,
 Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farwell.

[*Exet* ELNOR.]

Sir Iohn. Now sir Iohn Hum, No words but mum.
 Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,
 These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,
 The Duches she thinks now that all is well,
 But I haue gold comes from another place,
 From one that hyred me to set her on,
 To plot these Treasons gainst the King and Peeres,
 And that is the mightie Duke of Suffolke.
 For he it is, but I must not say so,
 That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,
 Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.
 But whist sir Iohn, no more of that I trow,
 For feare you lose your head before you goe. [*Exet.*]

Enter two Petitioners, and PETER the Armourers man.

1. *Peti.* Come sirs let vs linger here abouts a while,
 Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
 That we may show his grace our seuerall causes.

2. *Peti.* I pray God saue the good Duke Humphries
 life,
 For but for him a many were vndone,
 That cannot get no succour in the Court,
 But see where he comes with the Queene.

*Enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE with the Queene, and they
 take him for Duke HUMPHREY, and giues him their
 writings.*

1. *Peti.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.
Queene. Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak
 withall?

2. *Peti.* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Pro-
tectors Grace.

Queene. Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them
first,

Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

Suffolke. A complaint against the Cardinals man,
What hath he done ?

2. *Peti.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole away my wife,
And th' are gone together, and I know not where to finde
them.

Suffolke. Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury
indeed.

But what say you ?

Peter Thump. Marry sir I come to tel you that my
maister said, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire vnto
the Crowne, and that the King was an vsurer.

Queene. An vsurper thou wouldst say.

Peter. I forsooth an vsurper.

Queene. Didst thou say the King was an vsurper ?

Peter. No forsooth, I saide my maister saide so, th'
other day when we were scowring the Duke of Yorks
Armour in our garret.

Suffolke. I marry this is something like,
Whose within there ?

Enter one or two.

Sirra take in this fellow and keepe him close,
And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight,
Weele here more of this before the king.

[Exet with the Armourers man.]

Now sir what yours ? Let me see it,
Whats here ?

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for enclosing
the commons of long Melford.

How now sir knaue.

1. *Peti.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, me, I am but a Messenger for the whole town-ship.

[*He teares the papers.*]

Suffolke. So now show your petitions to Duke Humphrey.

Villaines get you gone and come not neare the Court,
Dare these pesants write against me thus.

[*Exet Petitioners.*]

Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, you may see by this,
The Commons loues vnto that haughtie Duke,
That seekes to him more then to King Henry :
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,
And nere regards the honour of his name,
But still must be protected like a childe,
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,
That scarce will moue his cap nor speake to vs,
And his proud wife, high minded Elanor,
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.
The other day she wanted to her maides,
That the very traine of her worst gowne,
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,
Can any grieve of minde be like to this.
I tell thee Poull, when thou didst runne at Tilt,
And stolst away our Ladaies hearts in France,
I thought King Henry had bene like to thee,
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

Suffolke. Madame content your selfe a litle while,
As I was cause of your comming to England,
So will I in England worke your full content :
And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife,
I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,
As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.
But staie Madame, here comes the King.

Enter King HENRY, and the Duke of YORKE and the Duke of SOMERSET on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter Duke HUMPHREY, Dame ELNOR, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the Earle of SALSBURY, the Earle of WARWICKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHESTER.

King. My Lords I care not who be Regent in France, or York, or Somerset, alls wonne to me.

Yorke. My Lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe, Let Somerset enioy his place and go to France.

Somerset. Then whom your grace thinke worthie, let him go,
And there be made the Regent ouer the French.

Warwicke. Whom soeuer you account worthie, Yorke is the worthiest.

Cardinall. Pease Warwicke. Giue thy betters leaue to speake.

War. The Cardinals not my better in the field.

Buc. All in this place are thy betters farre.

War. And Warwicke may liue to be the best of all.

Queene. My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that Somerset were Regent ouer France.

Humphrey Madame onr King is old inough himselfe, To giue his answere without your consent.

Queene. If he be old inough, what needs your grace To be Protector ouer him so long.

Humphrey. Madame I am but Protector ouer the land, And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.

Suffolke. Resigne it then, for since that thou wast King, As who is King but thee. The common state Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke, And Millions of treasure hath bene spent, And as for the Regentship of France, I say Somerset is more worthie then Yorke.

Yorke. Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthie, Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

War. And yet the worthie deeds that York hath done,
Should make him worthie to be honoured here.

Suffolke. Peace headstrong Warwicke.

War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suffolke. Because here is a man accusde of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his
maister of high Treason, And his words were these.
That the Duke of Yorke was lawfull heire vnto the
Crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper.

Yorke. I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment
the law will afford, for his villany.

King. Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these
words?

Armour. Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said
any such matter, God is my witsesse, I am falsly accused
by this villain here.

Peter. 'Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

Yorke. I beseech your grace, let him haue the law.

Armour. Alasse my Lord, hang me if euer I spake
the words, my accuser is my prentise, & when I did correct
him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his
knees that he would be euen with me, I haue good
witsesse of this, and therefore I beseech your Maiestie
do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation.

King. Vnckle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

Humphrey. The law my Lord is this by case, it rests
suspitious,
That a day of combat be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or wrong,
Which shall be on the thirteenth of this month,

With Eben stauers, and Standbags combatting
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie.

[*Exet HUMPHREY.*

Armour. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.

Suffolke. You must either fight sirra or else be hangde :
Go take them hence againe to prison. [*Exet with them.*

[*The Queene lets fall her gloue, and hits the Duches
of GLOSTER, a boxe on the eare.*

Queene. Giue me my gloue. Why Minion can you
not see ? [*She strikes her.*

I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,
I did not thinke it had bene you.

Elnor. Did you not proud French-woman,
Could I come neare your daintie vissage with my nayles,
Ide set my ten commandments in your face.

King. Be patient gentle Aunt.
It was against her will.

Elnor. Against her will. Good King sheele dandle thee,
If thou wilt alwaies thus be rulde by her.
But let it rest. As sure as I do liue,
She shall not strike dame Elnor vnreuengde.

[*Exet ELNOR.*

King. Beleeue me my loue, thou wart much to blame,
I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,
My noble vnckle had bene here in place.

Enter Duke HUMPHREY.

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not.
Vnckle Gloster, what answere makes your grace
Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,
Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send.

Humphrey. My gracious Lord, then this is my resolute,
For that these words the Armourer should speake,
Doth breed suspition on the part of Yorke,

Let Somerset be Regent ouer the French,
Till trials made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.

King. Then be it so my Lord of Somerset.
We make your grace Regent ouer the French,
And to defend our rights gainst forraine foes,
And so do good vnto the Realme of France.
Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,
The time of Truse I thinke is full expirde.

Somerset. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
And take my leaue to poste with speed to France.

[*Exet* SOMERSET.]

King. Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our horse,
For we will to Saint Albones presently,
Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,
And we will trie how she will flie to day. [*Exet omnes.*]

Enter ELNOR, with sir IOHN HUM, ROGER BULLENBROOKE a Coniurer, and MARGERY IOURDAINE a Witch.

Elnor. Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,
Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,
And I will stand vpon this Tower here,
And here the spirit what it saies to you,
And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

[*She goes vp to the Tower.*]

Sir Iohn. Now sirs begin and cast your spels about,
And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,
And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

Witch. Then Roger Bullinbrooke about thy taske,
And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,
Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,
Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,
And coniure them for to obey my will.

She lies downe vpon her face.

BULLENBROOKE makes a Cirkle.

Bullen. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night,

Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,
Send vp I charge you from Sofetus lake,
The spirit Askalon to come to me,
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.

[It thunders and lightens, and then the Spirit riseth vp.]

Spirit. Now Bullenbrooke what wouldst thou haue me do?

Bullen. First of the King, what shall become of him?

Spirit. The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose,
But him out liue, and dye a violent death.

Bullen. What fate awayt the Duke of Suffolke.

Spirit. By water shall he die and take his ende.

Bullen. What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted stand.
Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.

[He sinkes downe againe.]

Bullen. Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,
The Rode of Dytas by the Riuer Stykes,
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,
Rise Iordaine rise, and staie thy charming Spels.
Sonnes, we are betraide.

Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and others.

Yorke. Come sirs, laie hands on them, and bind them sure,
This time was well watcht. What Madame are you there?
This will be great credit for your husband,

That your are plotting Treasons thus with Cuniurers,
The King shall haue notice of this thing.

[*Exet* Elnor *aboue*.

Buc. See here my Lord what the diuell hath writ.

Yorke. Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the King.
Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison. [*Exet with them*.

Bucking. My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the
King,

Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

Yorke. Content. Away then, about it straight.

Buck. Farewell my Lord. [*Exet* BUCKINGHAM.

Yorke. Whose within there?

Enter one.

One. My Lord.

Yorke. Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salisbury and War-
wicke, to sup with me to night. [*Exet* YORKE.

One. I will my Lord. [*Exet*.

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist,
and Duke HUMPHREY and SUFFOLKE, and the Cardi-
nall, as if they came from hawking.*

Queene. My Lord, how did your grace like this last
flight?

But as I cast her off the winde did rise,
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone out.

King. How wonderful the Lords workes are on earth,
Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?
And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.

Suffolke. No maruell if it please your Maiestie
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so well,
He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

Humphrey. Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

Card. I thought your grace would be about the cloudes.

Humph. I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good
Your grace could flie to heauen.

Card. Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and thoughts
beat on a Crowne, proude Protector dangerous Peere, to
smooth it thus with King and common-wealth.

Humphrey. How now my Lord, why this is more then
needs,
Church-men so hote. Good vnckle can you doate.

Suffolke. Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad
a cause.

Humphrey. As how, my Lord?

Suffolke. As you, my Lord. And it like your Lordly
Lords Protectorship.

Humphrey. Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insolence.

Queene. And thy ambition Gloster.

King. Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these
furious Lordes to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers
on earth.

Card. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

Humphrey. Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to
that.

Cardinall. Euen when thou darest.

Humphrey. Dare. I tell rhee Priest, Plantagenets
could neuer brooke the dare.

Card. I am Plantaganet as well as thou, and sonne to
Iohn of Gaunt.

Humph. In Bastardie.

Cardin. I scorne thy words.

Humph. Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in
thine own person meete me at the East end of the groue.

Card. Heres my hand, I will.

King. Why how now Lords?

Card. Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast off

so soone, we had had more sport to day, Come with thy sword and buckler.

Humphrey. Faith Priest, Ile shaue your Crowne.

Cardinall. Protector, protect thy selfe well.

King. The wind growes high, so doth your chollour
Lords.

Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.

How now, now sirrha, what miracle is it?

One. And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.

King. Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifye the Lord with him.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with Musicke, bearing the man that had bene blind, betweene two in a chaire.

King. Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise,
For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.

Humphrey. Where wast thou borne?

Poore man. At Barwicke sir, in the North.

Humph. At Barwicke, and come thus far for helpe.

Poore man. I sir, it was told me in my sleepe,
That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight againe.

Humphrey. What are thou lame too?

Poore man. I indeed sir, God helpe me.

Humphrey. How cam'st thou lame?

Poore man. With falling off on a plum-tree.

Humph. Wart thou blind & wold clime plumtrees?

Poore man. Neuer but once sir in all my life,
My wife did long for plums.

Humph. But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?

Poore man. I truly sir.

Woman. I indeed sir, he was borne blinde.

Humphrey. What art thou his mother?

Woman. His wife sir.

Humphrey. Hadst thou bene his mother,
Thou couldst haue better told.

Why let me see, I thinke thou canst not see yet.

Poore man. Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.

Humphrey. Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?

Poore man. Why red maister, as red as blood.

Humphrey. And his cloake?

Poore man. Why thats greene.

Humphrey. And what colours his hose?

Poore man. Yellow maister, yellow as gold.

Humphrey. And what colours my gowne?

Poore man. Blacke sir, as blacke as Ieat.

King. Then belike he knowes what colour Ieat is on.

Suffolke. And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see.

Humph. But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a one.

But tell me sirrha, whats my name?

Poore man. Alasse maister I know not.

Humphrey. Whats his name?

Poore man. I know not.

Humphrey. Nor his?

Poore man. No truly sir.

Humphrey. Nor his name?

Poore man. No indeed maister.

Humphrey. Whats thine owne name?

Poore man. Sander, and it please you maister.

Humphrey. Then Sander sit there, the lyingest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene born blind, thou mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may distinguish of colours, but sodeinly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning to be great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.

Poore man. Oh maister I would you could.

Humphrey. My Maisters of saint Albones,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And things called whippes?

Mayor. Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.

Humph. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.

[*Exet one.*

Humph. Now fetch me a stoole hither by and by.
Now sirrha, If you meane to saue your selfe from
whipping,
Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.

Enter Beadle.

Poore man. Alasse maister I am not able to stand alone,
You go about to torture me in vaine.

Humph. Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that same stoole.

Beadle. I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with your
doublet quickly.

Poore man. Alas maister what shall I do, I am not
able to stand.

[*After the Beadle hath hit him one girke, he leapes
ouer the stoole and runnes away, and they run
after him, crying, A miracle, a miracle.*

Hump. A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe,
& whipt through euery Market Towne til he comes at
Barwicke where he was borne.

Mayor. It shall be done my Lord. [Exet Mayor.

Suffolke. My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day,
He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.

Humph. I but you did greater wonders, when you made
whole Dukedomes flie in a day.

Witnessse France.

King. Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that.

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham ?

Buck. Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is,
That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife,
Hath plotted Treasons gainst the King and Peeres.
By wichcrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings,
Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp,
To tell her what hap should betide the state,
But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift,
By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde,
And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.

King. First of the King, what shall become of him ?
(*Reads.*) The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose,
Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.
Gods will be done in all.

What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke ?
By water shall he die and take his end.

Suffolke. By water must the Duke of Suffolke die ?
It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.

King. Let Somerset shun Castles,
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,
Then where Castles mounted stand.

Card. Heres good stuffe, how now my Lord Protector
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,
I am in doubt youle scarsly keepe your promise.

Humphrey. Forbeare ambitious Prelate to vrge my
griefe,

And pardon me my gracious Soueraigne,
For here I sweare vnto your Maiestie,
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes
Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done,
And for she would betraie her soueraigne Lord,
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,
And leaue her open for the law to iudge,
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed.

King. Come my Lords this night wee le lodge in S.
Albones,
And to morrow we will ride to London,
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,
Come vnckle Gloster along with vs,
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent. [*Exet omnes.*

*Enter the Duke of Yorke, and the Earles of SALSBURY
and WARWICKE.*

Yorke. My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,
The right and title of the house of Yorke,
To Englands Crowne by liniall descent.

War. Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.

Yorke. Then thus my Lords.
Edward the third had seuen sonnes,
The first was Edward the blacke Prince,
Prince of Wales.
The second was Edmund of Langly,
Duke of Yorke.
The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence.
The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,
The Duke of Lancaster.

The fifth was Roger Mortemor, Earle of March.
The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstocke.
William of Winsore was the seuenth and last.

Now, Edward the blacke Prince he died before his father,
and left behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King,
Crownde by the name of Richard the second, and he
died without an heire.

Edmund of Langly Duke of Yorke died, and left be-
hind him two daughters, Anne and Elinor.

Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice,
Anne, and Elinor, that was after married to my father,

and by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third. Now sir. In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claimde the Crowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pomphret Castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

Sals. Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.

Yorke. True. But so it fortunéd then, by meanes of that monstrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Iohn of Gaunt haue possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

Warwicke. What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne to Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne. So that till Lyonels issue failes, his should not raigne. It failes not yet, but flourisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock. Then noble father, kneele we both together, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown.

Both. Long liue Richard Englands royall King.

Yorke. I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the house of Lancaster.

War. Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time, Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp,

And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose,
 And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,
 Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues
 To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right,
 Maugre the proudest Lord of Henries blood,
 That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke,
 For why my minde presageth I shall liue
 To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a King.

Yorke. Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth
 hope to see, The Earl of Warwicke liue, to be the greatest
 man in England, but the King. Come lets goe. [Sig. D]

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter King HENRY, and the Queene, Duke HUMPHREY,
 the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM,
 the Cardinall, and Dame Elnor COBHAM, led with the
 Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of YORKE,
 and the Earles of SALSBURY and WARWICKE.*

King. Stand foorth Dame Elnor Cobham Duches of
 Gloster, and here the sentence pronounced against thee
 for these Treasons, that thou hast committed gainst vs,
 our States and Peeres.

First for thy hainous crimes, thou shalt two daies in
 London do penance barefoote in the streetes, with a white
 sheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy
 hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into
 the Ile of Man, there to ende thy wretched daies, and
 this is our sentence erreuocable. Away with her.

Elnor. Euen to my death, for I haue liued too long.

[*Exet some with Elnor.*]

King. Greeue not noble vnckle, but be thou glad,
 In that these Treasons thus are come to light,
 Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head,
 For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

Humph. Oh gracious Henry, giue me leaue awhile,

To leaue your grace, and to depart away,
For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart,
And makes the fountaines of mine eyes to swell,
And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

King. With all my hart good vnkle, when you please,
Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe,
For Henry will be no more protected,
The Lord shall be my guide both for my land and me.

Humph. My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all.
My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,
As erst thy noble father made it mine,
And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiously receiue it,
And long hereafter when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

King. Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,
No lesse beloued of vs, then when
Thou weart Protector ouer my land. [*Exet GLOSTER.*]

Queene. Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,
Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

Yorke. Please it your Maiestie, this is the day
That was appointed for the combating
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,
And they are readie when your grace doth please.

King. Then call them forth, that they may trie their
rightes.

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours,
drinking to him so much that he is drunken, and he en-
ters with a drum before him, and his staffe with a sand-
bag fastened to it, and at the other doore, his man with
a drum and sand-bagge, and Prentises drinking to him.*

1. *Neighbor.* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you in
a cup of Sacke.

And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough.

2. *Neigh.* And here neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.

3. *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor
drinke

And be merry, and feare not your man.

Armourer. Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,
And a figge for Peter.

1. *Prentise.* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not
affeard.

2. *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pinte of Claret-wine for
thee.

3. *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,
And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Prentises.

Peter. I thanke you all, but ile drinke no more,
Here Robin, and if I die, here I giue thee my hammer,
And Will, thou shalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,
Take all the mony that I haue.

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able
to deale with my maister, he hath learnt so much fence
alreadie.

Salb. Come leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes.
Sirrha, whats thy name?

Pettr. Peter forsooth.

Salbury. Peter, what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salsbury. Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy
maister.

Armour. Heres to thee neighbour, fill all the pots again,
for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde,
for I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation,
to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter a knaue,
and so haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as
Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.

Peter. Law you now, I told you hees in his fence
alreadie.

[*Alarmes, and PETER hits him on the head and fels him.*

Armou. Hold Peter, I confesse, Treason, treason.

[*He dies.*

Peter. O God I giue thee praise. [*He kneeles downe.*

Pren. Ho well done Peter. God saue the King.

King. Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,
And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murdered wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. [*Exet omnis.*

Enter Duke HUMPHREY and his men, in mourning cloakes.

Humph. Sirrha, whats a clocke?

Seruing. Almost ten my Lord.

Humph. Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,
That my poore Lady should come by this way,
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,
The abiect people gazing on thy face,
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,
When thou didst ride in tryumph through the streetes.

Enter Dame ELNOR COBHAM bare-foote, and a white sheete about her, with a waxe candle in her hand, and verses written on her backe and pind on, and accompanied with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir IOHN STANDLY, and Officers, with billes and holbards.

Seruing. My gracious Lord, see where my Lady comes,
Please it your grace, wee take her from the Sheriffes?

Humph. I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,
But let them do their office as they should.

Elnor. Come you my Lord to see my open shame?
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,

See how the giddie people looke at thee,
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,
And in thy pent vp studie rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

Hum. Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,
And beare it patiently to ease thy heart.

Elnor. Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,
Then thought of this, doth kill my wofull heart.
The ruthlesse flints do cut my tender fecte,
And when I start the cruell people laugh,
And bids me be aduised how I tread,
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,
Malde vp in shame with papers on my backe,
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue.
Sometime ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife,
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches
Was led with shame, and made a laughing stocke,
To euery idle rascald follower.

Humphrey. My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue
me do?

Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,
I should incurre the danger of the law,
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

Elnor. Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer thy head,
As shortly sure it will. For Suffolke he,
The new made Duke, that may do all in all
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest,
Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings,
And fie thou how thou can they will intangle thee.

Enter a Herald of Armes.

Herald. I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse Parliament holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of the next month.

Humphrey. A Parliament and our consent neuer craude Therein before. This is sodeine.

Well, we will be there.

[*Exet. Herald.*

Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against my Lady, then the course of law extendes.

Sheriffe. Please it your grace, my office here doth end, And I must deliuer her to sir Iohn Standly, To be conducted into the Ile of Man.

Humphrey. Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady?

Standly. I my gracious Lord, for so it is decreede, And I am so commanded by the King.

Humph. I pray you sir Iohn, vse her neare the worse, In that I intreat you to vse her well. The world may smile againe and I may liue, To do you fauour if you do it her, And so sir Iohn farewell.

Elnor. What gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Humph. Witnessse my bleeding heart, I cannot stay to speake. [*Exet HUMPHREY and his men.*

Elnor. Then is he gone, is noble Gloster gone, And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too? Then let me haste from out faire Englands boundes, Come Standly come, and let vs haste away.

Standly. Madam lets go vnto some house hereby, Where you may shift your selfe before we go.

Elnor. Ah good sir Iohn, my shame cannot be hid, Nor put away with casting off my sheete : But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell, Thou hast but done thy office as thou shoulst.

[*Exet omnes.*

Enter to the Parliament.

Enter two Herald before, then the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and then the Duke of YORKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHESTER, and then the King and the Queene, and then the Earle of SALISBURY, and the Earle of WARWICKE.

King. I wonder our vnkle Gloster staies so long.

Queene. Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,
How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?
The time hath bene, but now that time is past,
That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was:
But now let one meete him euen in the morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
And he will neither moue nor speake to vs.
See you not how the Commons follow him
In troupes, crying, God saue the good Duke Humphrey,

And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace,
Honouring him as if he were their King.
Gloster is no litle man in England,
And if he list to stir commotions,
Tys likely that the people will follow him.
My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,
Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Disproue my Alligations if you can,
And by your speeches, if you can reprove me,
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the Duke.

Suffol. Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,
And if I had bene licenst first to speake,
I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.
Smooth runs the brooke whereas the streame is deepest.
No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man
Vnsounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Enter the Duke of SOMERSET.

King. Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from France?

Somer. Cold newes my Lord, and this it is,
That all your holds and Townes within those Territores
Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost.

King. Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset,
But Gods will be done.

Yorke. Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

Enter Duke HUMPHREY.

Hum. Pardon my liege, that I haue staid so long.

Suffol. Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too soone,
Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,
We do arrest thee on high treason here.

Humph. Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt not see me
blush

Nor change my countenance for thine arrest,
Whereof am I guiltie, who are my accusers?

York. Tis thought my lord, your grace tooke bribes
from France,
And stopt the soldiers of their paie,
By which his Maiestie hath lost all France.

Humph. Is it but thought so, and who are they that
thinke so?

So God helpe me, as I haue watcht the night
Euer intending good for England still,
That penie that euer I tooke from France,
Be brought against me at the iudgement day.
I neuer robd the soldiers of their paie,
Many a pound of mine owne proper cost
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

Car. In your Protectorship you did deuise

Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.

Hum. Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was protector
Pitie was all the fault that was in me,
A murtherer or foule felonous theefe,
That robs and murthers silly passengers,
I tortord aboue the rate of common law.

Suffolk. Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,
I do arrest thee on high treason here,
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,
Vntill such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

King. Good vnkle obey to his arrest,
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

Hump. Ah gracious Henry these daies are dan-
gerous,
And would my death might end these miseries,
And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,
And thousands more must follow after me,
That dreads not yet their liues destruction.
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,
Bewfords frie eyes showes his enuious minde,
Buckinghams proud lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.
All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus :
And you my gracious Lady and soueraigne mistresse,
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I shall not want false witnesses inough,
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

Suffolke. Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,

As if that she with ignomious wrong,
Had sobornde or hired some to sweare against his life.

Queene. I but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.

Humph. Far truer spoke then ment, I loose indeed,
Beshrow the winners hearts, they plaie me false.

Buck. Hele wrest the sence and keep vs here all day,
My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

Car. Who's within there? Take in Duke Humphrey,
And see him garded sure within my house.

Humph. O! thus King Henry casts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his bodie vp,
And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side,
Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first.
Farwell my soueraigne, long maist thou enioy,
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.

[*Exet HUMPHREY, with the Cardinals men.*

King. My Lords what to your wisdoms shal seem best,
E.] Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

Queen. What wil your highnesse leaue the Parliament?

King. I Margaret. My heart is kild with grieve,
Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone,
For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.

[*Exet King, SALSBURY, and WARWICKE.*

Queene. Then sit we downe againe my Lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset.
Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For safetie of our King and Common-wealth.

Suffolke. And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,
If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King:
And it may be by pollicie he workes,
To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,
The Foxe barks not when he would steale the Lambe,
But if we take him ere he do the deed,

We should not question if that he should liue.

No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,

Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do rise in Armes for him.

Yorke. Then do it sodainly my Lords.

Suffol. Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

Enter a Messenger.

Queene. How now sirrha, what newes?

Messen. Madame I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrold,
Doth plant themselues within the English pale.

Queene. What redresse shal we haue for this my Lords?

Yorke. Twere very good that my Lord of Somerset
That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.
To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,
He did so much good when he was in France.

Somer. Had Yorke bene there with all his far fetcht
Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I.

Yorke. I, for Yorke would haue lost his life before
That France should haue reuolted from Englands rule.

Somer. I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouernd worse
then I.

Yorke. What worse then nought, then a shame take all.

Somer. Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.

Queene. Somerset forbeare, good Yorke be patient,
And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,
With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride
Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

Yorke. Well Madame sith your grace is so content,
Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those kernes.

Queene. Yorke thou shalt. My Lord of Buckingham,
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers
As shall suffice him in these needfull warres.

Buck. Madame I will, and leaue such a band
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for thee?

Yorke. At Bristow, I wil expect them ten daies hence.

Buc. Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.

[*Exet* BUCKINGHAM.]

Yorke. Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.

Queene. Suffolke remember what you haue to do.
And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,
Twere good that you did see to it in time,
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.

[*Exet omnis, Manit* YORKE.]

York. Now York bethink thy self and rowse thee vp,
Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,
Least when thou wouldst, thou canst it not attaine,
Twase men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,
I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,
Iohn Cade of Ashford,
Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,
To raise commotion, and by that meanes
I shall perceiue how the common people
Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,
Then if he haue successe in his affaires,
From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,
To reape the haruest which that coystrell sowed,
Now if he should be taken and condemd,
Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,
And therefore ere I go ile send him word,
To put in practise and to gather head,
That so soone as I am gone he may begin
To rise in Armes with troupes of country swaines,

To helpe him to performe this enterprise.
And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,
None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,
But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe.
[*Exet YORKE.*]

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke HUMPHREY is discovered in his bed, and two men lying on his brest and smothering him in his bed. And then enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE to them.

Suffolk. How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

One. I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.

Suffolke. Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,

That when the King comes, he may perceiue
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

2. All things is hansome now my Lord.

Suffolke. Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you gone,

And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

[*Exet murtherers.*]

Then enter the King and Queene, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SOMERSET, and the Cardinall.

King My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle Gloster,
Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.

Suffolke. I will my Lord. [*Exet SUFFOLKE.*]

King. And good my Lords proceed no further against
our vnkle Gloster,

Then by iust prooffe you can affirme,
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

Enter SUFFOLKE.

How now Suffolke, where's our vnkle?

Suffolke. Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.

[*The King fallles in a sound.*]

Queen. Ay—me, the King is dead : help, help, my Lords.

Suffolke. Comfort my Lord, gracious Henry comfort.

Kin. What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me comfort?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,
Can satisfie my griefes, or ease my heart :
Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,
For euen in thine eye-bals murther sits,
Yet do not goe. Come Basaliske
And kill the silly gazer with thy lookes.

Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,
As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death ?
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,
And you had best say that I did murther him.

King. Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

Queene. Be woe for me more wretched then he was,
What doest thou turne away and hide thy face ?
I am no loathsome leoper looke on me,
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,
And thrise by aukward winds driuen back from Englands
bounds,
What might it bode, but that well foretelling
Winds, said, seeke not a scorpions neast.

Enter the Earles of WARWICKE and SALISBURY.

War. My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hiue of bees,
Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,
For good Duke Humphreys death, whom they report
To be murdered by Suffolke and the Cardinall here.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, is too true,
But how he died God knowes, not Henry.

War. Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view the bodie.

Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I returne.

Salb. I will sonne.

[*Exet SALBURY.*

[*WARWICKE drawes the curtaines and showes Duke HUMPHREY in his bed.*

King. Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receive thy soule.

Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

War. Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon him,
To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,
I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,
Vpon the life of this thrise famous Duke.

Suffolk. A dreadfull oth sworne with a solemne toong,
What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

War. Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,
Of ashie semblance, pale and bloodlesse,
But loe the blood is setled in his face,
More better coloured then when he liu'd,
His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,
His fingers spred abroad as one that graspt for life,
Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are probable,

It cannot chuse but he was murdered.

Queene. Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in charge,
And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

War. I, but twas well knowne they were not his friends,

And tis well seene he found some enemies.

Card. But haue you no greater proofes then these?

War. Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees hard-by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter?
Who findes the partridge in the puttocks neast,
But will imagine how the bird came there,

Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake ?

Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie.

Queene. Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your talants ?

Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife ?

Suffolke. I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,
But heres a vengefull sword rusted with case,
That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,
That slanders me with murthers crimson badge,
Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,
That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death.

[*Exet Cardinall.*

War. What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke dare him ?

Queene. He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,
Though Suffolk dare him twentie hundreth times.

War. Madame be still, with reuerence may I say it,
That euery word you speake in his defence,
Is slaunder to your royall Maiestie.

Suffolke. Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,
If euer Lady wrongd her Lord so much,
Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,
Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke
Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,
And neuer of the Neuels noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,
I would false murtherous coward on thy knees
Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,
And say it was thy mother that thou means,
That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,
And after all this fearefull homage done,

Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,
Pernituous blood-sucker of sleeping men.

Suffol. Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy
blood,

If from this presence thou dare go with me.

War. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

[*WARWICKE puls him out.*

[*Exet WARWICKE and SUFFOLKE, and then all the
Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe
with Suffolk. And then enter againe, the Duke of
SUFFOLKE and WARWICKE, with their weapons
drawne.*

King. Why how now Lords?

Suf. The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,
Set all vpon me nightie soueraigne i

[*The Commons againe cries, downe with Suffolke,
downe with Suffolk. And then enter from them,
the Earle of SALBURY.*

Salb. My Lord, the Commons sends you word by me,
The vnlesse false Suffolke here be done to death,
Or banished faire Englands Territories,
That they will erre from your highnesse person,
They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,
They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme.
And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,
They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.

Suf. Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolisht hinds
Would send such message to their soueraigne,
But you my Lord were glad to be imployd,
To trie how quaint an Orator you were,
But all the honour Salsbury hath got,
Is, that he was the Lord Embassador
Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.

[*The Commons cries, an answere from the King,
my Lord of Salsbury.*

King. Good Salisbury go backe againe to them,
Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,
And had I not bene cited thus by their meanes,
My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare,
If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,
Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

[*Exet* SALISBURY.

Queene. Oh Henry, reuerse the doome of gentle Suffolkes banishment.

King. Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,
Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,
If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is erreuocable
Come good Warwicke and go thou in with me,
For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exet King and WARWICKE, Manet Queene and SUFFOLKE.*

Queene. Hell fire and vengeance go along with you,
Theres two of you, the diuell make the third.
Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

Suffolke. A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse them?

Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,
I would inuent as many bitter termes
Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,
With twise so many signes of deadly hate,
As leaue fast enuy in her loathsome caue,
My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,
Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
My haire be fixt on end, as one distraught,
And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,
And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,
Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,
Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.
Their sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees,
Their softest tuch as smart as lizards stings.

Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.
And boding scrike-oules make the comsort full.
All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

Queene. Inough sweete Suffolke, thou torments thy selfe.

Suffolke. You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?
Now by this ground that I am banisht from,
Well could I curse away a winters night,
And standing naked on a mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

Queene. No more. Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence
to France,

Or liue where thou wilt within this worldes globe,
Ile haue an Irish that shall finde thee out,
And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee repelde,
Or venture to be banished my selfe.
Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,
That when thou seest it, thou maist thinke on me.
Away, I say, that I may feele my grieve,
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.

Suffolke. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,
Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee.

Enter VAWSE.

Queene. How now, whither goes Vawse so fast?

Vawse. To signifie vnto his Maiestie,
That Cardinall Bewford is at point of death,
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were madde,
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,
And whispers to his pillow as to him,
And sometime he calles to speake vnto the King,
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,
That euen now he cald aloude for him.

Queene. Go then good Vawse and certifie the King.

[*Exet VAWSE.*

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die,
 And woe am I for Bewfords heauie ende.
 But why mourme I for him, whilst thou art here?
 Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,
 For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

Suff. And if I go I cannot liue : but here to die,
 What were it else, but like a pleasant slumber
 In thy lap?
 Here could I, could I, breath my soule into the aire,
 As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,
 That dies with mothers dugge betweene his lips,
 Where from thy sight I should be raging madde,
 And call for thee to close mine eyes,
 Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,
 That I might breathe it so into thy bodie,
 And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,
 By thee to die, were but to die in ieast,
 From thee to die, were torment more then death,
 O let me staie, befall, what may befall.

Queen. Oh mightst thou staie with safetie of thy life,
 Then shouldst thou staie, but heauens deny it,
 And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.

Suff. I goe.

Queene. And take my heart with thee.

[She kisseth him.]

Suff. A iewell lockt into the wofulst caske,
 That euer yet containde a thing of woorth,
 Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we.

This way fall I to deathe.

[Exet SUFFOLKE.]

Queene. This way for me.

[Exet Queene.]

Enter King and SALSBURY, and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discovered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde.

Car. Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue but one whole
 veare,

Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another
Iland.

King. Oh see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,
Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.

Car. Why died he not in his bed ?
What would you haue me to do then ?
Can I make men liue whether they will or no ?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the Pothicary
sent me.

Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame downe
his haire,

So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

Sal. See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.

King. Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of heauenly
blisse,

Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.

[*The Cardinall dies.*

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.

Oh God forgiue his soule.

Salb. So bad an ende did neuer none behold,
But as his death, so was his life in all.

King. Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,
For God will iudge vs all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.

[*Exet omnes.*

*Alarmes within, and the chambers be discharged, like as
it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of
the ship and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, &
the Duke of SUFFOLKE disguised, and others with him,
and WATER WHICKMORE.*

Cap. Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to
yeeld,

Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship,

Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you.
This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,
And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue this man,
And let them paie their ransomes ere they passe.

Suffolke. Water ! *[He starteth.*

Water. How now, what doest feare me ?
Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

Suf. It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.
I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,
That by Water I should die :
Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.
Thy name being rightly sounded,
Is Gualter, not Water.

Water. Gualter or Water, als one to me,
I am the man must bring thee to thy death.

Suf. I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,
Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shalbe paid.

Water. I lost mine eye in boording of the ship,
And therefore ere I marchantlike sell blood for gold,
Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

2. Priso. But what shall our ransomes be ?

Mai. A hundred pounds a piece, either paie that
or die.

2. Priso. Then saue our liues, it shall be paid.

Water. Come sirrha, thy life shall be the ransome
I will haue.

Suff. Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.

Cap. The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

Suf. I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,
Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I ?

Cap. I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.

Suf. Base Iadie groome, King Henries blood
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,

I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

Cap. Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him
hence,

And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

Suf. Thou darste not for thine owne.

Cap. Yes Poull.

Suffolke. Poull.

Cap. I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the
Queene, shall sweepe the ground, and thou that
Smildste at good Duke Humphreys death,
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

Suffolke. This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,
The great Masadonian Pyrate,
Thy words addes fury and not remorse in me.

Cap. I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.

Suffolke. Hast not thou waited at my Trencher,
When we haue feasted with Queene Margret?
Hast not thou kist thy hand and held my stirrope?
And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,
And thought thee happie when I smilde on thee?
This hand hath writ in thy defence,
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.

Cap. Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his
hed.

1. *Priso.* Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your
life.

Suffolke. First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,
Before this knee do bow to any,
Saue to the God of heauen and to my King:
Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot pleade
To such a Iadie groome.

Water. Come, come, why do we let him speake,
I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye.

Suffolk. A Swordar and bandeto slaue,
Murthered sweete Tully.
Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Cæsar,
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.

[*Exet SUFFOLKE, and WATER.*

Cap. Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,
And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free,
To see it safe deliuered vnto her.
Come lets goe.

[*Exet omnes.*

Enter two of the Rebels with long staues.

George. Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in thy
pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee, they haue
bene vp this two daies.

Nicke. Then they had more need to go to bed now,
But sirrha George whats the matter?

George. Why sirrha, Iack Cade the Diar of Ashford
here,
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap on it.
Nick. I marry he had need so, for tis growne threed-
bare,
Twas neuer merry world with vs, since these gentle men
came vp.

George. I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord
weare a leather aperne now a-daies.

Nick. But sirrha, who comes more beside Iacke Cade?

George. Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin the
Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan last
Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should
haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from
Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and
all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be Lords or
squires, assoone as Iacke Cade is King.

Nicke. Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be coming.

Enter IACKE CADE, DICKE Butcher, ROBIN, WILL, TOM, HARRY and the rest, with long staves.

Cade. Proclaime silence.

All. Silence.

Cade. I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.

Dicke. Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.

Cade. My father was a Mortemer.

Nicke. He was an honest man and a good Brick-laier.

Cade. My mother came of the Brases.

Will. She was a Pedlers daughter indeed, and sold many lases.

Robin. And now being not able to occupie her furd packe,

She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

Cade. Therefore I am honourably borne.

Harry. I for the field is honourable, for he was borne Vnder a hedge, for his father had no house but the Cage.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

George. Thats true, I know he can endure any thing, For I haue seen him whipt two market daies together.

Cade. I feare neither sword nor fire.

Will. He need not feare the sword, for his coate is of prooffe.

Dicke But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, being so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

Cade. Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue, and vowes reformation: you shall haue seuen half-penny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot, shall haue ten hoopess, and it shall be felony to drinke small beere, and if I be king, as king I will be.

All. God saue your maiestie.

Cade. I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and

drinke of my score, and go all in my liuerie, and weelee haue no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes from my mouth.

Dicke. We shall haue sore lawes then, for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

George. I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.

Enter WILL with the Clarke of Chattam.

Will. Oh Captaine a pryze.

Cade. Whose that Will?

Will. The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.

Cade. Sonnes, hees a coniurer bring him hither. Now sir, whats your name?

Clarke. Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

Dicke. It will go hard with you, I can tell you, For they vse to write that oth top of letters.

Cade. And what do you vse to write your name? Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done, Vse the score and the Tally?

Clarke. Nay, true sir, I praise God I haue bene so well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

Cade. Oh hes confest, go hang him with his penny-inckhorne about his necke. [*Exet one with the Clarke.*

Enter TOM.

Tom. Captaine. Newes, newes, sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings power, and mean to kil vs all.

Cade. Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

Tom. No, no, hees but a knight.

Cade. Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe knight.

Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer.

Is there any more of them that be Knights ?

Tom. I his brother. [*He Knights Dicke Butcher.*]

Cade. Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,

Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher. [*Now sound vp the Drumme.*]

*Enter sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his brother, with
Drumme and souldiers.*

Cade. As for these silken coated slaues I passe not a
pinne,

Tis to you good people that I speake.

Stafford. Why country-men, what meane you thus in
troopes,

To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade ?

Why his father was but a Brick-laier.

Cade. Well, and Adam was a Gardner, what then ?
But I come of the Mortemers.

Stafford. I, the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

Cade. The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe,
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

Stafford. Well, thats true : But what then ?

Cade. And by her he had two children at a birth.

Stafford. Thats false.

Cade. I, but I say, tis true.

All. Why then tis true.

Cade. And one of them was stolne away by a begger-
woman,

And that was my father, and I am his sonne,
Deny it and you can.

Nicke. Nay looke you, I know twas true,
For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,
And the bricke are aliue at this day to testifie.

Cade. But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King,

that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes, I am content that hee shall be King as long as he liues Marry alwaies prouided, ile be Protector ouer him.

Stafford. O monstrous simplicitie.

Cade. And tell him, wee le haue the Lord Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Duke-domes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England hath bene mainde euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

Stafford. As how I prethie ?

Cade. Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect ?

Answer me to that.

Stafford. Well sirrha, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds ?

Cade. Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

Stafford. Go Herald, proclaime in all the Kings Townes,
That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade,
Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

[*Exet STAFFORD and his men.*]

Cade. Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

[*Exet omnes.*]

Alarums to the battaile, and sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his brother is slaine. Then enter IACKE CADE againe and the rest.

Cade. Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day

most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou hadst bin in thy slaughter house. And thus I will reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as it was. Thou shalt haue licence to kil for foure score & one a week. Drumme strike vp, for now wee le march to London, for to morrow I meane to sit in the Kings seate at Westminster. *[Exet omnes.]*

Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene, with the Duke of SUFFOLKES head, and the Lord SAY, with others.

King. Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine, And the Rebels march amaine to London, Go back to them, and tell them thus from me, Ile come and parley with their generall.

Reade. Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one againe. Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnely vowde to haue thy head

Say. I, but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

King. How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue, if I had bene dead, thou wouldst not haue mournde so much for me.

Queene. No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge, Calling your grace an vsurper, And that monstrous Rebell Cade, hath sworne To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster, Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.

King. Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels.

Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth.

Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs,
For feare the Rebelle Cade do finde thee out.

Say. My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me.
And therefore with your highnesse leaue, ile staie behind.

King. Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say.
Come Madame, let vs go. *[Exet omnes.]*

Enter the Lord Scayles vpon the Tower Walles walking.
Enter three or foure Citizens below.

Lord Scayles. How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

1. *Citizen.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,
For they haue wonne the bridge,
Killing all those that withstand them.
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honor from the
Tower,
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

Lord Scayles. Such aide as I can spare, you shall
command,
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,
But get you to Smythfield and gather head,
And thither I will send you Mathew Goffe,
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues,
And so farewell, for I must hence againe. *[Exet omnes.]*

*Enter Iack Cade and the rest, and strikes his sword
vpon London Stone.*

Cade. Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,
That the first yeare of our raigne,
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.
And now hence forward, it shall be treason
For any that calles me any otherwise then
Lord Mortemer.

Enter a souldier.

Sould. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade. Sounes, knocke him downe. [*They kill him.*]

Dicke. My Lords, theirs an Army gathered together
Into Smythfield.

Cade. Come then, lets go fight with them,
But first go on and set London Bridge a fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.

Come lets away. [*Exet omnes.*]

*Alarmes, and then MATHEW GOFFE is slaine, and all
the rest with him. Then enter IACKE CADE again,
and his company.*

Cade. So, sirs now go some and pull down the
Sauoy,
Others to the Innes of the Court, downe with them all.

Dicke. I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it
For that word.

Dicke. That we may go burne all the Records,
And that all writing may be put downe,
And nothing vsde but the score and the Tally.

Cade. Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things
shall be in common, and in Cheapeside shall my palphrey
go to grasse.

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an
innocent lamb should parchment be made, & then
with a litle blotting ouer with inke, a man should
vndo himselfe.

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their
waxe, for I am sure I neuer seald to any thing but once,
and I was neuer mine owne man since.

Nicke. But when shall we take vp those commodities
Which you told vs of.

Cade. Marry he that will lustily stand to it,

Shall go with me, and take vp these commodities following :

Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke.

Enter GEORGE.

George. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say, Which sold the Townes in France.

Cade. Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,

What answere canst thou make vnto my mightinesse,
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier bus
mine cue, the Dolphin of France?

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected
a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme,
and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie, thou hast
built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be said to thy face,
that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades of
bookes with red letters, and talkes of a Nowne and a
Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian eare
is able to endure it. And besides all that, thou hast
appointed certaine Iustises of peace in euery shire to
hang honest men that steale for their liuing, and
because they could not reade, thou hast hung them vp :
Onely for which cause they were most worthy to liue.
Thou ridest on a footcloth doest thou not?

Say. Yes, what of that?

Cade. Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy horse
weare a cloake, when an honeste man then thy selfe,
goes in his hose and doublet.

Say. You men of Kent.

All. Kent, what of Kent?

Say. Nothing but *bona, terra.*

Cade. Bonum terum, sounds whats that?

Dicke. He speakes French.

Will. No tis Dutch.

Nicke. No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.

Say. Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,
Terinde it the ciuel'st place of all this land,
Then Noble country-men, heare me but speake,
I sold not France, I lost not Normandie.

Cade. But wherefore doest thou shake thy head so?

Say. It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.

Cade. Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say, thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I haue thee. Go take him to the standerd in Cheapeside and chop of his head, and then go to milende-greene, to sir Iames Cromer his sonne in law, and cut off his head too, and bring them to me vpon two poles presently. Away with him.

[*Exet one or two, with the Lord SAY.*

There shall not a noble man weare a head on his
shoulders,

But he shall paie me tribute for it.

Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal see
to me for her.

Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,
Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in capitie,
And that their wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke,
or toong can tell.

Enter ROBIN.

Robin. O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.

Cade. Runne to Billingsgate, and fetche pitch and flaxe and squench it.

Enter DICKE and a Sargiant.

Sargiant. Iustice, Iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue iustice of this fellow here.

Cade. Why what has he done?

Sarg. Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife.

Dicke. Why my Lord he would haue rested me,
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper
house.

Cade. Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,
You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,
Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,
And rest a man when hees at dinner,
And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his mouth.
Go Dicke take him hence, cut out his toong for
cogging,
Hough him for running, and to conclude,
Brane him with his owne mace.

[Exet with the Sargiant.

*Enter two with the Lord SAYES head, and sir IAMES
CROMERS, upon two poles.*

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes
ende, let them kisse together.

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord CLIFFORD
the Earle of COMBERLAND.*

Clifford. Why country-men and warlike friends of
Kent,
What meanes this mutinous rebellions,
That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,
Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?
To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,
Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,
If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here?
If honour be the marke whereat you aime,
Then haste to France that our forefathers wonne,
And winne againe that thing which now is lost,
And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford. *[They forsake Cade.*

Cade. Why how now, will you forsake your generall,

And ancient freedome which you haue possest?
To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes,
Who if you stir, will straightwaies hang you vp,
But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,
And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

All. A Cade, a Cade. [*They runne to Cade againe.*]

Cliff. Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a word,
Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,
The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,
And I my selfe will go along with you,
To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides,
And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God saue the King.

Cade. How like a feather is this rascall company
Blowne euery way,
But that they may see there want no valiancy in me,
My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,
And so a poxe take you all.

[*He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.*]

Buc. Go some and make after him, and proclaime,
That those that can bring the head of Cade,
Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.
Come march away. [*Exet omnes.*]

Enter King HENRY and the QUEENE, and SOMERSET.

King. Lord Somerset, what newes here you of the
Rebell Cade?

Som. This, my gracious Lord, that the Lord Say is
don to death,
And the Citie is almost sackt.

King. Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede, so
must it be :
And be it as he please, to stop the pride of those rebel-
lious men.

Queene. Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene aliue,

The Rebell Cade had bene supprest ere this,
And all the rest that do take part with him.

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD, with the Rebels, with halters about their necks.

Cliff. Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull King,
Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,
And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

King. But tell me Clifford, is there Captaine here.

Clif. No, my gracious Lord, he is fled away, but proclamations are sent forth, that he that can but bring his head, shall haue a thousand crownes. But may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes were thus misled.

King. Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,
For you did take in hand you know not what,
And go in peace obedient to your King,
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English Crowne.

All. God saue the King, God saue the King.

King. Come let vs hast to London now with speed,
That solemne prosessions may be sung,
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,
And triumphs of this happie victorie. [*Exet omnes.*]

Enter IACKE CADE at one doore, and at the other, maister ALEXANDER EYDEN and his men, and IACK CADE lies downe picking of hearbes and eating them.

Eyden. Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,
This litle land my father left me here,
With my contented minde serues me as well,
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

Cade. Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand vil-

laine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge, and swallow my sword like a great pinne.

Eyden. Why sawcey companion, why should I betray thee?

Ist not inough that thou hast broke my hedges,
And enterd into my ground without the leaue of me the
owner,

But thou wilt braue me too.

Cade. Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate no meate this fiae dayes, yet and I do not leaue thee and thy fiae men as dead as a doore nayle, I pray God I may neuer eate grasse more.

Eyden. Nay, it neuer shall be saide whilst the world doth stand, that Alexander Eyden an Esquire of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man, looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee. Sirrha fetch me weopons, and stand you all aside.

Cade Now sword, if thou doest not hew this burly-bond churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou maist fal into some smiths hand, and be turnd to hob-nailes.

Eyden. Come on thy way.

[*They fight, and CADE fals downe.*]

Cade. Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chiuallrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fiae daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Iack Cade must die.

[*He dies.*]

Eyden. Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebell which I haue slaine. Oh sword ile honour thee for this,

and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monument to
after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me.
Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head,
and beare it [Exet.

Enter the Duke of Yorke with Drum and souldiers.

Yorke. In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine,
Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,
To entertaine faire Englands royall King.
Ah *Sancta Maiesta*, who would not buy thee deare ?

Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes with
him ?

Buc. Yorke, if thou meane well, I greeete thee so.

Yorke. Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare :
What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger ?

Buc. I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and
soueraign,

Henry. To know the reason of these Armes in peace ?
Or that thou being a subiect as I am,
Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spred,
Whereas the person of the King doth keepe ?

Yorke. A subiect as he is.

Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect termes,
But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes,
Who now in Armes expect their fathers sight,
And not farre hence I know they cannot be.
Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me,
That I answearde not at first, my mind was troubled,
I came to remoue that monstrous Rebelle Cade,
And heaue proud Somerset from out the Court,
That basely yeelded vp the Townes in France.

Buc. Why that was presumption on thy behalfe,
But if it be no otherwise but so,

The King doth pardon thee, and granst to thy request,
And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

Yorke. Vpon thine honour is it so?

Buc. Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

York. Then before thy face, I here dismissee my
troopes,

Sirs, meete me to morrow in saint Georges fields,
And there you shall receiue your paie of me.

[*Exet souldiers.*]

Buc. Come York, thou shalt go speake vnto the King,
But see, his grace is comming to meete with vs.

Enter King HENRY.

King. How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with vs,
That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

Buc. He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troopes
Which came with him, but as your grace did say,
To heaue the Duke of Somerset from hence,
And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.

King. Then welcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,
And thanks for thy great seruice done to vs,
Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

Enter maister EYDEN with IACKE CADES head.

Eyden. Long liue Henry in triumphant peace,
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,
I here present the traitorous head of Cade,
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

King. First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my
friend,
That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus.
Oh let me see that head that in his life,
Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,
A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,
Deepe trenched furrowes in his frowning brow,

Presageth warlike humors in his life.

Here take it hence and thou for thy reward,

Shalt be immediatly created Knight.

Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name?

Eyden. Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,
A poore Esquire of Kent.

King. Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,
For those that could performe this worthlie act,
And thou shalt waight vpon the person of the king.

Eyden. I humbly thank your grace, and I no longer liue,
Then I proue iust and loyall to the King. *[Exet.]*

Enter the Queene with the Duke of SOMERSET.

King. O Buckingham see where Somerset comes,
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

Queene. He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

Yorke. Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie?
Base fearefull Henry that thus dishonor'st me,
By heauen, thou shalt not gouerne ouer me:
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,
That knowes not how to gouerne nor to rule,
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,
That thou vsurped hast so long by force,
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.

Somer. Proud Traitor, I arest thee on high treason,
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.

Yorke. Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shalbe my baile,

And send thee there in dispight of him.

Hoe, where are you boyes?

Queene. Call Clifford hither presently.

Enter the Duke of YORKES sonnes, EDWARD the Earle of MARCH, and crook-backe RICHARD, at the one doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other doore, enter CLIFFORD and his sonne, with Drumme and souldiers, and CLIFFORD kneeles to HENRY, and speakes.

Cliff. Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.
Yorke. We thank thee Clifford.

Nay, do not affright vs with thy lookes,
If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele againe.

Cliff. Why, I did no way mistake, this is my King
What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.

King. I, a bedlam frantike humor driues him thus
To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.

Clif. Why doth not your grace send him to the
Tower?

Queene. He is arested, but will not obey,
His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.

Yorke. How say you boyes, will you not?

Edward. Yes noble father, if our words will serue.

Richard. And if our words will not, our swords
shall.

Yorke. Call hither to the stake, my two rough beares.

King. Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme himselfe.

Yorke. Call Buckingham and all the friends thou hast,
Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of SALSBURY and WARWICKE, with Drumme and souldiers. And at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, with Drumme and souldiers.

Cliff. Are these thy beares? wee le bayte them soone,
Dispight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.

War. You had best go dreame againe,
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houshold badge.

War. Now by my fathers age, old Neuels crest,
The Rampant Beare chaine'd to the ragged staffe,
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,
As on a mountaine top the Cædar showes,
That keepe his leaues in spight of any storme,
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burgonet will I rende the beare,
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.

Yoong Clif. And so renowned soueraigne to Armes,
To quell these Traitors and their compleases.

Richard. Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in
spight,
For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to night.

Yoong Clif. Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.

Rich. No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell.
[*Exet omnes.*]

Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of SOMERSET and RICHARD fighting, and RICHARD kils him vnder the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones.

Rich. So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.
Whats here, the signe of the Castle?
Then the prophesie is come to passe,
For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,
The which he alwaies did obserue.
And now behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,
The Castle in saint Albones,
Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death.

Alarme again, and enter the Earle of WARWICKE alone.

War. Clifford of Comberland, tis Warwicke calles,
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare,
Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarmes,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire :
Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Comberland,
Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.

Clifford speakes within. Warwicke stand still, and view
the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtel-
axe, through the fainting troopes to finde thee out.
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

Enter YORKE.

War. How now my Lord, what a foote ?
Who kild your horse ?

Yorke. The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliuie,
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,
The boniest gray that ere was bred in North.

Enter CLIFFORD, and WARWICKE offers to fight with him.

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,
My selfe will hunt this deare to death.

War. Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,
Clifford farewell, as I intend to prosper well to day,
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaild.

[*Exet WARWICKE.*

Yorke. Now Clifford, since we are singled here alone,
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.

Clifford. And here I stand, and pitch my foot to
thine,

Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,
Till I haue spoyle the hatefull house of Yorke.

[Alar mes, and they fight, and YORKE kills CLIFFORD.]

Yorke. Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinowes shrinke,
Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,
Yeeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of York.

[Exet YORKE.]

[Alar mes, then enter yoong CLIFFORD alone.]

Yoong Clifford. Father of Comberland,
Where may I seeke my aged father forth?
O! dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,
And left not one of them to breath on earth.

[He takes him vp on his backe.]

And thus as old Ankyses sonne did beare
His aged father on his manly backe,
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,
Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

*Enter RICHARD, and then CLIFFORD laies downe his father,
fights with him, and RICHARD flies away againe.*

Out crooktbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,
But I will after thee, and once againe
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.

[Exet yoong CLIFFORD with his father.]

Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing the Duke of BUCKINGHAM wounded to his Tent.

Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord, and flie to London straight,
Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them,
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go.

King. Come then faire Queene, to London let vs hast,
And sommon a Parlament with speede,
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

[Exet King and Queene.]

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke of
YORKE and RICHARD.*

Yorke. How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath bene,
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,
And our great honour, that so long we lost,
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights :
But did you see old Salsbury, since we
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,
I would not for the losse of this right hand,
That ought but well betide that good old man.

Rich. My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,
And still he fought with courage gainst his foes,
The boldest sprited man that ere mine eyes beheld.

Enter SALSBBURY and WARWICKE.

Edward. See noble father, where they both do come,
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

Sals. Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant Duke,
And thou braue bud of Yorkes encreasing house,
The small remainder of my weary life,
I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,
Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life.

Yorke. What say you Lords, the King is fled to London?
There as I here to hold a Parliament.

What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

War. After them, nay before them if we can.

Now by my faith Lords, twas a glorious day,
Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eternest in all age to come:
Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more such daies as these to vs befall. [*Exet omnes.*

FINIS.

London.

Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington,
and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters
Church in Cornwall.

1594.

N O T E S

TO

THE FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION.

Page 3, line 12. As by your high imperiall Maiesties command.] “This noble company came to the citie of Toures in Tourayne, where they were honorably receiued, bothe of the French kyng, and of the kyng of Scicilie. Wher the Marques of Suffolke, as procurator to kyng Henry, espoused the said Ladie in the church of saint Martyns. At whiche mariage were present the father and mother of the bride, the Frenche kyng himself, whiche was uncle to the husbnde, and the Frenche quene also, whiche was awnte to the wife. There wer also the Dukes of Orleance, of Calaber, of Alaunson, and of Britayn, vij erles, xij barons, xx bishoppes, beside knightes and gentlemen.” — *Hall's Chronicle*. The historical information in these plays appears to be principally taken from this work, which was published under the title of “The Union of the two noble and illustre famelies of Lancastre and Yorke,” fol. Lond. 1550. Steevens quotes a similar passage from Holinshed, who appears to have borrowed from Hall.

Page 3, line 18. Brittain, and Alonson.] So all the editions; but the second folio of the amended play omits “and.”

Page 3, line 19. Then the.] The edition of 1619 reads “twenty,” as well as the amended play; which latter reading is the correct one, as readily appears from the passage in *Hall's Chronicle* given above.

Page 4, line 17. But now her speech doth pierce.] The word “her” is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored again in that of 1619. The amended play reads:

“ Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys.”

Page 4, line 22. All] The first folio reads “all kneel,” an addition omitted by modern editors.

Page 4, line 33 Ere the 30. of the next month.] The edition of 1619 reads "ere the thirty day of the next month."

Page 5, line 1.] The Dutches of Anioy and of Maine.] The amended play in the first instance reads, "and the county of Maine," in accordance with the chronicled accounts; but, when the cardinal repeats this part of the agreement, we find the original form restored as in our text.

Page 5, line 6. Ouer my bart.] The edition of 1619 reads "ore."

Page 5, line 8. That I can reade no more.] The two quarto editions of 1600 read "that I can *see* no more," while the edition of 1619 restores the old reading. The amended play reads—

" Pardon me, gracious Lord,

Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,

And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further."

Page 5, line 9. Vnckle of Winchester, I pray you reade on.] In the amended play this line is more properly given to King Henry. The edition of 1619 reads very differently :

" My lord of Yorke, I pray do you reade on ;"

and in Pavier's copy the next speech is accordingly given to York. Perhaps the fact of Henry's thanking Winchester first in order may sanction the older reading.

Page 5, line 15. They please vs well.] The whole of this speech may be arranged in metre.

Page 5, line 20 Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham, Somerset.] The first folio of the amended play entirely omits the word "and," while the second folio changes its position, and places it before "Somerset." Malone follows our text, but Collier and Knight adopt the reading of the first folio.

Page 5, line 22. We thanke you all for.] The edition of 1619 reads, "We thanke you for all."

Page 5, line 26 Exet] The Latinty is barbarous throughout this copy of the play.

Page 5, line 35. Bewford.] Beaufort. The orthography in this old edition probably occasioned Bedford and Beaufort being confused in some editions of the amended play.

Page 6, line 1. And is all our labours then spent in vaine.] "Is" may be a mistake for "are." The edition of 1619 reads, "spent quite in vain."

Page 6, line 13. That dares presume.] The two editions of 1600 have "dare," while that of 1619 restores the old reading. The latter part of this speech is omitted in the amended play.

Page 6, line 14. Nay, my Lord.] The 4to. of 1619 reads, "Nay, my Lords," but erroneously.

Page 6, line 14. Troubles.] Probably "trouble."

Page 6, line 25. For well you see.] The edition of 1619 reads, "For you well see."

Page 7, line 8 Come then let vs about it.] The two editions of 1600 omit the word "then." The edition of 1619 agrees with our copy.

Page 7, line 11. Pride went before, Ambition follows after.] Perhaps in this line there is somewhat of proverbiality. Steevens quotes the following from Wyntown's Cronykil :

"Awld men in thare prowerbe sayis,
Pryde gays before, and schame alwayis
Followys."

And this conjecture is proved by the following passage in Nash's *Pierce Penlesse*, 1592, ed. Collier, p. 8, which is more similar to the line in our text · "It is a trim thing when Pride, the sonne, goes before, and Shame, the father, followes after."

Page 7, line 16. More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.] The edition of 1619 reads—

"More like a ruffian then a man of the church ;"
which is worse metre than our edition, although it is adopted by Mr. Knight. The amended play reads—

"More like a soldier than a man o' th' church ;"
as given in the first two folios of 1623 and 1632. Modern editors write it somewhat differently.

Page 7, line 17. Cosin Yorke.] The amended play reads, "brother." York married Cicely, the daughter of Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, dame Catharine Swinford. Richard Nevil, Earl of Salisbury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. Salisbury and York were, therefore, step-brothers.

Page 7, line 29 Sonnes.] The edition of 1619 has this word in italics, as giving a separate speech to the remainder, and in this Pavier is followed by Mr. Knight. But if so, who were the *sonnes*? who were the speakers? Salisbury cannot by any ingenuity be so called, and why this singular mode? The expression, "Warwick did win them," is not incompatible with the supposition that he himself is speaking. I should rather be inclined to think that *sonnes* in our text is merely a misprint for *sounes*, and then the speech would very naturally run as follows : "Zounds, Anjoy and Maine both given away at once! Why, Warwick did win them! and must that then which we won with our swords be given away with words?" The expression "*we won*" cannot reasonably be considered an argument

for one side or the other. The corresponding passage in the amended play is nearly sufficient to establish my position :

“ *War.* For grief, that they are past recovery :
For were there hope to conquer them again,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and Maine ! Myself did win them both ;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer :
And are the cities that I got with wounds,
Deliver’d up again with peaceful words ?
Mort Dieu ! ”

Page 7, line 30. Which we wonne with our swords.] In the amended play we have another jingle, as Johnson styles it, substituted :

“ And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver’d up again with peaceful words.”

Page 7, line 35. Come, sonnes, away, and looke vnto the maine.] This and the next speech are thus altered in the amended play, and will, perhaps, scarcely be thought improved

“ *Sal.* Then let’s make haste away, and look unto the main
War. Unto the main, O father ! Maine is lost,
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last
Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant Maine,
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.”

Page 8, line 17. Fits.] So all the editions read. It ought to be “ fit.”

Page 8, line 25. With whose sweete smell.] Grey is rather hypercritical here in saying that “ this thought is not exactly just,” though Spenser has given the preference to the other colour :

“ She bath’d with roses red, and violets blue,
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew.”

Page 8, line 27. Grapple.] The older form of the word. The edition of 1619 reads “ grapple.”

Page 8, line 30. Exet Yorke.] This and some other stage directions have been omitted by Mr. Knight.

Page 9, line 3. Art not thou a prince.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ Art thou not a prince.”

Page 9, line 10. It do betide no ill.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ it do betide none ill.”

Page 9, line 18. Was broke in two.] The edition of 1619 contains two additional lines and variations :

“ Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot gesse :
But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes

God knowes; and on the ends were plac'd
The heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke."

Page 9, line 27. Where kings and queenes.] The two editions of 1600 read "where *the* kings and queenes," an interpolation omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 10, line 2. Ile keepe to my selfe.] The edition of 1619 reads "Ile keepe it to my selfe."

Page 10, line 8. Craues.] Perhaps "craue."

Page 10, line 10. With vs vs.] So in the original. This evident mistake is corrected in the later editions.

Page 10, line 13. But ere it be long.] Instead of this and the following line, we have in the edition of 1619—

"As long as Gloster beares this base and humble minde :

Were I a man, and protector as he is,

I'de reach to' th' crowne, or make some hop headlesse.

And being but a woman, Ile not behinde

For playng of my part, in spite of all that seek to cross me thus."

We should perhaps read "be behinde," a mistake that might very easily have occurred in the printing. In act iv., sc. 4, in the first folio, p. 140, the word "be" is omitted before "betraid," and is supplied in the edition of 1632.

Page 10, line 16. Sir Iohn Hum.] Priests in Shakespeare's time frequently had the title of "Sir." So "Sir John Evans," in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

Page 10, line 22. Margery Iordame, the cunning Witch of Ely.] "Nono die Maii [1432], virtute brevis regii domino Waltero Hungerford, constabulario castri regis de Wyndesore directi, conduxit *Margeriam Jourde-mayn*, Johannem Virley clericum, et fratrem Johannem Ashewell, ordinis Sanctæ Crucis Londoniæ, nuper custodiæ suæ pro *sorcerye* in dicto castro commissos, usque Concilium regis apud Westmonasterium, et ibidem, de mandato Dominorum de Concilio, deliberavit dictam Margeriam, Johannem, et fratrem Johannem domino cancellario, et exoneratus est de cætero de eorum custodia."—Rymer's *Fædera*, vol. x., p. 505.

Page 10, line 23. The cunning Witch of Ely.] The edition of 1619 reads "Rye," while Mr. Knight follows history in reading "Eye."

Page 10, line 26. From depth of vnder grounde.] The two editions of 1600 read "from *the* depth of vndergrounde."

Page 10, line 33. Then safely they may come.] The edition of 1619 reads, "then safely may they come."

Page 11, line 3. And so resolute vs.] The word "vs" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, and restored in that of 1619.

Page 11, line 6. No words but mum.] This seems to be intended to rhyme with the first part of the line, although in the amended play we have "Hume" instead of "Hum," an alteration which Mr. Knight has inadvertently admitted in his "Library Shakespeare," vol. vi., p. 124.

Page 11, line 6. Sir Iohn Hum.] The following account by Hall of the detection of the Duchess of Gloucester is nearer the description given in the text than that related by any other chronicler: "Thys yere, dame Elyanour Cobham, wyfe to the sayd duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchauntment, entended to destroy the kyng, to thentent to advaunce and promote her husbande to the crowne: upon this she was examined in sainte Stephens chappell, before the Bishop of Canterbury, and there by examinacion convict and judged, to do open penance, in iii open places within the cite of London, and after that adjudged to perpetuall prisone in the Isle of Man, under the keypyng of sir Ihon Stanley, knight. At the same season wer arrested as ayders and counsaylers to the sayde Duchesse, Thomas Southwell, prieste and chanon of sainte Stephens in Westmyenster, Jhon Hum preest, Roger Bolyngbroke, a conyng nycromancier, and Margerie Joudayne, surnamed the witch of Eye, to whose charge it was layed, that thei, at the request of the duchesse, had devised an image of waxe presenting the kyng, whiche by their sorcery, a litle and litle consumed, entendencyng therby in conclusion to waist and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hym to death; for the which treason, they wer adjudged to dye, and so Margery Jordayne was brent in Smithfelde, and Roger Bolinbroke was drawen and quartered at Tiborne, taying upon his death, that there was never no suche thyng by them ymaged; Jhon Hum had his pardon, and Southwell dyed in the toure before execucion." Southwell is introduced by the author of the amended play, so it is probable that he may have referred again to this chronicle as well as to the original drama. Grafton (p. 587) gives us the same information as Hall. See also Higden's *Polychronicon*, translated by Trevisa, lib. ult. cap. 27. With respect to the "image of waxe," it is observed by King James I., in his *Dæmonology*, that "the devil teacheth how to make pictures of wax or clay, that, by roasting thereof, the persons that they bear the name of may be continually melted, or dried away by continual sickness." — See Dr. Grey's *Notes upon Shakespeare*, vol. ii., p. 18.

Page 11, line 16. Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.] The two editions of 1600 read "raise." The edition of 1619 agrees with our text.

Page 11, line 20. Let vs.] This edition of 1619 reads "lets."

Page 11, line 20. Hereabouts.] The genuine old form of the word. Mr. Knight alters it to "hereabout."

Page 11, line 23. The good Duke Humphries life.] The word "Duke" is accidentally omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 11, line 26. That cannot get.] The two editions of 1600 read "That can get no succour," and the quarto of 1619 reads "They cannot get."

Page 11, line 29. Gues.] Probably "giue."

Page 12, line 8. He hath stole away my wife.] In this, and Suffolk's next speech, the two editions of 1600 read "stolne."

Page 12, line 14. Peter Thump] Mr. Collier calls him "Hump;" but, if so written in the early copies to which he has referred, it is an error; for that "Thumpe" is correct may be seen from the pun that Salisbury makes on his name at p. 29. Mr. Collier's reading was probably occasioned by one of the prefixes of Gloster's speeches, as at p. 23, where "Hump" occurs for "Humphrey."

Page 12, line 15. True heire vnto the Crowne.] The edition of 1619 reads, "true heire to the crown."

Page 12, line 20. I saide my maister saide so.] The folio reads, "mistress," with other alterations. Tyrwhitt's emendation of "master" is confirmed by this edition of the sketch. The error was probably occasioned by "master" having been denoted in the MS. from which the amended play was printed merely by the letter M.

Page 12, line 26. Sirra take in this fellow.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Sirra take this fellow."

Page 12, line 28. Weele here more of this.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Weele heere more of this thing."

Page 12, line 30. Now sir what yours.] The two editions of 1600 and the edition of 1619 read, "Now, sir, what's yours."

Page 13, line 1. 'To pardon me, me.] This repetition is probably an error of the press. It does not occur in the edition of 1619.

Page 13, line 3. He teares the papers.] In the amended play this is as follows: "Teare the Supplication." Modern editors alter this; but it is a matter of very little consequence.

Page 13, line 4. Show your petitions.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Show your petition." The edition of 1619 follows our text.

Page 13, line 6. Villaines get you gone] The two editions of 1600 read, "Villaines get ye gone," and the same alteration occurs in other instances.

Page 13, line 10. Loues.] Probably "loue," as we have "seekes" in the next line for the verb.

Page 13, line 16. Nor speake to vs.] The edition of 1619 reads, "to speake to vs."

Page 13, line 19. Takes her for the Queene.] The edition of 1619 reads, "take her for queene." The same edition has the following line immediately following this, which is not in the earlier copies—

"She beares a dukes whole reuennewes on her backe;,"

which line, with the omission of the word "whole," occurs in the amended play.

Page 13, line 29. Your comming to England.] The edition of 1619 reads, "your comming into England."

Page 14, line 3. And enter.] The edition of 1619 reads, "then entereth."

Page 14, line 8. Alls wonne to me.] This of course means "all's one to me." This extraordinary instance of Henry's apathy and indifference is repeated in the amended play.

Page 14, line 11. Thunke] The edition of 1619 reads, "thinks."

Page 14, line 20. The best of all.] The word "the" is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is found in the amended play.

Page 14, line 23. Madame onr King is old enough.] "Onr" is a misprint in the original for "our." The two editions of 1600 read, "bold enough" instead of "old enough," which is a mistaken alteration. Hall thus describes the Queen's impatience under the authority of the Protector: "This woman, perceiving that her husband did not frankly rule as he would, but did all things by the advice and counsel of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and that he passed not much on the authority and governance of the realm, determined with herself to take upon her the rule and regiment both of the king and his kingdom, and to deprive and evict out of all rule and authority the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realm: lest men should say and report that she had neither wit nor stomach, which would permit and suffer her husband, being of perfect age and man's estate, like a young scolar or innocent pupil to be governed by the disposition of another man."

Page 14, line 27. Ouer.] The edition of 1619 reads "ore."

Page 14, line 29. That thou wast king.] The edition of 1619 reads, "thou wast a king."

Page 15, line 22. My Lord.] The edition of 1600 reads, "master."

Page 15, line 22. If euer I spake the words.] The two editions of 1600 read, "If euer I spake these words." The edition of 1619 corresponds with our text.

Page 15, line 26. I beseech your Maiestie.] The edition of 1619 reads, "I beseech your worship."

Page 15, line 30. Is this by case.] The comma ought to be inserted after

"this," and left out after "case." The passage is obscure. Mr. Knight reads "because," a sufficiently plausible conjecture.

Page 15, line 34. Which shall be on the thirtith of this month.] This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr. Knight. The period of action of this and the first scene of the amended play differ. The month alluded to in the present passage is April; for when Gloster reads the agreement, he says, "ere the 30. of the next month," meaning May, as we learn from the amended play. The first three scenes of the Second Part of Henry VI. are supposed to take place in March, for King Henry, alluding to the same circumstance, says—

"Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be *the last of the next month*.
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away."

Page 16, line 1 Standbags] Probably "sandbags."

Page 16, line 5. I am not able to fight.] The edition of 1619 reads, "I am not able for to fight." The amended play reads, "I cannot fight."

Page 16, line 8. The Queene lets fall her gloue.] In the amended play the Queen drops a *fan*, not a *glove*.

Page 16, line 16. Ide set my ten commandments] The nails. So in *Westward Ho*, 1607, "your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back." Quoted by Steevens, together with another quotation to the same effect. The amended play reads, "I could set," but modern editors adopt the reading of our text.

Page 16, line 33. The Armourer should speake] The two editions of 1600 read

"For that these words the Armourer doth speake."

Page 17, line 1. Ouer] The edition of 1619 reads "ore."

Page 17, line 3. Then be it so] This and the next line are introduced by Theobald into the amended play, but unnecessarily. He says that, "without them, the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion;" but the same may be said of the armourer's reply, which is introduced immediately afterwards from an earlier part of the old play. Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight reject Theobald's addition. Indeed, as Mr. Knight justly observes, "the scene as it stands [in the amended play] is an exhibition of the almost kingly authority of Gloster immediately before his fall." Something, however, may be wanting, unless we suppose that Henry is treated even with less deference than usual. Malone supposes that Henry's assent might be expressed by a nod. See Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 129.

Page 17, line 5. Rights.] The edition of 1619 reads, "right."

Page 17, line 8. I thinke is.] The edition of 1619 reads, "is I thinke."

NOTES.

Page 17, line 16. Koger.] A mistake in the original copy for "Roger."

Page 18, line 1. Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night.]
The amended play reads :

" Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night ;"
in which place the word *silent* is a noun. Fletcher, in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, writes—

" Through still silence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light."

Page 18, line 4. Send vp, I charge you, from Soretus lake] In the text it is wrongly repointed *Sofetus*, by an oversight which the most careful collation cannot always avoid. Soretus, or rather Cocytus, is one of the rivers in the kingdom of his Satanic majesty. In Nash's *Pierce Penilesse*, the devil is called " Marquesse of Cocytus." See Mr. Collier's edition, p. 13.

Page 18, line 8 Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.] The two editions of 1600 read " Askalon, ascenda, ascenda." Ascalon is mentioned by Scott as one of the inferior devils. It may be a question whether these words are corruptions of Latin or English.

Page 18, line 14. But him out hue.] The two editions of 1600 read " Yet him out hue."

Page 18, line 15. What fate awayt.] The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, " What fate awaits." The first folio reads, " What fates await."

Page 18, line 16. By water shall he die.] The two editions of 1600 read, " By water he shall die "

Page 18, line 19. Then where Castles mounted stand] The word, " then," is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored in that of 1619. Steevens quotes, without reference, the following prophecy from an old chronicle, which is very similar to this .

" Safer shall he be on sand,
Than where castles mounted stand."

Page 18, line 20. Now question me no more, for I must hence againe] It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground only for a limited time, and answered questions with reluctance. In the amended play, the spirit says, after the same answer :

" Have done, for more I hardly can endure."

The same observations may be made with regard to the prophecies told to Macbeth.

Page 18, line 25. The Rode of Dyttas by the Riuer Stykes.] *Dyttas* is written by mistake for *Dittis*, the genitive case of *Dix*, which is occasionally

used instead of the nominative by writers of the time. The genitive would, however, have been required in the Latin construction of the sentence. It is almost unnecessary to say that it means Pluto. So in Drant's Horace, 1567 :

“Made manye soules lord *Ditis* hall to seeke.”

Page 18, line 28. Sonnes] A mistake in the original copy for “sounes.” It is corrected in the later impressions.

Page 18, line 33. This time was well watcht.] A similar expression occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act v., sc. 5.

Page 19, line 1 [That your are.] So in the original, but corrected in the later impressions to “that you are.”

Page 19, line 1. Treasons] The edition of 1619 reads, “Treason.”

Page 19, line 2 The King shall haue notice] The two editions of 1600 read, “the King shall haue a notice,” which addition is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 19, line 15. Go will the Earles of Salsbury.] The two editions of 1600 read, “go will the Earle of Salsbury.” I scarcely understand the meaning of this conversation as it here stands, and think there is some error. Perhaps we should read “invite” for “go will,” or else we must suppose the servant to understand an unusual phraseology.

Page 19, line 18. With her Hawke on her fist.] This minute stage direction, as Mr Collier observes, is omitted in the amended play. It shows the particularity with which such matters were sometimes attended to on our old stage, and as an ocular proof to the audience that the royal party were engaged in hawking. (Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. v., p. 133.)

Page 19, line 24. And twas ten to one old Ione had not gone out.] See Boswell's *Malone*, vol. xvm., p. 203. “Out of sight,” I suppose, is understood ; but Percy explains it thus : “the wind was so high, it was ten to one that old Jone would not have taken her flight at the game.”

Page 19, line 30. Done towre so well.] The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, “doe towre so well.” The amended play also agrees with this emendation. The three next lines are thus given in the edition of 1619.

“They know their master sores a faulcon's pitch.

Hum. Faith, my lord, it's but a base minde,

That sores no higher than a bird can sore.”

There seems to be some strange confusion in the differences between these two readings and the text of the amended play ; but see the “Introduction” to this volume.

Page 19, line 34. I thought your grace would be aboue the cloudes.]

The first folio thus reads: "I thought as much, hee would bee aboue the clouds." Modern editors generally read "he'd;" but Mr. Knight restores the old reading.

Page 20, line 4. Beat on a Crowne.] An image taken from falconry. A hawk was said to *beat* when it fluttered with his wings. A similar phrase, without the comparison, occurs in Lyly's *Maid's Metamorphosis*, 1600, as quoted by Steevens:

"With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee."

The words, "bate" and "abate," as applied to this diversion, are more particularly explained in *The Booke of Hawking*, MS. Harl. 2340. In the *Tempest*, act 1. sc. 2, Miranda uses a somewhat similar expression, and Prospero also in act v., sc. 1.

Page 20, line 8. Good vncle, can you doate] This is intelligible enough, though the edition of 1619 alters "doate" to "do't," in which it is followed by Mr. Knight. See the notes of the commentators on the corresponding passage of the amended play.

Page 20, line 12. And it like.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and t'like."

Page 20, line 17. Whet not on these furious Lordes.] This speech may be arranged as verse. The first folio of the amended play reads

"I prythee peace, good queene,
And whet not on these furious peeres,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth."

But the second folio of 1632 reads:

"I prethee peace, good queene,
And whet not on these too-too furious peeres,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth,"

which curious difference is not noticed by any editor of Shakespeare.

Page 20, line 18. Blessed are the peace-makers on earth.] See *St. Matthew*, v. 9, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Page 20, line 25. Rhee.] A mistake in the original copy for "thee." It is corrected in the later impressions.

Page 20, line 32. At the East end of the groue.] In the amended play the place of meeting is first appointed by the cardinal, and afterwards repeated by Gloucester. The present passage shows that there is no necessity for Theobald's emendation, who would give the repetition of the appointment to the cardinal.

Page 21, line 3. Faith, Priest.] The edition of 1619 reads, "God's mother, priest," which agrees with the amended play. This is singular,

these two editions having been published after the prohibitory statute, and the other before.

Page 21, line 7. Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.] This repetition does not occur in the two editions of 1600.

Page 21, line 7. A miracle, a miracle.] This scene is founded on the following story, related by Sir Thomas More, and which he says was communicated to him by his father: "I remember me that I have hard my father tell of a begger that, in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, cam with his wife to saint Albons. And there was walking about the towne begging a five or six dayes before the kinges commynge thither, saienge that he was borne blinde, and never sawe in hys lyfe. And was warned in hys dreame that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seke saynt Albou, and that he had ben at his shryne, and had not bene holpen. And therfore he woulde go seke hym at some other place, for he had hard some say sins he came, that sanct Albons body shold be at Colon, and indele such a contencion hath ther ben. But of troth, as I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albons, saving some reliques of him, which ther there shew shrined. But to tell you forth, whan the kyng was comen, and the towne full, sodainlye thys blind man at Saint Albons shrine had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemply rongen, and *te Deum* songen, so that nothyng was talked of in al the towne but this myracle. So happened it than that Duke Humfry of Glocester, a great wyse man and very wel lerned, having great joy to se such a myracle, called the pore man unto hym. And first shewing himselfe joyouse of Goddes glory so shewed in the gettinge of his sight, and exortinge hym to mekenes, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to himself, nor to be proved of the peoples prayse, which would call hym a good and a godly man therby. At last he loked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could never se nothing at al in al his life before. And whan as well his wyfe as himself affirmed falsely no, than he loked advisedly upon his eien agan, and said, I beleve you very wel, for me thinketh that ye cannot se well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he, I thanke God and his holy marter, I can se now as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the duke, what colour is my gowne? Than anone the begger tolde him. What coloure, quoth he, is this mans gowne? He told him also, and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coulde bee shewed him. And whan my lord saw that, he bad him walke faytoure, and made him be set openly in the stockes. For though he could have sene soudenly by miracle, the dyfference betwene divers colours, yet coulde he not by the syght so sodenly tell the names of all these colours, but if he had knowen them before, no more than the names of al the men that he should soudenly se."—*The Workes of Sir Thomas More*, 1557, p. 134. The simi-

larity between the last part of this account, and that in our text, will be immediately perceived. The following account is given in *Grafton's Chronicle*, p. 597-8: "In the time of King Henry VI., as he rode in progress, there came to the towne of Saint Albons a certain beggar with his wyfe, and there was walking about the town, begging five or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was borne blind, and never saw in all his life; and was warned in his dream that he should come out of Berwicke, where, he said, that he had ever dwelled, to seke Saint Albon. When the king was come, and the town full of people, sodainly this blind man at Saint Albon's shryne had his sight; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, and *Te Deum* songen, so that nothing was talked of in all the towne but this miracle. So happened it then, that Duke Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the pore man up to him, and looked well upon his eyen, and asked whether he could never see anything at all in all his life before? and when, as well his wife as himselfe, affirmed fastly, "No," than he looked advisedly upon his eyen again, and sayde, I beleve you may well, for methinketh that ye cannot see well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he, I thank God and his holy martir, I can see now as well as any man. Ye can, quod the duke, what colour is this gowne? The anone the beggar told him. What colour, quod he, is this man's gowne? He told him also, without staying or stumbling, and told the names of all the colours that could be shewed him. And when the Duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks." So much for the plagiarisms of the sixteenth century!

Page 21, line 11. At his shirne.] The edition of 1619 reads "at the shrine."

Page 21, line 14 With Musicke] This part of the stage direction is omitted in the amended play.

Page 21, line 19. Where wast thou borne] This line forms part of the king's speech in the edition of 1619, which also reads, "please your majesty" instead of "sir" in the following line. The context is in favour of the old arrangement.

Page 21, line 24. Thou] Omitted in the edition of 1619

Page 21, line 27. On a plum-tree.] The word "on" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 22, line 8. Why.] This word is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 22, line 16. And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see.] The word "yet" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but is found in that of 1619.

Page 22, line 31. Sight may distinguish of colours] This speech is printed metrically in the amended play. The word "of" is omitted in the second folio.

Page 22, line 34. His cunning.] This whole speech is adopted nearly verbatim in the amended play. The two first folios, however, read, "it cunning" instead of "his cunning," which last reading is the right one. Rowe suggested "that cunning," which has been followed by all modern editors.

Page 23, line 4. And things called whippes.] A humorous method of expression, occasionally used satirically at the present day. Armin, in his *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608, says: "Ther are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips* in stoie." Now, according to Mr. Collier, no such passage is to be found in any edition of Shakespeare's Hamlet; and he thinks it unlikely that Armin refers to the old Hamlet which preceded Shakespeare's, because he was an actor in the same theatre as that for which Shakespeare wrote. It is not impossible that Armin may have confused the two plays together, and wrote incorrectly "as Hamlet saies," instead of "as Gloster saies."

Page 23, line 9 Now fetch me a stoole.] The second folio prints this, "New fetch me a stoole." I mention this minute difference because it appears to confirm Rowe's emendation of the well-known passage at the commencement of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in opposition to the opinion of Mr. Collier.

Page 23, line 30 The blinde to see, and halt to go.] The two editions of 1600 read "and the halt to go."

Page 25, line 11. The right and title of the house of Yorke] The edition of 1619 gives the whole pedigree very differently from this edition. It is necessary to transcribe the whole:

"Edward the third had seven sonnes,

The first was Edward the blacke prince,
Prince of Wales.

The second was William of Hatfield,
Who dyed young.

The third was Lyonell, duke of Clarence

The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,

The duke of Lancaster.

The fift was Edmund of Langley,

Duke of Yorke.

The sixt was William of Windsore,

Who dyed young.

The seauenth and last was sir Thomas of Woodstocke, duke of
Yorke.

"Now Edward the blacke prince dyed before his father, leauing behinde him two sonnes; Edward, borne at Angolesme, who died young, and Richard, that was after crowned king by the name of Richard the second, who dyed without an heyre.

“Lyonell, duke of Clarence, dyed, and left him one only daughter, named Phillip, who was married to Edmund Mortimer, earle of March and Ulster: and so by her I claime the crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell, duke of Clarence, thirde sonne to Edward the thirde. Now, sir, in time of Richard’s reigne, Henry of Bullingbroke, sonne and heire to John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster, fourth sonne to Edward the thirde, he claimed the crowne, deposd the merthfull king, and as both, you know, in Pomfret castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richard’s death came the house of Laucaster vnto the crowne.”

The historical truth of these matters is of little importance in the present question, which rather depends upon the chronicles of the sixteenth century, notoriously inaccurate; and history must be made to accommodate itself to Shakespeare. The differences in this instance between the impressions of 1600 and 1619, compared with the amended play, give us good arguments for certain points connected with the history of the various editions, which the reader will find more fully investigated in the introduction to the present volume.

Page 25, line 24. The fifth was Roger Mortemor.] This, as well as the name of Edward’s second son, is an error. Both mistakes are corrected in the amended play.

Page 27, line 2. Will I rouse the Beare.] The two editions of 1600 read, “I wil rouse the Beare.” The edition of 1619 agrees with our text.

Page 27, line 5. Maugre the proudest Lord.] The two editions of 1600 read, “Maugre the proudest lords.”

Page 27, line 18. Stand forth Dame Elnor Cobham.] This trial is an historical anachronism, having actually taken place some time before Henry’s marriage. The same may, of course, be said of the angry scene between the queen and the Duchess of Gloster.

Page 27, line 20. Gainst.] The edition of 1619 reads, “against.”

Page 27, line 22. Crimes.] The edition of 1619 reads, “crime.”

Page 28, line 3. Makes.] Probably “make.”

Page 28, line 8. Gunde.] Perhaps “guide.”

Page 28, line 10. My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine.] This line is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 28, line 11. As erst thy noble father made it mine.] The edition of 1619 reads,—

“As ere thy noble father made it mine.”

And this alteration, which is far from being either an improvement, or in any way necessary for the sense, is adopted by Mr. Knight.

Page 28, line 18. Ouer my land.] The edition of 1619 reads “ouer this my land.”

Page 28, line 28. Drinking to him so much that he is drunken.] "This year [1445] an armourer's servant in London appeled his maister of treason, which offered to be tried by battle. At the day assigned, the friends of the master brought him malmsye and *aqua vitæ* to comfort him withall : for it was the cause of his and their discomfort ; for he poured in so much, that when he came into the place in Smithfielde where he should fight, both his witte and strength failed him ; and so he being a tall and hardy personage, overloaded with hote drink, was vanquished of his servant, being but a coward, and a wretch, whose body was drawn to Tyburn, and he hanged and beheaded."—Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 594.

Page 28, line 29. With a sand-bag fastened to it.] According to the old law of duels, persons of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand Butler alludes to this when he says :—

" Engag'd with money-bags, as bold
As men with sand-bags did of old."

Page 29, line 1. Heres a cup of Charneco.] A sweet wine ; so called from Charneco, a village near Lisbon, where it is made. Allusions to it are common in writers of the period. In *The Discovery of a London Monster called the Black Dog of Neurgate*, 1612, we have the following mention of it amongst several other wines. "Room for a customer, quoth I. So in I went, where I found English, Scottish, Welch, Irish, Dutch, and French, in several rooms some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux ; there wanted neither sherry, sack, nor charnoco, maligo, nor peeter seemme, amber-colour'd candy, nor liguorish Ipoeras, brown belov'd bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor that might draw their wits into a circle to see the devil by imagination." Part of this curious quotation is given in the variorum Shakespeare under Warburton's name, but it was communicated to him by Theobald. See Nichols's *Illustrations of Literature*, vol. ii, p. 437.

Page 29, line 16. Take all the mony that I haue] The two editions of 1600 read, "Take all my mony that I haue." It may be worthy of observation, that the later editions of our play read *Horner* instead of *Honor*.

Page 29, line 27. Heres to thee.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Here to thee."

Page 29, line 29. As it were of my mans instigation.] The two editions of 1600 read, "as it were of man's instigation," while that of 1619 returns to our text, which is also followed by the amended play.

Page 29, line 31. As Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.] This allusion to the well-known old romance is not in the amended play, though

frequently inserted from the sketch by modern editors. The giant alluded to is thus described:—

“They had not ridden but a while,
 Not the mountenance of a mile,
 But they met with a giaunt,
 With a full sory semblant.
 He was both mighty and strong;
 He was full thirtie foot long:
 He was bristeled like a sow,
 A foot there was betweene each brow.
 His lips wer great, they hanged aside,
 His eies were hollow, his mouth wide.
 He was lothly to looke on;
 He was lyker a devill then a mau.
 His staffe was a yong oake,
 He would give a great stroke.
 Bevis wondrod, I you plight,
 And asked him what he hight;
 My name, sayd he, is Ascapart,
 Sir Grassy sent me hetherward.”

An account of the combat between Sir Bevis and this giant follows the above, but I cannot find any allusion to the particular method of striking mentioned in the text. I quote from an undated black-letter edition, “imprinted at London by Thomas East, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, at the signe of the black horse” According to Steevens, the figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton; and there certainly is some uncouth-looking sculpture that may perhaps have its subject so interpreted.

Page 29, line 35. Alarmed, and Peter hits him.] The word “and” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 30, line 1. Hold Peter, I confesse.] The real names of these combatants, says Douce, were John Daveys and William Catour, as appears from the original precept to the sheriffs still remaining in the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield for the combat. The names of the sheriff, were Godfrey Boloyne and Robert *Horne*; and the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian’s Chronicle that records the duel might have suggested the name of *Horner* to Shakespeare. See more on this subject in Douce’s *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 8.

Page 30, line 6. For by his death we do perceiue his guilt.] According to the ancient opinion of duelling, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evi-

dence of his guilt. Bowle adduces a similar instance in a duel in 1380, related by Murimuth, which concludes with the following apposite quotation: "Magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur."

Page 30, line 19. With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame.] This was adopted without alteration in the first folio edition of the amended play, but in the folio of 1632 we have, "*still* laughing at thy shame," the reason of which interpolation is not very obvious, nor does the addition appear necessary. Mr. Knight follows Malone in his choice of the text of the second folio, but Mr. Collier has restored the reading of the first folio and the old editions of the sketch.

Page 30, line 24. Verses written on her backe and pind on.] Modern editors generally put "with papers pinned upon her back," as the above part of the stage direction is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play. Mr. Collier says that modern editors, by substituting "papers" for "verses," have left it doubtful what kind of papers were fixed upon the dress of the duchess, and he accordingly partially restores the old direction. I say "partially," for Mr. Collier inadvertently adds that no existing authority states they were *pinned on*. It seems to me that the stage direction of the first folio may remain with propriety unaltered in any future edition of the amended play, for the addition is no more required on account of the allusion to the "papers" in the speech of the duchess, than another interpolation is needed because she was "follow'd with a rabble." Such allusions cannot surely demand a stage direction to assist the capacity of the reader.

Page 31, line 10. Then thought of this.] The edition of 1619 reads, "the thought of this."

Page 31, line 13 Bids.] Perhaps "bid."

Page 31, line 15. Malde vp in shame] The amended play reads, "mayl'd vp in shame," while modern editions have "mail'd up in shame;" but, from the spelling of the word in our text, it seems to be a question whether *maul'd* is not the true reading, at least of the old play. The emendation would perhaps express *wrapped up in a rough manner*, so that Johnson's explanation would still hold good. See Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 148.

Page 31, line 22. To euery idle rascald follower.] The two editions of 1600 read, "To euery idle rascall follower," and the amended play adopts their reading. It was merely an older form of the word.

Page 31, line 28. Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace.] This is intended to be a question. According to Hall, "the duke of Gloucester toke all these thynges paciently, and sayed litle."

Page 31, line 29. Ouer.] The edition of 1619 reads, "ore."

Page 31, line 35. And fie thou how thou can.] The edition of 1619 reads, "canst," instead of "can."

Page 32, line 6. This is sodeine.] The word "sodeine" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and this part of the speech breaks off suddenly. This astonishment of Gloster is expressed apparently before he recollects he had resigned "his staffe," or it would be inconsistent with the previous scene.

Page 32, line 17. In that I intreat.] This last word is rather curiously transposed in the amended play.

Page 32, line 18. The world may smile againe.] In other words, as Johnson observes, the world may again look favourably upon me.

Page 32, line 21. And bid me not.] So also the amended play, but the edition of 1619 reads, "and bid not me."

Page 33, line 5. The King and the Queene.] The two editions of 1600 read, "the king and queene."

Page 33, line 10. But now that time is past.] The edition of 1619 reads, "but now the time is past."

Page 33, line 14. And he will neither moue.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet he will neither moue."

Page 33, line 15. See you not how the Commons follow him.] The word "how" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 33, line 18. And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace.] This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619, and accordingly we do not find it in Mr. Knight's edition.

Page 33, line 19. Honouring him as if he were their King.] The two editions of 1600 read "a king," instead of "their king." Malone, who has collated his copy of the edition of 1600, "printed by W. W." with a copy of the 1594 edition formerly in his possession, distinctly writes—

"Thinking him as if he were their king,"

as the reading of his copy of the first edition. If so, it must have been a different copy from that now in the Bodleian, from which the present text is reprinted, and another instance of the curious variations in different copies of the same editions, which were first discovered by Steevens (Boswell's *Malone*, vol. x., p. 73), and recently applied to good use by Mr. Collier.

Page 34, line 6. Is ouercome, my Lord, all is lost.] The two editions of 1600 read, "and all is lost."

Page 34, line 9. Cold newes for me.] This and the next line are identically the same with the first two lines of York's former speech at p. 8 of this volume. The author of our play is apparently fond of the expression, "cold newes."

Page 34, line 16. Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt, &c.] The 1623 edi-

tion of the amended play reads, "Well, Suffolk, thou shalt," and the 1632 edition, "Well, Suffolk, *yet* thou shalt." Malone and Knight read, "Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt;" while Collier follows the reading of the second folio.

Page 34, line 19. Whereof am I guiltie.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Whereof I am guilty," a change for the worse, though retained by Mr. Knight.

Page 34, line 23. By which.] The edition of 1619 reads "Through which."

Page 34, line 26. So God helpe me.] The edition of 1619 reads, "So God me helpe."

Page 35, line 5. Felonous.] For "felonious," as in the two editions of 1600 and that of 1619. "Felonous" was the older form of the word, and occurs in *Maundevile's Travels*, edit. 1839, p. 291.

Page 35, line 22. Dreads.] Probably "dread."

Page 35, line 24. Showes.] Probably "showe."

Page 35, line 25. Bewraies.] Probably "bewraie."

Page 35, line 26. Leuels at the moone.] That is, *aims*, meaning to express York's great ambition. So in the *Tempest*, act ii., sc. 1, Gonzalo says, "You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing." In Rider's Latin Dictionary, 1640, we have "aime or levell." In *Titus Andronicus*, act iv., sc. 3, Marcus says:

"My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this."

Page 35, line 33. Will be well performde.] The word "well" is omitted in the edition of 1619, though found in the amended play, which reads "affected" for "performed."

Page 36, line 1 Ignomius.] For "ignominious," as in the two editions of 1600, that of 1619, and the amended play.

Page 36, line 3. I but I giue the loser leaue to speake.] In Nash's *Pierce Penilasse*, 1592, ed. Collier, p. 8, nearly the same expression occurs: "I, I, well giue losers leaue to talke," so that it may perhaps be a proverb. It is repeated in the amended play. It is almost unnecessary to observe that "I" always stands for "ay" in works of this period. In the editions of 1600 the "I" is changed to "Yea;" but that of 1619 generally retains the old form. The edition of 1619 here omits the first "I."

Page 36, line 15. Annoy.] That is, *annoyance*. The older form of the word, occurring also in *Piers Plowman*. The still older word, *anuy*, occurs in MS. Harl. 2277, fol. 46.

Page 37, line 2. No. Let him die, in that he is a Foxe.] This and the

next line are given to York in the edition of 1619; but, although this is sanctioned by the authority of Mr. Knight, the arrangement in our text seems the right one. The next speech that York makes does not lead the reader to suppose that he had taken any part in the previous conversation; and, in the amended play, it will be found that the first line is in Suffolk's speech. The commentators are somewhat confused in their explanations of the speech as it stands in the amended play; but, if they had carefully read the present sketch, no difficulties would have been found.

Page 37, line 9. Enter a Messenger.] The first folio alters this to, "Enter a poste," which shows that he was specially sent, and, as many of the directions do, illustrates the next line:

"Great lords, from Ireland am I come again."

Modern editors have unnecessarily returned to the older reading.

Page 37, line 14. Doth plant themselues.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Do plant themselues."

Page 37, line 16. Twere very good.] The edition of 1619 omits the word "very."

Page 37, line 18. And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.] This line is in the wrong place. It ought properly to be at the end of the messenger's speech, four lines above, and it is so arranged in the two editions of 1600, and in that of 1619. The end of that speech would then be as follows:

"Doth plant themselues within the English pale,

And burnes and spoiles the country as they goe."

We should, of course, read "burne and spoil," the bad grammar having probably crept in owing to its erroneous position in York's speech.

Page 37, line 24. That France should haue reuolted.] The word "France" is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600, but supplied in that of 1619.

Page 37, line 35. Against those kernes.] "Tertius ordo comprehendit alios etiam pedites, ac levis armaturæ Machærophores, ab Hybernis *Karni* dicuntur," *Ricardi Stanihurst De rebus in Hibernia gestis liber*, Antwerp, 1584, lib. i. p. 42. In a passage quoted by Bowle, from an early English translation of the same book, we have the following account: "The kerne is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon his sword and target, and sometimes his peece, being commonly good markmen. Kerne signifieth a shower of hell, because they are taken for no better than for rake-hells, or the devils blacke-garde." See also another description of them in *Dymoke's Treatise on Ireland*, in an Harleian MS., which I passed through the press for the *Irish Archæological Society*, and will be shortly published, with an

introduction by Mr. Butler. The two editions of 1600 read, "gainst those kernes," while in that of 1619 we have—

"And Yorke shall trie his fortunes 'gainst those kernes."

Page 38, line 7. I wil.] The edition of 1619 reads, "I'll."

Page 38, line 18. Thou canst it not attaine.] The two editions of 1600 read, "thou canst not it attaine."

Page 38, line 23. Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemor.] The two editions of 1600 read,

"Vnder the title of Sir Iohn Mortimer,"

which addition does not agree with the scene at p. 53, where Cade knights himself. The edition of 1619 here adds the following line:

"For he is like him euery kinde of way,"

which is neither in the earlier editions, nor does it occur in the amended play. This of itself is nearly sufficient to show that the edition of 1619 must have been printed from another copy.

Page 39, line 6. Then the Curtaines being drawne.] In the simplicity of our old stage, the different apartments were only separated by a curtain. See Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 168. The curtain which hangs in the front of the present stage, drawn up by lines and pullies, which was the invention of Inigo Jones, and used in his masques, was an apparatus not then known. At the time our play was acted, the curtains opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod. In *Lady Alimony*, 1659, quoted by Malone, "Be your stage-curtains artificially drawn, and so covertly shrowded, that the squint-eyed groundling may not peep in." There is also an old book, called "The Curtain-Drawer of the World," 1612, which is in its very title an illustration of Jacques's celebrated comparison. See also Aldy's *Theatre, or Rule of the World*, 12mo. Lond. 1581.

Page 39, line 16. All things is hansome.] This bad English may have been intentionally put into the mouth of the murderer; but it is erroneously put in Suffolk's speech in the first folio of the amended play. The second folio corrects it.

Page 39, line 21. Then enter.] The word "then" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 39, line 26. Proceed no further against our vnkle Gloster.] The edition of 1619 reads, "proceed no further 'gainst our vnckle."

Page 40, line 1. My Lord Gloster is dead.] The two editions of 1600 punctuate this line rather differently:

"Dead in his bed, my lord, Gloster is dead;"

while the edition of 1619 reads, "My lord of Gloster's dead," which appa-

rently confirms the punctuation of the first edition. Each of the three readings is perfectly consonant with sense and metre.

Page 40, line 12. For euen in thine eye-bals.] The two editions of 1600 read "thy" instead of "thine."

Page 40, line 14. The silly gazer with thy lookes.] The word "silly" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and also by Mr. Knight. "Plinius sayth there is a wilde beast called Catobletas great noyeing to mankinde; for all that see his eyen should dye anone, and the same kinde hath the cockatrice." — *Bartholomæus de prop. rerum*, lib. xviii. cap. 16. The same property is also mentioned by Pliny of the basilisk. So, in *Albion's England*, as quoted by Reed,

"As Æsculap an herdsman did espie,
That did with easy sight enforce a *basilisk* to flye,
Albeit naturally that beast doth murder with the eye."

Page 40, line 18. And you had.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and y'had."

Page 40, line 20. Be woe for me more wretched then he was.] Johnson explains this, "Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me." The amended play reads "is" instead of "was;" but our reading appears better, because the Queen is alluding to the former misery of Gloster, which she now wishes the king to believe has fallen upon herself on account of his death.

Page 40, line 24. And thrise by aukward winds] Some editors have changed "aukward" to "adverse" in the corresponding passage in the amended play, which reads "twice" instead of "thrise." In *Cymbeline* we have the expression, "rudest wind." Malone quotes the following apposite passage from Drayton:

"And undertook to travaile dangerous waies,
Driven by awkward winds and boisterous seas."

Page 40, line 29. The Commons like an angrie hiue of bees.] The edition of 1619 reads, "an hungry hiue of bees," the reading adopted by Mr. Knight, though, perhaps, few readers will think it an improvement.

Page 40, line 31. For good Duke Humphreys death.] The word "duke" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 40, line 34. God knowes, not Henry.] Johnson says that "Henry" is here used as a word of three syllables.

Page 41, line 13. This thrise famous Duke.] The word "thrise" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 41, line 16. Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost.] The following

passage in Porter's *Two Angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599, appears almost a parody :

"Oft have I heard a timely married girl
That newly left to call her mother mam."

Timely-parted means *recently* in this instance, though some of the commentators explain it by "in proper time." The commentators give us long notes on the incorrect application of the word *ghost* ; but it is again used in the same sense at p. 70 of this volume :

"Sweet father, to thy *murdered ghost* I swear ;"

and it appears to have been used somewhat indiscriminately by our early writers.

Page 41, line 17. Of ashie semblance.] So Spenser—

"Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashy ghosts!"

Page 41, line 18 But loe the blood is settled in his face.] The two editions of 1600 read, "in the face."

Page 41, line 21. His fingers spred abroad] That is, widely distended. So in Peacham's *Complete Gentleman*, 1627 : "Herein was the Emperor Domitian so cunning, that let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his fingers *abroad*, he would shoot through the spaces without touching the boy's hand, or any finger." — See Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 264.

Page 41, line 24. It cannot chuse but he was murthered.] So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act. iii. sc. 2, Hermia says to Demetrius,

"It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him."

The passage in the amended play (act iii. sc. 2) is very nearly the same with the line just given :

"It cannot be but he was murder'd here."

Page 41, line 27. But twas well knowne.] The edition of 1619 reads, "but tis well knowne."

Page 41, line 30. You.] The edition of 1619 reads "ye."

Page 41, line 34. Puttock.] A kite. See Bewick's *History of British Birds*, edit. 1797, vol. i. p. 21. In a later edition of this work, the same provincial expression is given to the buzzard.

Page 42, line 1. With vnbloodie beake.] The edition of 1619 reads, "with the vnbloody beake."

Page 42, line 3. Where's your talants.] The edition of 1619 reads, "where's his talents."

Page 42, line 7. But heres a vengefull sword rusted with case.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet here's a." The word "case" is altered to "ease" in the three other editions.

Page 42, line 18. Madame, be still.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Madame, be ye still."

Page 43, line 1. Giue thee thy hire, and send thy soule to hell.] The edition of 1619 reads,

"Giue thee thy hire, and send thee downe to hell:"

which alteration implies a change of authorship, which the reader will find more fully exemplified in the introduction to the present volume.

Page 43, line 15. Mightie soueraigne i.] This last isolated letter is found in the original; but, as it is omitted in the later editions, it is most probably merely an error of the press for a full stop.

Page 43, line 16. Cries.] This grammatical error is repeated several times.

Page 43, line 20. The vnlesse false Suffolke.] The edition of 1619 more intelligibly reads, "That vnlesse false Suffolke."

Page 43, line 30. To trie how quaint an Orator you were.] It is, perhaps, necessary to observe that "quaint" here means *skilful*, *dexterous*. So Prospero says, "My quaint Ariel."

Page 43, line 33. Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.] A company or body of tiunkers. So in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, act iii. sc. 2,

"The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort."

Page 44, line 2. Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care.] The two editions of 1600 read,

"Tell them we thanke them for all their louing care;" and the edition of 1619 reads "kind" instead of "louing."

Page 44, line 3. And had I not bene] The two editions of 1600 read, "And had not I beene."

Page 44, line 13. Come, good Warwicke.] The word "good" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 44, line 22. Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes.] Bulleine, speaking of Mandagora, says: "They doe affyrme that this herbe commeth of the seede of some convicted dead men; and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawn out of the earth to man's use. Therefore they did tie some dogge or other lyving beast unto the roote thereof wyth a corde, and digged the earth in compass round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this mandrack. In which cry it doth not only dye itselfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."—*Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness*, fol. 1579, p. 41. This quotation was first made by Reed, and has been inserted by most of the editors. The fabulous accounts, says Johnson, of the plant called a mandrake, give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate that when it is

torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being fatal to the person who attempts the violence, the practice of those who gather them is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity.

Page 44, line 26. As leaue fast enuy.] The three other editions read, "as leane facde enuy."

Page 44, line 29. My haire be fixt on end.] So the modern editors write, but the folios of the amended play read, "Mine haire be fixt an end."

Page 44, line 32. Poison be their drinke] Steevens has remarked that part of this speech has been copied by Lee in his tragedy of *Cesar Borgia*, 4to. Lond. 1680. As Steevens has not given the passage to which he refers, it may be as well to insert it here :

"Mach. Nay, since you urge me, sir, my heart will break
Unless I curse 'em! Poyson be their drink.

Borg. Gall, gall and wormwood! Hemlock! hemlock! quench 'em.

Mach. Their sweetest shade a dell of duskish adders.

Borg. Their fairest prospect, fields of basilisks;

Their softest touch, as smart as viper's teeth.

Mach. Their musick horrid as the hiss of dragons,

All the foul terrours of dark-seated hell.

Borg. No more; thou art one piece with me thyself:

And now I take a pride in my revenge."

Page 44, line 33. Gall worse then gall, the daintiest thing they taste.] The amended play reads, "the daintiest *that* they taste," and Theobald wishes to read, "the dainties that," or "the daintiest meat," because there is a substantive subjoined to every epithet in the verses that follow. See Nichols' *Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 439, where will be found a letter from Theobald to Warburton, suggesting the above readings. But surely, if any alteration is necessary, it would be safer to return to the reading of the old edition.

Page 45, line 14. Irish.] i. e. Iris. See the amended play, act. iii. sc. 2, and Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 275. The edition of 1619 corrects "shall," which occurs in the same line, to "shalt."

Page 45, line 30. Sometime.] The edition of 1619 reads, "sometimes."

Page 46, line 8. In thy lap.] This line forms part of the previous one in the edition of 1619.

Page 46, line 9. Here could I, could I.] This repetition does not occur in the edition of 1619.

Page 46, line 12. From thy sight.] The edition of 1619 reads, "from my sight," which is clearly an error.

Page 46, line 31. Enter King and Salisbury] This stage direction is as follows in the amended play : " Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinall in bed."

Page 46, line 34. Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue.] This was probably suggested by the following account in Hall's *Chronicle* : " During these doynges, Henry Beauford, byshop of Wynchester, and called the ryche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde, and was buried at Wynchester. This man was sonne to Jhon of Gaunte, duke of Lancaster, discended on an honorable lignage, but borne in Baste, more noble of bloud, then notable in learnyng, haut in stomacke, and hygh in countenance, ryche aboue measure of all men, and to fewe liberal, disdaynfull to his kynne, and dreadfull to his lovers, preferryng money before frendshippe, many thinges begynning, and nothing perfourmyng. His covetous insaciabie, and hope of long lyfe, made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymselfe in his latter daies : for Doctor Jhon Baker, his pryvie counsailer, and hys chapellayn, wrote that he lyeng on his death bed, said these wordes : Why should I dye, having so much ryches, if the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to bye it. Fye, wyll not death be hyered, nor will money do nothing ? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myselfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester disceased, then I thought myself able to be equale with kinges, and so thought to encrease my treasure in hoope to have worne a tryple croune. But I se nowe the worlde fayleth me, and so I am deceyved, prayng you all to pray for me."

Page 46, line 34. But one whole yeare.] This is altered in the amended play to " and feel no pain." Theobald thinks the old edition supplies the best reading, as the Cardinal here labours more under the dreadful apprehensions in his mind of the result of approaching death than bodily pain. King Henry adds immediately afterwards, " how he is troubled," and wishes him to remember his Redeemer.

Page 47, line 4. Remember Christ must saue thy soule.] The two editions of 1600 read :—

" Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must haue thy soule."

Page 47, line 7. Can I make men liue whether they will or no ?] So in *King John*, act iv., sc. 2 :—

" We cannot hold mortality's strong hand."

and again :—

" Why do you bend such solemn brows on me ?

Think you I bear the shears of destiny ?

Have I commandment on the pulse of life ?"

Page 47, line 8. Go fetch me the strong poison.] The word "strong" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 47, line 17. Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.] So in the old *King John*, 1591, the legate says to the dying sovereign —

"Lift up thy hand, that we may wnesse here,
Thou diedst the servant of our Saviour Christ :—
Now joy betide thy soule!"

Page 47, line 25 His funerals be performde] The word "be" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 47, line 27. Alarmes.] This word, so frequently occurring in old stage directions, and, having two distinct meanings, is frequently misinterpreted by the general reader. Perhaps the following is as good an explanation of the word as could be given. "*Classicum*, a trumpet for the warres, a sound or peale of trumpets or belles to call men together or to go to warre, alarme."—Rider's *Latin Dictionary*, 4to, Lond. 1640.

Page 47, line 28. The Captaine of the ship] In the amended play we have "Lieutenant" throughout the scene. Modern editors return to the old edition.

Page 47, line 31 Water Whickmore] In the two editions of 1600 his name is spelt "Walter Whickemore."

Page 48, line 4. And let them paie their ransomes.] The edition of 1619 reads, "ransome."

Page 48, line 6. What doest feare me.] The two editions of 1600 read, "what doest thou feare me." This appears to be a necessary addition, although the edition of 1619 follows our text.

Page 48, line 10. That by Water I should die.] So, in Queen Margaret's letter to the duke, by Drayton, we have—

"I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass,
Never the sea yet half so dangerous was,
And one foretold by *water* thou should'st die,
Ah! foul befall that foul tongue's prophecy!"

See Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. xviii., p. 283. This prophecy and its accomplishment are differently stated. The note upon these lines is: "The witch of Eye receiv'd answer from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water*." The two editions of 1600 print *Walter* instead of water, and it is probably one of those that Mr. Collier refers to in his edition of Shakespeare, vol. v., p. 181.

Page 48, line 15. I am the man must bring thee to thy death.] This scene is thus related in Hall's *Chronicle*: "But fortune wold not that this flagitious person shoulde so escape; for when he shipped in Suffolke, entedyng to be transported into Fraunce, he was encounterd with a shippe

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re apperteinyng to the duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towrendon, called the Nicholas of the Towre. The capitayne of the same, with small fight entered into the duke's shyppe, and perceyving his presence, brought hym to Dover Rode, and there on the one syde of the bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the sword upon the sandes of Dover, which corse was there founde by a chapele of his, and conveyed to Wyngfelde College in Suffolke, and there buried. This ende had William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke, as men say, by God's punyishment; for above all thinges he was noted to be the organ, engine, and divisor of the destruction of Humfrey the good of Gloucester, and so the bloudde of the innocent man was with his cruel death recompensed and punished." See Holmshed's *Chronicle*, 2, and Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 610.

age 48, line 31. Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I.] This is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, though completely necessary to the sense of what follows.

age 48, line 33. Base ladie groome.] A groom who attends upon inferior persons. Here, a term of reproach. See *Henry VIII.*, act iii., sc. 2.

age 48, line 34. The honourable blood of Lancaster.] Blakeway says this is a mistake, and that Suffolk's great grandfather was a merchant all. But we learn from Hall that Suffolk assumed a good ancestry, therefore this line was a natural ebullition of his vanity.

age 49, line 7. Yes Poull.] This and the next line are omitted in the editions of the amended play, but are introduced by modern editors as necessary to the sense.

age 49, line 12. Queene.] This word is placed at the end of the preceding line in the two editions of 1600.

age 49, line 16. Abradas, the great Masadonian Pyrate.] In the amended play, we have—

"Small things make base men proud; this villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate."

Bargulus, or Βαρδύλλης, as Plutarch writes it in the life of Pyrrhus, is mentioned by Cicero, *Bargulus Illyrius latro*. The change was perhaps made for the sake of the metre, "Macedonian" not well suiting the new construction of Suffolk's speech. Greene, in *Penelope's Web*, 1588, mentions Abradas, the great Macedonian pirat," who "thought euery one had a fear of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." See Malone's *Shakespeare*, Boswell, vol. xviii., p. 289. The second folio reads, "threats instead threatens."

age 49, line 18. Addes.] Probably "adde."

Page 49, line 22. Hast not thou kist thy hand.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Hast not thou kist thine hand."

Page 50, line 23. Twas neuer merry world with vs.] A proverbial expression. "Then stept forth the Duke of Suffolke from the King, and spake with a hault countenance these words: It was never merry in England, quoth hee, while we had any Cardinals among us." Stowe's *Chronicle*, by Howes, fol. 1631, p. 546. See Malone's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. xviii., p. 294. The reading of the amended play renders this quotation still more apposite.

Page 50, line 23. Since these gentle men came vp] The word "these" is judiciously omitted in the amended play.

Page 50, line 27. More.] The edition of 1619 reads, "else."

Page 50, line 33. All be.] The edition of 1619 reads, "be al."

Page 51, line 7. I, Iohn Cade, so named for my valiancie.] This passage is very obscure, unless he derives his name from the Latin *cado*, which is partially confirmed by the amended play, where he says, "our enemies shall *fall* before us." It would appear that something is omitted.

Page 51, line 8. A Cade of Sprats.] A measure less than a barrel. The quantity a cade should contain is ascertained by Malone by the following extract from the accounts of the celeress of the abbey of Berking: "Memorandum that a barrel of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a cade of herryng six hundreth, six score to the hundreth." Nash, in his *Praise of the Red Herring*, 1599, says, "the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in cades, and from him they have their name." Nash's account was, perhaps, borrowed from this play.

Page 51, line 10. He was an honest man.] In the edition of 1619 and the amended play, this speech is given to Dick Butcher.

Page 51, line 11. My mother came of the Brases.] The edition of 1619 reads,

"My mother was come of the *Lacies*."

Page 51, line 12. She was a Pedlers daughter.] In the edition of 1619 this speech is given to Nicke.

Page 51, line 14. Furd packe.] A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. See Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 296.

Page 51, line 17. Therefore I am honourably borne.] The two editions of 1600 read, "Therefore I am honorable borne." Thus in the *Third Part of Henry VI.*, edit. 1623, p. 160, we have,

"Widow, goe you along: Lords, vse her honourable."

This word "honorable" is altered to "honourably" in the second edition of that play.

Page 51, line 18. I for the field.] The word "for" is omitted in the edition of 1619 and in the amended play.

Page 51, line 19. For his father.] The edition of 1619 reads, "because his father."

Page 51, line 24. His coate is of prooffe.] Perhaps an exit ought to be marked here, as Will so soon afterwards enters "with the Clarke of Chattam."

Page 51, line 30. The three hoopt pot shall haue ten hoops.] The old drinking-pots, being of wood, were bound together, as barrels are, with hoops, whence they were called *hoops*, and in *The Gul's Horn-Booke*, 1609, they are mentioned among other drinking-measures. See also Nash's *Pierce Penlesse*, 1592, ed Collier, p. 103. Cade, says Douce, promises that every can which now had three hoops shall be increased in size so as to require ten.

Page 51, line 32. And if I be king.] The edition of 1619 leaves out the word "and," and the two editions of 1600 read, "And if be the king."

Page 52, line 3. But such as comes] The edition of 1619 reads, "But such as come."

Page 52, line 4 We shall haue sore lawes then] Stephano makes a similar pun in the *Tempest*, act. v sc. 1.

Page 52, line 8. The Clarke of Chattam.] Ritson supposes him to have been Thomas Bayly, a necromancer at Whitechapel, and formerly a bosom friend of Cade. See *W. Wycestre*, p. 471. But Douce considers the character to have been invented by the writer of the play, and there certainly does not appear to be any evidence in favour of Ritson's conjecture.

Page 52, line 14 Sonnes.] A misprint for "sounes." It is corrected in the later impressions.

Page 52, line 17 I can tell you] The edition of 1619 reads, "I tell ye."

Page 52, line 18. For they vse to write that oth top of letters] Of letters missive, and public acts. In the *Famous Victories*, the Archbishop of Bruges says to King Henry :

"I beseech your grace to deliver mee your safe

Conduct, under your broade seale *Emanuel*."

The edition of 1619 reads, "ore the top of letters," and, in the previous line, "I tell ye," instead of "I can tell you."

Page 52, line 19. And what do you vse] The edition of 1619 reads, "What do ye vse."

Page 52, line 22. Nay, true sir.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Nay, truly sir."

Page 52, line 24. Oh hes confest] The edition of 1619 has this speech

as follows: "Oh he has confest, go hang him with his pen and iukehorne about his necke."

Page 53, line 4. He knights Dicke Butcher.] The edition of 1619 reads, "He knights him," and places this direction at the end of the next line.

Page 53, line 6. Now sound vp the Drumme.] This forms part of Cade's speech in the edition of 1619.

Page 53, line 9. I passe not a pinne.] An idiomatic phrase of the time for I care not, or, I pay them no regard. "I care not a pin for you," is a common expression at the present day.

Page 53, line 15. His father was but a Brick-laier.] The word "but" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 53, line 16. Well, and Adam was a Gardner.] The word "and" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 53, line 29. And that was my father.] The word "that" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

Page 53, line 31. I know twas true.] The edition of 1619 reads, "I know was true," which Mr. Knight has corrected to "I know 'tis true."

Page 53, line 33. To testifie.] The edition of 1619 reads "to testifie it."

Page 54, line 1. In whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes.] The amended play reads, "in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns." The commentators do not give any note on the game of span-counter, which Strutt and Nares suppose to have been thus played: one throws a counter, or piece of money, which the other wins if he can throw another so as to hit it, or lie within a span of it. It is alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And what I now pull shall no more afflict me,
Than if I play'd at span-counter."

Dr. Simon Forman, and his companion and "bedfellowe," Henry Gird, used to play at this game about 1570, as we learn from his diary in MS. Ashm. 208; but this curious document does not give us any information relative to the manner in which the game was played. A few leaves onwards, in the same volume, Forman gives us the following account, which is so good an illustration of the fact of deer-stealing being a fashionable amusement in the time of Shakespeare, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it here, especially, too, as it also affords an example of the ancient method of styling members of the university by the title of "sir," already alluded to. Forman is speaking of his college life when he tells us: "Nowe thier were too Bachelors of Arte that were too of his shife benefactors: the one of them was Sir Thornbury, that after was bishope of Limerike, and he was of Magdalen College; the other was Sir Pinckney, his cossine of St. Mary Halle. Thes too lovyd hym [Forman] nying welle,

and many tymes wold make Simon to goo forth tho Loes the keper of Shot-tofer for his houndes to goe on huntinge from morninge to nighte, and they never studied nor gave themselves to their bockes, but to goe to scolles of defence, to the dauncing scolles, to *steall dear and conyes*, and to hunte the hare and to woiunge of wenches; to goe to Doctor Lawrence of Cowly, for he had too fair daughters, Besse and Martha. Sir Thornbury he wooed Besse; and Sir Pinckney he wooed Martha, and in the end he married her; but Thornbury he deceyved Besse as the mayor's daughter of Bracly, of which Ephues writes, deceyved him. But ther was their ordinary haunt alwaies, and thethere muste Symon rone with the bottell and the bage erly and late." Thus if a bishop could steal deer when he was at college, surely Shakespeare could do so in his early career without his respectability being impeached by his editors, a sport then attended with as little loss of reputation as stealing knockers would be at the present day.

Page 54, line 9. England hath bene maimde.] The amended play reads, "main'd," so that this may be a pun on the word "Mayne," in the previous line. Daniel has a similar conceit in his *Civil Wars*, 1595:

"Anjou and Maine, the *main* that foul appears."

Page 54, line 10. But that my puissance.] The two editions of 1600 read, "but that the puissance."

Page 54, line 31. Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother is slaine.] "A detachment was made against Jack Cade under the command of Sir Humphry and Sir William Stafford, to oppose those of Cade's men that remained in a body, imagining that most of them were retired to their several dwellings: but Cade having placed his troops in ambuscade in the woods about Sevenoke, the forces commanded by the Staffords were surrounded, and most of them either killed or taken prisoners, the two brothers who commanded them being killed on the spot."—Holinshed's *Chronicle*, *Henry VI.*, p. 364. The edition of 1619 reads, "where Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are both slaine."

Page 55, line 3. Thou.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and thou"

Page 55, line 5. For to morrow.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and to morrow."

Page 55, line 15. Reade.] This stage direction is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 55, line 15. One.] Perhaps "once."

Page 55, line 20. I feare my loue.] Malone prefers this reading to the "I fear me, love" of the folio editions of the amended play. The difference is one which might easily occur in printing.

Page 55, line 21. Thou wouldst not haue mournde.] The second folio reads, "Thou would'st not half have mourn'd."

Page 55, line 31. Flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.] “The king and court were so terrified at the approach of these rebels to Blackheath, that they retired to Kenelworth Castle in Warwickshire.”—Holinshed’s *Chronicle*, p. 364. Killingworth is the old name for Kenilworth, and Sir William Blackstone says it was the common pronunciation in his time. In Laneham’s letter, we find “the castle hath name of Kyllelingworth; but of truth, grounded upon faythfull story, Kenelwoorth.”

Page 56, line 9. Enter three or foure Citizens below.] This necessary stage direction is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 56, line 21. But get you to Smythfield.] The second folio reads, “But get you into Smithfield.”

Page 56, line 22. I will.] These words are transposed in the edition of 1619.

Page 56, line 31. And now hence forward.] This and the next line are thus given in the two editions of 1600:—

“And now henceforth, it shall be treason
For any that calls me otherwise then.”

The amended play agrees with our text.

Page 57, line 4. My Lords] The edition of 1619 reads, “My lord.”

Page 57, line 7. Set London Bridge a fire.] The two editions of 1600 read, “set London Bridge on fire.” At that time the bridge was made of wood.

Page 57, line 10. Then Mathew Goffe is slaine.] This of course means in the course of the scene, and not necessarily before the arrival of Cade and his followers. He is described by Holinshed, p. 635, as “a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in serving of the king and his father.”

Page 57, line 13. Go some and pull down the Sauoy.] The word “some” is omitted in the edition of 1619. According to Ritson, this trouble had been saved Cade’s reformers by his predecessor, Wat Tyler, and was not rebuilt till the time of Henry VII.

Page 57, line 15. Innes of the Court.] The word “the” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 57, line 19. Burne all the Records] Reed says that a similar proposal was actually made in parliament in the time of the Commonwealth. But the objects were different. In that instance it was to settle the nation on a new foundation, whereas all Dicke appears to desire is the destruction of every thing connected with education and learning.

Page 57, line 22. Henceforward all things.] The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads, “al thing.”

Page 57, line 26. Should parchment.] These words are transposed in the edition of 1619. This speech occurs in act iv., sc. 2, of the amended play. Here it is act iv., sc. 7.

Page 57, line 31. I was neuer mine owne man since.] The second folio reads, "my" for "mine."

Page 57, line 34. Marry he that will.] This speech is printed as prose in the edition of 1619.

Page 58, line 1. Go with me, and.] These words are omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 58, line 7. Thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord.] Cade here makes a pun on the word "say," which is explained by Minsheu to be a kind of woollen stuff. Spenser uses the word—

"All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothed was."

There seems also to be a play on the word George and *serge*, as it is spelt in the amended drama.

Page 58, line 14. The Kings Crowne and dignitie.] "Against the peace of the said lord the king, his crown, and dignity," was the regular language of indictments

Page 58, line 16. Reades] Perhaps "reade"

Page 58, line 17. Talkes] Probably "talke."

Page 58, line 19. And besides all that.] The edition of 1619 reads, "And besides all this."

Page 58, line 20. Iustises of peace.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Iustices of the peace."

Page 58, line 24. Thou ridest on a footcloth doest thou not.] This passage, though completely necessary for the sense, is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr. Knight. This shows the value of the old copies. The first folio reads, "in a footcloth," but the edition of 1632 restores the old reading. A foot-cloth was a kind of housing which covered the body of the horse, and almost reached the ground. It was sometimes made of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. Bulleyn, in his *Dialogue*, 1574, says: "He gave me my mule also with a velvet footcloth." See *Richard III.*, act iii., sc. 4; and 2 *Henry VI.*, act iv., sc. 1.

Page 58, line 31. Nothing but *bona terra*.] The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads, "Nothing but *terra bonu*."

Page 59, line 3. Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land.] So all the editions. The amended play reads—

"Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civell'st place of all this isle,

Sweet is the country, because full of riches,
 The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,
 Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity."

The first folio reads, "you are." I have printed from the second edition of 1632. The passage, as given in our text, cannot be correct; but Mr. Knight reads,

"Term'd is the civellest place of all this land."

I would rather read, "is term'd," the line running so much better, and transpositions frequently occur in these old copies. The passage in *Cæsar* which is referred to is as follows: "Ex his omnibus longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt."—*Comment de bello Gallico*, v. 14. The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1565: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the *civilest* are the Kentisfolke," a sentence which occurs nearly word for word in Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580. "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentish-men are the *civilest*." Shakespeare, or rather the author of the *Contention*, had probably seen this last-mentioned book, the passage I have given being quoted by Malone. It may be mentioned that there was an edition of Golding's translation published in 1590, as Mr. Collier does not seem to be aware of this. See his *Shakespeare*, vol. v. p. 198.

Page 59, line 5. I lost not.] The edition of 1619 reads, "nor lost I."

Page 59, line 7. It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.] Peck thinks that this speech originates in a charm for an ague, which, however, I suspect he has altered to bring it nearer the present passage. Blagrove, in his *Astrological Practise of Physick*, p. 135, prescribes a cure of agues by a certain writing which the patient weareth, as follows: "When Jesus went up to the cross to be crucified, the Jews asked him, saying, 'Art thou afraid? or hast thou the ague?' Jesus answered, and said, 'I am not afraid, neither have I the ague. All those which bear the name of Jesus about them shall not be afraid, nor yet have the ague.' Amen, sweet Jesus, amen, sweet Jehovah, amen."—See Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, by Sir Henry Ellis, ed. 1842, vol. iii. p. 171.

Page 59, line 8. Thou nodst thy head, as who say.] The edition of 1619 reads,

"Nay, thou noddst thy head at vs, as who wouldst say."

Page 59, line 13. Cut off his head too.] "Cade ordered the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to assemble in Guildhall, in order to sit in judgement upon Lord Say; but, his lordship insisting upon his being tried by his peers, Cade hurried him from the bar, and struck off his head at the Standard in Cheapside. And afterwards meeting with Sir J. Cromer, who had married Lord Say's daughter, he cut off his head, ordering that and Lord Say's

to be carried before him on spears."—Holinshed, p. 364. See also Grey's *Notes upon Shakespeare*, vol. ii. p. 28. According to the contemporary chronicles, it was William Cromer whom Cade put to death. Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason at Cade's mock commission at Guildhall.

Page 59, line 19. See.] Read "fee."

Page 59, line 22. In capite.] A tenure *in capite*. This is an equivoque on the preceding line.

Page 59, line 23. As free as hart can thinke, or toong can tell] There are several ancient grants from our early kings to their subjects, written in rude verse, and empowering them to enjoy their lands as "free as heart can wish or tongue can tell." Nearly the precise words occur in the Year Book of Henry VII. See Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 321. The disgusting custom of the *Marchata Mulierum*, alluded to by Cade, is thus described by Skene, and affords us a very apposite illustration of the whole of this speech: "Marchequum significat prisca Scotorum lingua: hinc deducta metaphora ab equitando, Marcheta mulieris, dicitur virginalis pudicitie prima violatio et delibatio, quæ, ab Eveno rege, dominis capitalibus fuit impie permissa de omnibus novis nuptis prima nuptiarum nocte; sed et pie a Malcomo tertio sublata fuit, et in hoc capite certo vaccarum numero et quasi pretio redimitur." Dalrymple, however, denies the existence of such a custom, and Blackstone is of opinion that it never prevailed in England.

Page 59, line 28. Squench.] The edition of 1619 reads "quench." The other is still a provincial expression, and the older form of the word.

Page 60, line 7. Hees] The edition of 1619 reads, "he is."

Page 60, line 8. His.] The edition of 1619 reads "on's."

Page 60, line 9. Cut out.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and cut out."

Page 60, line 12. Brane.] That is, "brain." The edition of 1619 reads "braue."

Page 60, line 16. And at euery lanes ende let them kisse together.] "And as it were in a spite caused them in every street to kisse together."—Holinshed, p. 634. See also Hall's *Chronicles*, S. a. Farmer gives another parallel passage from the "Mirrour of Magistrates." Hall says, "to the great detestacion of all the beholders." See Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xviii p. 322.

Page 60, line 22. What meanes this mutinous rebellions.] The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads,

"What meanes this mutinous rebellion?"

while the edition of 1619 reads,

"What meanes these mutinous rebellions?"

Page 61, line 2. To bend your neckes vnder their seruile yokes.] The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads "vnto" instead of "vnder."

Page 61, line 3. Straightwaies.] The edition of 1619 reads "straight way."

Page 61, line 7. A word.] These words are omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 61, line 16. There want no valiancy.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600, and that of 1619, read "there wants no valiancy."

Page 61, line 19. And flies away.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and then flies away."

Page 61, line 30. So must it be.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "so it must be."

Page 61, line 32. And be it as he please.] The word "it" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and by Mr. Knight, though it seems necessary in the construction of the sentence.

Page 62, line 13. By that traitors meanes.] The edition of 1619 reads, "by these traitors meanes."

Page 63, line 3. Eate yron like an Astridge.] It may be worth while to observe that the edition of 1610 reads "estrIDGE," alluding of course to the old myth of ostriches eating and digesting iron, concerning the truth of which Sir Thomas Browne and Alexander Ross fought a battle some two centuries ago. The word "estrIDGE" occurs twice in Shakespeare, 1 *Henry IV.*, act iv. sc. 1, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. ii., meaning a kind of hawk; while the early editions of the amended play read "ostridge" in the corresponding passage to this. This affords an argument in favour of the early composition of the old play, if difference of orthography is ever any argument in works of Shakespeare's time.

Page 63, line 8. Into my ground.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "into the ground."

Page 63, line 13. Yet and I do not.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet if I do not."

Page 63, line 14. As dead as a doore nayle.] This proverb is used by Pistol in 2 *Henry VI.*, act v., sc. 3. The *door nail* was the nail, on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes. See Malone's *Shakespeare* by Boswell, vol. xvii., p. 225.

Page 63, line 16. It neuer shall.] The edition of 1619 reads, "it shall never."

Page 63, line 16. Whilst the world doth stand.] The edition of 1619 reads, "whilst the world stands."

Page 63, line 20. Ile combat thee.] The edition of 1619 reads, "He combat with thee."

Page 63, line 22. If thou doest not hew.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "if thou hewst not."

Page 63, line 23. I beseech God thou maist fal.] The edition of 1619 reads, "I would thou mightst fall," while the amended play has, "I beseech Jove." The difference between the editions of 1619 and 1594 was, perhaps, occasioned by the statute of 3 James I.; but the alteration in the folio may have been intentional, and is judiciously restored by Mr. Collier.

Page 63, line 24. Into some smiths hand.] The edition of 1619 reads, "into some smiths hands."

Page 63, line 34. Was it that monstrous Rebell which I haue slain] Hall gives the following account of Cade's death: "After a proclamacion made that whosoever could apprehende the saied Jac Cade should have for his pain a m. markes, many sought for hym, but few espied hym, til one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found hym in a garden, and there in hys defence manfully slewe the cartife Cade, and brought his ded body to London, whose hed was set on London bridge." The edition of 1619 reads, "was this that monstrous rebel."

Page 63, line 35. Oh, sword ile honour thee for this.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "O sword I honor thee for this." The edition of 1619 prints this speech as verse.

Page 64, line 4. And beare it.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and beare it to the king," these three words having dropped out in the Bodleian copy of our edition.

Page 64, line 9. Maiesta.] For "majestas."

Page 64, line 26. And not farre hence I know they cannot be.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 omits the word "not," and it will be at once seen that this omission is necessary for the sense of the passage, although again inserted in the edition of 1619 and in Mr. Knight's. This part of York's speech is of course spoken aside.

Page 64, line 30. And heaue proud Somerset.] The same expression is used by Buckingham soon afterwards. In the amended play this line is altered, the other remaining as it was.

Page 64, line 33. No otherwise but so.] The edition of 1619 reads, "no otherwise then so."

Page 65, line 1. Grant.] Perhaps, "granta."

Page 65, line 10. Come York, thou shalt go speake.] Malone thinks that the omission of this line in the amended play is an error, but the entrance of King Henry is an accidental incident, and the scene does not require Buckingham's assumption of authority.

Page 65, line 23. Long lue Henry] The edition of 1619 reads, "Long lue King Henry."

Page 66, line 9. A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads :—

“A thousand markes a yeere for to maintaine thee.”

Page 66, line 13. I humbly thank your grace.] This speech is rather ambiguously worded, but seems to imply Iden's ready acceptance of Henry's bounty. The author, if this be the case, must have forgotten Iden's previous commendation of a country life, and his low idea of the value of court advantages.

Page 66, line 14. Then I proue iust and loyall to the King] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads :—

“Then I prouue iust and loyall vnto my king.”

Page 66, line 15. Enter the Queene with the Duke of Somerset] This direction is found in the same place in the folio editions of the amended play. Modern editors place it three lines lower. The original position does not involve any absurdity, for Somerset must at all events be within sight of the king, and we have only to suppose him just entering a large room.

Page 66, line 34. My sonnes shalbe my baile.] The second folio reads the corresponding passage as follows :—

“Sirrah, call in my sounes to be my baile .

I know ere they will let me goe to Ward,

They'l pawne their Swords for my enfranchisement ;”

which contains *three* variations from the first, and all improvements, though modern editors have only adopted two of them. In the edition of 1619 this speech is erroneously given to the king.

Page 67, line 11. Do not affright vs.] The second folio reads, “do not affright me,” but York is now speaking as a sovereign.

Page 67, line 14. To Bedlam with him.] This is generally considered an anachronism, but Ritson quotes Stowe to prove that there was “an hospitall for distracted people” called St. Mary's of Bethlehem, as early as the thirteenth century. See *Survey of London*, 1598, p. 127, and Maloué's *Shakespeare*, by Boswell, vol. xviii., p. 344.

Page 67, line 17. Why doth not.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, “Why do not.”

Page 67, line 20. Shall be his baile.] The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, “shall be his suretie,” an alteration which is partially adopted in the amended play.

Page 67, line 30. And at the other.] The edition of 1619 reads, “and at the other doore.”

Page 68, line 5. Burgonet.] A helmet. See *Antony and Cleopatra*, act i., sc. 5.

Page 68, line 6. By thy household badge.] The first folio reads “housed”

and the second "house's" instead of "household." The reading in our text is the correct one. This speech is exactly the same in the amended play with this exception. See Collier's *Shakespeare*, vol. v., p. 216.

Page 68, line 7. Age.] Perhaps "badge," though the alteration does not seem to be absolutely necessary.

Page 68, line 16. And so renowned soueraigne to Armes.] The first folio reads:—

"And so to armes victorious Father ;"

while the second folio has:—

"And so to Armes victorious noble Father."

This difference is not noticed by any of the editors of Shakespeare, although of some importance.

Page 68, line 27. And breathe thy last] This is omitted in the amended play. The edition of 1619 inelegantly reads:—

"So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood."

Page 68, line 29. Then the prophesie is come to passe.] "There died under the sygne of the Castle, Edmond duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles, and besyde hym lay Henry the Second erle of Northumberland, Humfrey erle of Stafford," &c —Hall's *Chronicle*.

Page 70, line 6. Yorke kills Clifford] This is a departure from the truth of history ; but it is very remarkable that a different account should be given by the author of *The True Tragedie*, if both these plays were, as is generally supposed, written by the same hand.

Page 70, line 13. Where may I] The edition of 1619 reads, "Where I may."

Page 70, line 29. Fights with him.] The word "with" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 70, line 33. Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.] The word "yet" is omitted in the edition printed by W. W. in 1600, but it is found in the edition of 1619.

Page 71, line 8. And summon a Parliament.] The edition of 1619 reads, "And summon vp a parliament."

Page 71, line 11. And enter the Duke of Yorke.] The edition of 1619 adds "Edward."

Page 71, line 26. Sprited.] The edition of 1619 reads, "spirited."

Page 72, line 5. By my faith.] The amended play reads, "by my hand."

Page 72, line 7. Shall be eternest.] This reading is peculiar to the present edition. The other reads, "eterniz'd," which is also found in the amended play.

Page 72, line 8. Sound Drummes and Trumpets.] The first folio of the amended play reads, "Sound Drumme and Trumpets."

THE
TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD
DUKE OF YORKE, AND THE DEATH OF
GOOD KING HENRIE THE SIXT,

with the whole contention betweene
the two Houses Lancaster
and Yorke, as it was sundrie times
acted by the Right Honoura-
ble the Earle of Pem-
brooke his seruants.

Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Milling-
ton, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder
Saint Peters Church in
Cornwal. 1595.

.

The true Tragedie of Richard Duke
of Yorke, and the good King
Henry the Sixt.

Enter RICHARD Duke of YORKE, The Earle of WARWICKE, The Duke of NORFFOLKE, Marquis MONTAGUE, EDWARD Earle of MARCH, Crookeback RICHARD, and the yong Earle of RUTLAND, with Drumme and Souldiers, with white Roses in their hats.

Warwike. I wonder how the king escapt our hands.

Yorke. Whilst we pursude the horsemen of the North,
He slilie stole awaie and left his men :
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike eares could neuer brooke retrait,
Chargde our maine battels front, and therewith him
Lord Stafford and Lord Clifford all abrest
Brake in and were by the hands of common Souldiers
slain.

Edw. Lord Staffords father Duke of Buckingham,
Is either slaine or wounded dangerouslie,
I cleft his Beuer with a downe right blow :
Father that this is true behold his bloud.

Mont. And brother heeres the Earle of Wiltshires
Bloud, whom I encountred as the battailes iound.

Rich. Speake thou for me and tell them what I did.

York. What is your grace dead my L. of Summerset?

Norff. Such hope haue all the line of Iohn of Gawnt.

Rich. Thus doe I hope to shape king Henries head.

War. And so do I victorious prince of Yorke,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the house of Lancaster vsurpes,
I vow by heauens these eies shal neuer close.
This is the pallace of that fearefull king,
And that the regall chaire? Possesse it Yorke :
For this is thine and not king Henries heires.

York Assist me then sweet Warwike, and I wil :
For hither are we broken in by force.

Norff. Weele all assist thee, and he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks gentle Norfffolke. Staie by me my Lords,

and souldiers staie you heere and lodge this night :

War. And when the king comes offer him no Violence, vnlesse he seek to put vs out by force.

Rich. Armde as we be, lets staie within this house ?

War. The bloudie parlement shall this be calde,
Vnlesse Plantagenet Duke of Yorke be king
And bashfull Henrie be deposde, whose cowardise
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leaue me not my Lords : for now I meane
To take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor him that loues him best,

The proudest burd that holds vp Lancaster.

Dares stirre a wing if Warwike shake his bels.

Ile plant Plantagenet : and root him out who dares?

Resolue thee Richard : Claime the English crowne.

Enter king HENRIE the sixt, with the Duke of EXCESTER, The Earle of NORTHUMBERLAND, the Earle of WESTMERLAND and CLIFFORD, the Earle of CUMBERLAND, with red Roses in their hats.

King. Looke Lordings where the sturdy rebel sits,
Euen in the chaire of state : belike he meanes
Backt by the power of Warwike that false peere,
To aspire vnto the crowne, and raigne as king.
Earle of Northumberland, he slew thy father.
And thine Clifford : and you both haue vow'd reuenge,
On him, his sonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

North. And if I be not, heauens be reuengd on me.

Clif. The hope thereof, makes Clifford mourn in
steel.

West. What? shall we suffer this, lets pull him
downe

My hart for anger breakes, I cannot speake.

King. Be patient gentle Earle of Westmerland.

Clif. Patience is for pultrouns such as he
He durst not sit there had your father liu'd?
My gracious Lord : here in the Parlement,
Let vs assaile the familie of Yorke.

North. Well hast thou spoken cosen, be it so.

King. O know you not the Cittie fauours them,
And they haue troopes of soldiers at their becke?

Exet. But when the D. is slaine, theile quicklie flie.

King. Far be it from the thoughtes of Henries hart,
To make a shambles of the parlement house.
Cosen of Exeter, words, frownes, and threats,
Shall be the warres that Henrie meanes to vse.
Thou factious duke of Yorke, descend my throne,
I am thy soueraigne.

York. Thou art deceiu'd : I am thine.

Exet. For shame come downe he made thee D. of
Yorke.

York. Twas my inheritance as the kingdome is.

Exet. Thy father was a traytor to the crowne.

War. Exeter thou art a traitor to the crowne.

In following this vsurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his naturall king.

War. True Clif. and that is Richard Duke of Yorke.

King. And shall I stande while thou sittest in my
throne?

York. Content thy selfe it must and shall be so.

War. Be Duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. Why? he is both king & Duke of Lancaster,
And that the Earle of Westmerland shall mainetaine.

War. And Warwike shall disproue it. You forget
That we are those that chaste you from the field
And slew your father, and with colours spred,
Marcht through the Cittie to the pallas gates.

Nor. No Warwike I remember it to my grieffe,
And by his soule thou and thy house shall rew it.

West. Plantagenet of thee and of thy sonnes,
Thy kinsmen and thy friendes, Ile haue more liues,
Then drops of bloud were in my fathers vaines.

Clif. Vrge it no more, least in reuenge thereof,
I send thee Warwike such a messenger,
As shall reueng his death before I stirre.

War. Poore Clifford, how I skorn thy worthles threats

York. Wil ye we shew our title to the crowne,
Or else our swords shall plead it in the field?

King. What title haste thou traitor to the Crowne?
Thy father was as thou art Duke of Yorke,
Thy grandfather Roger Mortimer earle of March,
I am the sonne of Henrie the Fift who tamde the
French,

And made the Dolphin stoope, and seazd vpon their
Townes and prouinces.

War. Talke not of France since thou hast lost it all.

King. The Lord protector lost it and not I,
When I was crownd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are olde enough now and yet me thinkes you
lose,

Father teare the Crowne from the Vsurers head.

Edw. Do so sweet father, set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother as thou lou'st & honorst armes,
Lets fight it out and not stand cauilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets & the king will
fly.

York. Peace sonnes :

Northum. Peace thou and giue king Henry leaue to
speake.

King. Ah Plantagenet, why seekest thou to depose
me ?

Are we not both both Plantagenets by birth,
And from two brothers lineallie discent ?
Suppose by right and equitie thou be king,
Thinkst thou that I will leaue my kinglie seate
Wherein my father and my grandsire sat ?
No, first shall warre vnpeople this my realme,
I and our colours often borne in France,
And now in England to our harts great sorrow
Shall be my winding sheete, why faint you Lords ?
My titles better farre than his.

War. Proue it Henrie and thou shalt be king ?

King. Why Henrie the fourth by conquest got the
Crowne.

York. T'was by rebellion gainst his soueraigne.

King. I know not what to saie my titles weake,
Tell me maie not a king adopt an heire ?

War. What then ?

King. Then am I lawfull king. For Richard
The second in the view of manie Lords
Resignde the Crowne to Henrie the fourth,
Whose heire my Father was, and I am his.

York I tell thee he rose against him being his
Soueraigne, & made him to resigne the crown per-
force.

War. Suppose my Lord he did it vnconstrainde,
Thinke you that were preiudiciall to the Crowne?

Exet. No, for he could not so resigne the Crowne,
But that the next heire must succeed and raigne.

King. Art thou against vs, Duke of Exceter?

Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

King. All will reuolt from me and turne to him.

Northum. Plantagenet for all the claime thou laist,
Thinke not king Henry shall be thus deposde?

War. Deposde he shall be in despite of thee.

North. Tush Warwike, Thou art deceiued? tis not
thy

Southerne powers of Essex, Suffolke, Norffolke, and of
Kent. that makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke vp in despite of me.

Cliff. King Henrie be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vowes to fight in thy defence.

Maie that ground gape and swallow me aliue,
Where I do kneele to him that slew my father.

King. O Clifford, how thy words reuiue my soule.

York. Henry of Lancaster resigne thy crowne.
What mutter you? or what conspire you Lords?

War. Doe right vnto this princelie Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the house with armed men,

Enter Souldiers.

And ouer the chaire of state where now he sits,
Wright vp his title with thy vsurping bloud.

King. O Warwike, heare me speake.

Let me but raigne in quiet whilst I liue.

York. Confirme the crowne to me and to mine heires
And thou shalt raigne in quiet whilst thou liu'st.

King. Conuey the souldiers hence, and then I will.

War. Captaine conduct them into Tuthill fieldes.

Clif. What wrong is this vnto the Prince your son?

War. What good is this for England and himselfe?

Northum. Base, fearefull, and despairing Henry.

Clif. How hast thou wronged both thy selfe and vs?

West. I cannot staie to heare these Articles. [*Exit.*

Clif. Nor I, Come cosen lets go tell the Queene.

Northum. Be thou a praie vnto the house of Yorke,
And die in bands for this vnkingly deed. [*Exit.*

Clif. In dreadfull warre maist thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and despisde. [*Exit.*

Exet. They seeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld
my Lord.

King. Ah Exeter?

War. Why should you sigh my Lord?

King. Not for my selfe Lord Warwike, but my
sonne,

Whom I vnnaturallie shall disinherit.

But be it as it maie: I heere intaile the Crowne

To thee and to thine heires, conditionallie,

That here thou take thine oath, to cease these ciuill

Broiles, and whilst I liue to honour me as thy king and
Soueraigne.

York. That oath I willinglie take and will performe.

War. Long liue king Henry. Plantagenet embrace
him?

King. And long liue thou and all thy forward sonnes.

York. Now Yorke and Lancaster are reconcilde.

Exet. Accurst be he that seekes to make them foes,

[*Sound Trumpets.*

York My Lord Ile take my leaue, for Ile to Wake-field,

To my castell.

[*Exit Yorke and his sonnes.*

War. And ile keepe London with my souldiers. [*Exit.*

Norff And Ile to Norffolke with my followers. [*Exit.*

Mont. And I to the sea from whence I came. [*Exit.*

Enter the Queene and the Prince.

Exet. My Lord here comes the Queen, Ile steale away.

King. And so will I.

Queene. Naie staie, or else I follow thee.

King Be patient gentle Queene, and then Ile staie.

Quee. What patience can there? ah timerous man,
Thou hast vndoone thy selfe, thy sonne, and me,
And giuen our rights vnto the house of Yorke.
Art thou a king and wilt be forst to yeeld?
Had I beene there, the souldiers should haue tost
Me on their launces points, before I would haue
Granted to their wils. The Duke is made
Protector of the land: Sterne Fawconbridge
Commands the narrow seas And thinkst thou then
To sleepe secure? I heere diuorce me Henry
From thy bed, vntill that Act of Parlement
Be recalde, wherein thou yeeldest to the house of
Yorke.

The Northen Lords that haue forsworne thy colours,
Will follow mine if once they see them spread,
And spread they shall vnto thy deepe disgrace.
Come sonne, lets awaie and leaue him heere alone.

King. Staie gentle Margaret, and here me speake.

Queene. Thou hast spoke too much alreadie, therefore
be still.

King. Gentle sonne Edwarde, wilt thou staie with me?

Quee. I, to be mured by his enemies. [*Exit.*

Prin. When I retorne with victorie from the field,
Ile see your Grace, till then Ile follow her. [*Exit.*

King. Poore Queene, her loue to me and to the prince
Her sonne,
Makes hir in furie thus forget hir selfe.
Reuenged maie shee be on that accursed Duke.
Come cosen of Exeter, staie thou here,
For Clifford and those Northern Lords be gone
I feare towards Wakefield, to disturbe the Duke.

Enter EDWARD, and RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Edw. Brother, and cosen Montague, giue mee leaue to
speake.

Rich. Nay, I can better plaie the Orator.

Mont. But I haue reasons strong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

York. Howe nowe sonnes what at a iarre amongst
your selues?

Rich. No father, but a sweete contention, about that
which concernes your selfe and vs, The crowne of Eng-
land father.

York. The crowne boy, why Henries yet alieue,
And I haue sworne that he shall raigne in quiet till
His death.

Edw. But I would breake an hundred othes to raigne
one yeare.

Rich. And if it please your grace to giue me leaue,
Ile shew your grace the waie to saue your oath,
And dispossesse king Henrie from the crowne.

Yorke I prethe Dicke let me heare thy deuise.

Rich. Then thus my Lord. An oath is of no mo-
ment

Being not sworne before a lawfull magistrate.
Henry is none but doth vsurpe your right,

And yet your grace stands bound to him by oath.
Then noble father resolute your selfe,
And once more claime the crowne.

Yorke I, saist thou so boie? why then it shall be so.
I am resolute to win the crowne, or die.
Edward, thou shalt to Edmund Brooke Lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :
Thou cosen Montague, shalt to Norffolke straight,
And bid the Duke to muster vpp his souldiers,
And come to me to Wakefield presentlie.
And Richard thou to London strait shalt post,
And bid Richard Neuill Earle of Warwike
To leaue the cittie, and with his men of warre,
To meete me at Saint Albons ten daies hence.
My selfe heere in Sandall castell will prouide
Both men and monie to further our attempts.
Now, what newes?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the Queene with thirtie thousand men,
Accompanied with the Earles of Cumberland,
Nnrthumberland and Westmerland, and others of the
House of Lancaster, are marching towards Wakefield,
To besiege you in your castell heere.

Enter sir IOHN and sir HUGH MORTIMER.

Yorke A Gods name, let them come. Cosen Montague post you hence : and boies staie you with me.

Sir Iohn and sir Hugh Mortemers mine vncles,
Your welcome to Sandall in an happie houre,
The armie of the Queene meanes to besiege vs.

Sir Iohn. Shee shall not neede my Lorde, weele meete her in the field.

York What with fife thousand souldiers vncle ?

Rich. I father, with fife hundred for a need,
A womans generall, what should you feare?

York. Indeed, manie braue battels haue I woon
In Normandie, when as the enimie
Hath bin ten to one, and why should I now doubt
Of the like successe? I am resolu'd. Come lets goe.

Edw. Lets martch awaie, I heare their drums.

[*Exit.*

*Alarmes, and then Enter the yong Earle of RUTLAND and
his Tutor.*

Tutor. Oh flie my Lord, lets leaue the Castell,
And flie to Wakefield straight.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloudie Clifford comes.

Clif. Chaplin awaie, thy Priesthood saues thy life,
As for the brat of that accursed Duke
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor Oh Clifford spare this tender Lord, least
Heauen reuenge it on thy head : Oh saue his life.

Clif. Soldiers awaie and drag him hence perforce :
Awaie with the villaine. [*Exit the Chaplein.*
How now, what dead alreadie? or is it feare that
Makes him close his eies? Ile open them.

Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the lambe,
And so he walkes insulting ouer his praie,
And so he turnes againe to rend his limmes in sunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy sword, and
Not with such a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a subiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuengde on men, and let me liue.

Clif. In vaine thou speakest poore boy : my fathers
Bloud hath stopt the passage where thy wordes shoulde
enter.

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe? he is a Man, and Clifford cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their liues and thine Were not reuenge sufficient for me.
Or should I dig vp thy forefathers graues,
And hang their rotten coffins vp in chaines,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my hart.
The sight of anie of the house of Yorke,
Is as a furie to torment my soule.
Therefore till I root out that curssed line
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

Rut. Oh let me praie, before I take my death.
To thee I praie : Sweet Clifford pittie me.

Clif. I, such pittie as my rapiers point affords.

Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill mee?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But twas ere I was borne :
Thou hast one sonne, for his sake pittie me,
Least in reuenge thereof, sith God is iust,
He be as miserablie slaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in prison all my daies,
And when I giue occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause? Thy Father slew my father, therefore Die.

Plantagenet I come Plantagenet,
And this thy sonnes blood cleauing to my blade,
Shall rust vpon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his, doe make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*]

Alarmer, Enter the duke of Yorke solus.

Yorke Ah Yorke, post to thy castell, saue thy life,
The goale is lost thou house of Lancaster,
Thrise happie chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies and calls me hence,

But God knowes what chance hath betide my sonnes :
 But this I know they haue demeand themselues,
 Like men borne to renowne by life or death :
 Three times this daie came Richard to my sight,
 And cried courage Father : Victorie or death.
 And twise so oft came Edward to my view,
 With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts,
 In bloud of those whom he had slaughtered.
 Oh harke, I heare the drums ? No waie to flie :
 No waie to saue my life ? And heere I staie :
 And heere my life must end.

*Enter the Queene, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,
 and souldiers.*

Come bloudie Clifford, rough Northumberland, [Sig. B.]
 I dare your quenchlesse furie to more bloud :
 This is the But, and this abides your shot.

Northum. Yeeld to our mercies proud Plantagenet.

Clif. I, to such mercie as his ruthfull arme
 With downe right paiment lent vnto my father,
 Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his carre,
 And made an euening at the noone tide pricke.

York. My ashes like the Phoenix maie bring forth
 A bird that will reuenge it on you all,
 And in that hope I cast mine eies to heauen,
 Skorning what ere you can afflict me with :
 Why staie you Lords ? what, multitudes and feare ?

Clif. So cowards fight when they can flie no longer :
 So Doues doe pecke the Rauens piercing tallents :
 So desperate theeues all hopelesse of their liues,
 Breath out inuectiues gainst the officers.

York. Oh Clifford, yet bethinke thee once againe,
 And in thy minde orerun my former time :
 And bite thy tounge that slaunderst him with cowardise,
 Whose verie looke hath made thee quake ere this.

Cliff. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blowes twise two for one.

Queene. Hold valiant Clifford for a thousand causes,
I would prolong the traitors life a while.
Wrath makes him death, speake thou Northumberland.

Nor. Hold Clifford, doe not honour him so much,
To pricke thy finger though to wound his hart :
What valure were it when a curre doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand betweene his teeth,
When he might spurne him with his foote awaie ?
Tis warres prise to take all aduantages,
And ten to one, is no impeach in warres.

[Fight and take him.]

Cliff. I, I, so striues the Woodcocke with the gin.

North. So doth the cunnie struggle with the net.

York. So triumphs theeues vpon their conquered
Bootie : So true men yeeld by robbers ouermatcht.

North. What will your grace haue done with him ?

Queen. Braue warriors, Clifford & Northumberland
Come make him stand vpon this molehill here,
That aimde at mountaines with outstretched arme,
And parted but the shaddow with his hand.
Was it you that reuelde in our Parlement,
And made a prechment of your high descent ?
Where are your messe of sonnes to backe you now ?
The wanton Edward, and the lustie George ?
Or where is that valiant Croockbackt prodegie ?
Dickey your boy, that with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheare his Dad in mutinies ?
Or amongst the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?
Looke Yorke ? I dipt this napkin in the bloud,
That valiant Clifford with his rapiers point,
Made issue from the bosome of thy boy.
And if thine eies can water for his death,

I giue thee this to drie thy cheeks withall.
 Alas poore Yorke? But that I hate thee much,
 I should lament thy miserable state?
 I prethee greeue to make me merrie Yorke?
 Stamp, raue and fret, that I maie sing and dance.
 What? hath thy fierie hart so parcht thine entrailes,
 That not a teare can fall for Rutlands death?
 Thou wouldst be feede I see to make me sport.
 Yorke cannot speake, vnlesse he weare a crowne.
 A crowne for Yorke? and Lords bow low to him.
 So: hold you his hands, whilst I doe set it on.
 I, now lookes he like a king?
 This is he that tooke king Henries chaire,
 And this is he was his adopted aire.
 But how is it that great Plantagenet,
 Is crownd so soone, and broke his holie oath,
 As I bethinke me you should not be king,
 Till our Henry had shooke hands with death,
 And will you impale your head with Henries glorie,
 And rob his temples of the Diadem
 Now in this life against your holie oath?
 Oh, tis a fault too too vn pardonable.
 Off with the crowne, and with the crowne his head,
 And whilst we breath, take time to doe him dead.

Clif. Thats my office for my fathers death.

Queen. Yet stay: & lets here the Orisons he makes.

York. She wolfe of France, but worse than Wolues of
 France:

Whose tongue more poison'd then the Adders tooth:
 How ill beseeming is it in thy sexe,
 To triumph like an Amazonian trull
 Vpon his woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
 But that thy face is visard like, vnchanging,
 Made impudent by vse of euill deeds:
 I would assaie, proud Queene, to make thee blush:

To tell thee of whence thou art, from whom deriu'de,
Twere shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shamelesse.

Thy father beares the type of king of Naples,
Of both the Cissiles and Ierusalem,
Yet not so wealthie as an English Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to insult ?
It needes not, or it bootes thee not proud Queene,
Vnlesse the Adage must be verifide :
That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.
Tis beautie, that oft makes women proud,
But God he wots thy share thereof is small.
Tis gouernment, that makes them most admirde,
The contrarie doth make thee wondred at.
Tis vertue that makes them seeme deuine,
The want thereof makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as opposite to euerie good,
As the Antipodes are vnto vs,
Or as the south to the Septentrion.
Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide ?
How couldst thou draine the life bloud of the childe,
To bid the father wipe his eies withall,
And yet be seene to beare a womans face ?
Women are milde, pittifull, and flexible,
Thou indurate, sterne, rough, remorcelesse.
Bids thou me rage ? why now thou hast thy will.
Wouldst haue me weepe ? why so thou hast thy wish,
For raging windes blowes vp a storme of teares,
And when the rage alaies the raine begins.
These teares are my sweet Rutlands obsequies,
And euerie drop begs vengeance as it fals,
On thee fell Clifford, and the false French woman.

North. Beshrew me but his passions moue me so,
As hardlie I can checke mine eies from teares.

York. That face of his the hungrie Cannibals

Could not haue tucht, would not haue staind with
bloud

But you are more inhumaine, more inexorable,

O ten times more then Tygers of Arcadia.

See ruthlesse Queene a haplesse fathers teares.

This cloth thou dipts in bloud of my sweet boy,

And loe with teares I wash the bloud awaie.

Keepe thou the napkin and go boast of that,

And if thou tell the heauie storie well,

Vpon my soule the hearers will sheed teares,

I, euen my foes will sheed fast falling teares,

And saie, alas, it was a pitteous deed.

Here, take the crowne, and with the crowne my curse,

And in thy need such comfort come to thee,

As now I reape at thy two cruell hands.

Hard-harted Clifford, take me from the world,

My soule to heauen, my bloud vpon your heads.

North. He bin slaughterman of all my kin,

I could not see but weepe with him to see,

How inlie r gripes his hart.

Quee. Wha. weeping ripe, my Lorde Northumber-
land?

Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,

And that will quicklie drie your melting tears.

Clif. Thears for my oath, thears for my fathers death.

Queene. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.

York. Open thy gates of mercie gracious God,

My soule flies foorth to meet with thee.

Queene. Off with his head and set it on Yorke Gates,
So Yorke maie ouerlooke the towne of Yorke.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, with drum and Souldiers.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother Richard fare?

Rich. I cannot ioy vntil I be resolu'de,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I see him beare himselfe,
As doth a lion midst a heard of neat,
So fled his enemies our valiant father,
Me thinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.

[Three sunnes appeare in the aire.]

Edw. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun,
Dasell mine eies or doe I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, not seperated by a rack-
ing
Cloud, but seuered in a pale cleere shining skie.
See, see, they ioine, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vowde some league inuiolate :
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sun,
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.

Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the sonnes of braue Plantagenet,
Alreadie each one shining by his meed,
May ioine in one and ouerpeere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.
But what art thou? that lookest so heauilie?

Mes. Oh one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was slaine.

Edw. O speake no more, for I can heare no more.

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

Mes. When as the noble Duke was put to flight,
And then pursu'de by Clifford and the Queene,
And manie souldiers moe, who all at once
Let driue at him and forst the Duke to yeeld :
And then they set him on a molehill there,
And crownd the gracious Duke in high despite,
Who then with teares began to waile his fall.

The ruthlesse Queene perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaued him a handkercher to wipe his eies,
Dipt in the bloud of sweet young Rutland
But rough Clifford slaine : who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his brest they thrust their bloudy
 swordes,

Who like a lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of Yorke they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the piteous spectacle
That ere mine eies beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of Yorke our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone there is no hope for vs :
Now my soules pallace is become a prison.
Oh would she breake from compasse of my breast,
For neuer shall I haue more ioie.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moisture
Scarse serues to quench my furnace burning hart :
I cannot ioie till this white rose be dide,
Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Lancaster.
Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or die my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with
 thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the sunne.
For chaire, and dukedome, Throne and kingdome saie :
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his ?

*Enter the Earle of WARWIK, MONTAGUE, with drum,
 ancient, and souldiers.*

War. How now faire Lords : what fare ? what newes
 abroad ?

Rich. Ah Warwike ? should we report the balefull

Newes, and at each words deliuerance stab poinyardes
In our flesh till all were told, the words would adde
More anguish then the wounds.

Ah valiant Lord the Duke of Yorke is slaine.

Edw. Ah Warwike Warwike, that Plantagenet,
Which held thee deere : I, euen as his soules redemption,
Is by the sterne L. Clifford, done to death.

War. Ten daies a go I drownd those newes in teares.
And now to adde more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befallne.
After the bloudie fraie at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue father breath'd his latest gaspe,
Tidings as swiftlie as the post could runne,
Was brought me of your losse, and his departure.
I then in London keeper of the King,
Mustred my souldiers, gathered flockes of friends,
And verie well appointed as I thought,
Marcht to saint Albons to entercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along,
For by my scoutes I was aduertised,
That she was comming, with a full intent
To dash your late decree in parliament,
Touching king Henries heires and your succession.
Short tale to make, we at Saint Albons met,
Our battels ioinde, and both sides fiercelie fought :
But whether twas the coldnesse of the king,
He lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queene,
That robde my souldiers of their heated spleene.
Or whether twas report of his successe,
Or more then common feare of Cliffords rigor,
Who thunders to his captaines bloud and death,
I cannot tell. But to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightnings went and came.
Our souldiers like the night Owles lasie flight,

Or like an idle thresher with a flaile,
 Fel gentlie downe as if they smote their friends.
 I cheerd them vp with iustice of the cause,
 With promise of hie paie and great rewardes,
 But all in vaine, they had no harts to fight,
 Nor we in them no hope to win the daie,
 So that We fled. The king vnto the Queene,
 Lord George your brother, Norffolke, and my selfe,
 In hast, poste hast, are come to ioine with you,
 For in the marches here we heard you were,
 Making another head to fight againe.

Edw. Thankes gentle Warwike.

How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
 And when came George from Burgundie to England?

War. Some fīue miles off the Duke is with his power,
 But as for your brother he was latelie sent
 From your kind Aunt, Duches of Burgundie,
 With aide of souldiers gainst this needfull warre.

Rich. Twas ods belike, when valiant Warwike fled.
 Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursute,
 But nere till now thy scandall of retire.

War. Nor now my scandall Richard dost thou heare,
 For thou shalt know that this right hand of mine,
 Can plucke the Diadem from faint Henries head,
 And wring the awefull scepter from his fist:
 Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
 As he is famde for mildnesse, peace and praier.

Rich. I know it well Lord Warwike blame me
 not,
 Twas loue I bare thy glories made me speake.
 But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
 Shall we go throw away our coates of steele,
 And clad our bodies in blacke mourning gownes,
 Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,

Tell our deuotion with reuengefull armes ?
If for the last, saie I, and to it Lords.

War. Why therefore Warwike came to find you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their feather manie mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the easie melting king like waxe.
He sware consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the Parliament.
But now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate his oath or what besides
May make against the house of Lancaster.
Their power I gesse them fifty thousand strong.
Now if the helpe of Norffolke and my selfe,
Can but amount to 48. thousand,
With all the friendes that thou braue earle of March,
Among the louing Welshmen canst procure,
Why via, To London will we march amaine,
And once againe bestride our foming steedes,
And once againe crie charge vpon the foe,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flie.

Rich. I, now me thinkes I heare great Warwike speake;
Nere maie he liue to see a sunshine daie,
That cries retire, when Warwike bids him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwike, on thy shoulder will I leane,
And when thou faints, must Edward fall :
Which perill heauen forefend.

War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke,
The next degree, is Englands royall king :
And king of England shalt thou be proclaimde,
In euery burrough as we passe along :
And he that casts not vp his cap for ioie,
Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.
King Edward, valiant Richard, Montague,

Stay we no longer dreaming of renowne,
But forward to effect these resolutions.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The Duke of Norffolke sends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puissant power,
And craues your companie for speedie counsell.

War. Why then it sorts braue Lordes. Lets march
away. *[Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter the King and Queene, Prince EDWARD, and the
Northerne Earles, with drum and Souldiers.*

Quee. Welcome my Lord to this braue town of
York.

Yonders the head of that ambitious enemie,
That sought to be impaled with your crowne.
Doth not the obiect please your eie my Lord?

King. Euen as the rockes please them that feare their
wracke.

Withhold reuenge deare God, tis not my fault,
Nor wittinglie haue I infringde my vow.

Clif. My gracious Lord, this too much lenitie,
And harmefull pittie must be laid aside,
To whom do Lyons cast their gentle lookes?
Not to the beast that would vsurpe his den.
Whose hand is that the sauage Beare doth licke?
Not his that spoiles his young before his face.
Whose scapes the lurking serpent mortall sting?
Not he that sets his foot vpon her backe.
The smallest worme will turne being troden on,
And Doues will pecke, in rescue of their broode.
Ambitious Yorke did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou smiling, while he knit his angrie browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his sonne a king,
And raise his issue like a louing sire.

Thou being a king blest with a goodlie sonne,
 Didst giue consent to disinherit him,
 Which argude thee a most vnnaturall father.
 Vnreasonable creatures feed their yong,
 And though mans face be fearefull to their eies,
 Yet in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seene them euen with those same wings
 Which they haue sometime vsde in fearefull flight,
 Make warre with him, that climes vnto their nest,
 Offring their owne liues in their yongs defence?
 For shame my Lord, make them your president,
 Were it not pittie that this goodlie boy,
 Should lose his birth right through his fathers fault?
 And long hereafter saie vnto his child,
 What my great grandfather and grandsire got,
 My carelesse father fondlie gaue awaie?
 Looke on the boy and let his manlie face,
 Which promiseth successefull fortune to vs all,
 Steele thy melting thoughtes,
 To keepe thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full wel hath Clifford plaid the Orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.
 But tell me, didst thou neuer yet heare tell,
 That things euill got had euer bad successe,
 And happie euer was it for that sonne,
 Whose father for his hoording went to hell?
 I leaue my sonne my vertuous deedes behind,
 And would my father had left me no more,
 For all the rest is held at such a rate,
 As askes a thousand times more care to keepe,
 Then maie the present profit counteruaile.
 Ah cosen Yorke, would thy best friendes did know,
 How it doth greeue me that thy head stands there.

Quee. My Lord, this harmefull pittie makes your fol-
 lowers faint.

You promise knighthood to your princelie sonne.
Vnsheath your sword and straight doe dub him knight.
Kneele downe Edward.

King. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight,
And learne this lesson boy, draw thy sword in right

Prince. My gracious father by your kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as apparant to the crowne,
And in that quarrel vse it to the death.

Northum. Why that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royall commaunders be in readinesse,
For with a band of fiftie thousand men,
Comes Warwike backing of the Duke of Yorke.
And in the townes whereas they passe along,
Proclaimes him king, and manie flies to him,
Prepare your battels, for they be at hand.

Clif. I would your highnesse would depart the field,
The Queene hath best successe when you are absent.

Quee. Do good my Lord, and leaue vs to our fortunes.

King. Why thats my fortune, therefore Ile stay still.

Clif. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince, Good father cheere these noble Lords,
Vnsheath your sword, sweet father crie Saint George.

Clif. Pitch we our battell heere, for hence wee will not
moue.

Enter the house of Yorke.

Edward. Now periurde Henrie wilt thou yeelde thy
crowne,
And kneele for mercie at thy soueraignes feete ?

Queen. Go rate thy minions proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus malepert,
Before thy king and lawfull soueraigne ?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bend his knee,
I was adopted heire by his consent.

George. Since when he hath broke his oath.
For as we heare you that are king
Though he doe weare the Crowne,
Haue causde him by new act of Parlement
To blot our brother out, and put his owne son in.

Clif. And reason *George.* Who should succede the
father but the son ?

Rich. Are you their butcher ?

Clif. I Crookbacke, here I stand to answere thee, or
any of your sort.

Rich. Twas you that kild yong Rutland, was it not ?

Clif. Yes, and old Yorke too, and yet not satisfide.

Rich. For Gods sake Lords giue synald to the fight.

War. What saiest thou *Henry* ? wilt thou yeelede th
crowne ?

Queen. What, long tongde *War.* dare you speake ?
When you and I met at saint Albones last,
Your legs did better seruice than your hands.

War. I, then twas my turne to flee, but now tis thin

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. Twas not your valour *Clifford*, that droue me
thence.

Northam. No, nor your manhood *Warwike*, that cou
make you staie.

Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, wee holde
Thee reuerentlie. Breake off the parlie, for scarce
I can refraine the execution of my big swolne
Hart, against that *Clifford* there, that
Cruell child-killer.

Clif. Why I kild thy father, calst thou him a child

Rich. I like a villaine, and a trecherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother *Rutland*.
But ere sunne set Ile make thee curse the deed.

King. Haue doone with wordes great *Lords*, and
Heare me speake.

Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

King. I prethe giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a king and priuiledge to speake.

Clif. My Lord the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cru'd with words, therefore be still.

Rich. Then executioner vnsheath thy sword,
By him that made vs all I am resolu'de,
That Cliffords manhood hangs vpon his tongue.

Edw. What saist thou Henry, shall I haue my right
or no ?

A thousand men haue broke their fast to daie,
That nere shall dine, vnlesse thou yeeld the crowne.

War. If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,
For Yorke in iustice puts his armour on.

Prin. If all be right that Warwike saies is right,
There is no wrong but all things must be right.

Rich. Whosoeuer got thee, there thy mother stands,
For well I wot thou hast thy mothers tongue.

Quecn. But thou art neither like thy sire nor dam,
But like a foule mishapen stygmaticke
Markt by the destinies to be auoided,
As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a king,
As if a channell should be calde the Sea ;
Shames thou not, knowing from whence thou art de-
Riu'de, to parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires ?

Edw. A wispe of straw were worth a thousand
crowns,

To make that shamelesse callet know her selfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin stoope :
And had he matcht according to his state,
He might haue kept that glorie till this daie.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And gracst thy poore sire with his bridall daie,

Then that sun-shine bred a showre for him
Which washt his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt seditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd these tumults but thy pride?
Hadst thou beene meeke, our title yet had slept?
And we in pittie of the gentle king,
Had slipt our claime vntill an other age.

George. But when we saw our summer brought th
gaine,
And that the haruest brought vs no increase,
We set the axe to thy vsurping root,
And though the edge haue something hit our selues,
Yet know thou we will neuer cease to strike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.

Edw. And in this resolution, I defie thee,
Not willing anie longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloudie colours waue,
And either victorie or else a graue.

Quee. Staie Edward staie.

Edw. Hente wrangling woman, Ile no longer staie,
Thy words will cost ten thousand liues to daie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Alarmes. Enter WARWIKE.

War. Sore spent with toile as runners with the race,
I laie me downe a little while to breath,
For strokes receiude, and manie blowes repaide,
Hath robd my strong knit sinnewes of their strength,
And force perforce needes must I rest my selfe.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Smile gentle heauens or strike vngentle death,
That we maie die vnlesse we gaine the daie :

What fatall starre malignant frownes from heauen
Vpon the harmelesse line of Yorkes true house ?

Enter GEORGE.

George. Come brother, come, lets to the field againe,
For yet theres hope enough to win the daie :
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troupes,
Lest they retire now we haue left the field.

War. How now my lords : what hap, what hope of
good ?

Enter RICHARD running.

Rich. Ah Warwike, why haste thou withdrawne thy
selfe ?

Thy noble father in the thickest thronges,
Cride still for Warwike his thrise valiant son,
Vntill with thousand swords he was beset,
And manie wounds made in his aged brest,
And as he tottring sate vpon his steede,
He waft his hand to me and cride aloud :
Richard, commend me to my valiant sonne,
And still he cride Warwike reuenge my death,
And with those words he tumbled off his horse,
And so the noble Salsbury gaue vp the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horse because I will not flie :
And here to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to passe from forth this bloody field
Till I am full reuenged for his death.

Edw. Lord Warwike, I doe bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioine my soule to thee,
Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings,
vouchsafe a gentle victorie to vs,
Or let vs die before we loose the daie :

George. Then let vs haste to cheere the souldiers
harts,

And call them pillers that will stand to vs,
And hiely promise to remunerate
Their trustie seruice, in these dangerous warres.

Rich. Come, come awaie, and stand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues vntill we meet againe,
Where ere it be in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in wo,
To see these dire mishaps continue so.

Warlike farewell.

War. Awaie awaie, once more sweet Lords farewell.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

*Alarmes, and then enter RICHARD at one dore
and CLIFFORD at the other.*

Rich. A Clifford a Clifford.

Clif. A Richard a Richard.

Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorke & young Rutlands
death,

This thirsty sword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limmes, and slise thy cursed hart,
For to reuenge the murders thou hast made.

Clif. Now Richard, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand that stabd thy father Yorke,
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland,
And heres the heart that triumphs in their deathes,
And cheeres these hands that slew thy sire and brother,
To execute the like vpon thy selfe,
And so haue at thee.

*Alarmes. They fight, and then enters WARWIK and
rescues RICHARD, & then exeunt omnes.*

Alarmer still, and then enter HENRY solus.

Hen. Oh gracious God of heauen looke downe on vs,
And set some endes to these incessant griefes,
How like a mastlesse ship vpon the seas,
This woful battaile doth continue still,
Now leaning this way, now to that side driue,
And none doth know to whom the daie will fall.
O would my death might staie these ciuill iars !
Would I had neuer rained, nor nere bin king,
Margret and Clifford, chide me from the fiede,
Swearing they had best successe when I was thence.
Would God that I were dead so all were well,
Or would my crowne suffice, I were content
To yeeld it them and liue a priuate life.

Enter a souldier with a dead man in his armes.

Sould. Il blowes the wind that profits no bodie,
This man that I haue slaine in fight to daie,
Maie be possessed of some store of crownes,
And I will search to find them if I can,
But stay. Me thinkes it is my fathers face,
Oh I tis he whom I haue slaine in fight,
From London was I prest out by the king,
My father he came on the part of Yorke,
And in this conflict I haue slaine my father :
Oh pardon God, I knew not what I did,
And pardon father, for I knew thee not.

Enter an other souldier with a dead man.

2. Soul. Lie there thou that foughtst with me so stoutly,
Now let me see what store of gold thou haste,
But staie, me thinkes this is no famous face :
Oh no it is my sonne that I haue slaine in fight,

O monstrous times begetting such euent,
 How cruel bloudy, and ironious,
 This deadlie quarrell dailie doth beget,
 Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late,
 And hath bereau'de thee of thy life too sone.

King Wo aboue wo, grieve more then common grieve,
 Whilst Lyons warre and battaile for their dens,
 Poore lambs do feelee the rigor of their wraths :
 The red rose and the white are on his face,
 The fatall colours of our striuing houses,
 Wither one rose, and let the other flourish,
 For if you striue, ten thousand liues must perish.

1. *Sould.* How will my mother for my fathers death,
 Take on with me and nere be satisfide ?

2. *Sol.* How will my wife for slaughter of my son,
 Take on with me and nere be satisfide ?

King. How will the people now misdeeme their king,
 Oh would my death their mindes could satisfie.

1. *Sould.* Was euer son so rude his fathers bloud to
 spil ?

2. *Soul.* Was euer father so vnnaturall his son to
 kill ?

King. Was euer king thus greeud and vexed still ?

1. *Sould.* Ile beare thee hence from this accursed
 place,
 For wo is me to see my fathers face.

[Exit with his father.]

2. *Soul.* Ile beare thee hence & let them fight that
 wil,
 For I haue murdered where I should not kill.

[Exit with his sonne.]

K Hen. Weepe wretched man, Ile lay thee teare for
 tear,
 Here sits a king as woe begone as thee.

Alarmes and enter the Queene.

Queen. Awaie my Lord to Barwicke presentlie,
The daie is lost, our friends are murdered,
No hope is left for vs, therefore awaie.

Enter prince EDWARD.

Prince. Oh father flie, our men haue left the field,
Take horse sweet father, let vs saue our selues.

Enter EXETER.

Exet. Awaie my Lord for vengance comes along with
him :

Nay stand not to expostulate make hast,
Or else come after, Ile awaie before.

K Hen. Naie staie good Exeter, for Ile along with thee.

Enter CLIFFORD wounded, with an arrow in his necke.

Clif. Heere burnes my candell out,
That whilst it lasted gaue king Henry light.
Ah Lancaster, I feare thine ouerthrow,
More then my bodies parting from my soule.
My loue and feare glude manie friends to thee,
And now I die, that tough commixture melts.
Impairing Henry strengthened misproud Yorke,
The common people swarme like summer flies,
And whither flies the Gnats but to the sun ?
And who shines now but Henries enemy ?
Oh Phœbus hadst thou neuer giuen consent,
That Phaeton should checke thy fierie steedes,
Thy burning carre had neuer scorcht the earth.
And Henry hadst thou liu'd as kings should doe,
Giuing no foot vnto the house of Yorke,
I and ten thousand in this wofull land,

Had left no mourning Widdowes for our deathes,
 And thou this daie hadst kept thy throne in peace.
 For what doth cherish weedes but gentle aire?
 And what makes robbers bold but lenitie?
 Bootlesse are plaintes, and curelesse are my woundes,
 No waie to flie, no strength to hold our flight,
 The foe is mercillesse and will not pittie me,
 And at their hands I haue deserude no pittie.
 The aire is got into my bleeding wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint,
 Come Yorke and Richard, Warwike and the rest,
 I stabde your fathers, now come split my brest.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD and WARWIKE, and Souldiers.

Edw. Thus farre our fortunes keeps an vpward
 Course, and we are grast with wreathes of victorie.
 Some troopes pursue the bloudie minded Queene,
 That now towards Barwike doth poste amaine,
 But thinke you that Clifford is fled awaie with them?

War. No, tis impossible he should escape,
 For though before his face I speake the words,
 Your brother Richard markt him for the graue.
 And where so ere he be I warrant him dead.

[CLIFFORD grones and then dies.]

Edw. Harke, what soule is this that takes his heauy
 leaue?

Rich. A deadlie grone, like life and deaths departure.

Edw. See who it is, and now the battailes ended,
 Friend or foe, let him be friendlie vsed.

Rich. Reuerse that doome of mercie, for tis Clifford,
 Who kild our tender brother Rutland,
 And stabd our princelie father Duke of Yorke.

War. From off the gates of Yorke fetch downe the
 Head, Your fathers head which Clifford placed there.
 Insteed of that, let his supplie the roome.

Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatall scrichowle to our house,
That nothing sung to vs but bloud and death,
Now his euill boding tongue no more shall speake.

War. I thinke his vnderstanding is bereft.
Say Clifford, doost thou know who speakes to thee ?
Darke cloudie death oreshades his beames of life,
And he nor sees nor heares vs what we saie.

Rich. Oh would he did, and so perhaps he doth,
And tis his policie that in the time of death,
He might auoid such bitter stormes as he
In his houre of death did giue vnto our father.

George. Richard if thou thinkest so, vex him with
eager words.

Rich. Clifford, aske mercie and obtaine no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootlesse penitence.

War. Clifford deuise excuses for thy fault.

George. Whilst we deuise fell tortures for thy fault.

Rich. Thou pittiedst Yorke, and I am sonne to Yorke.

Edw. Thou pittiedst Rutland, and I will pittie thee.

George. Wheres captaine Margaret to fence you now?

War. They mocke thee Clifford, sweare as thou wast
wont.

Rich. What not an oth? Nay, then I know hees
dead.

Tis hard, when Clifford cannot foord his friend an
oath.

By this I know hees dead, and by my soule,
Would this right hand buy but an howres life,
That I in all contempt might raile at him.
Ide cut it off and with the issuing bloud,
Stifle the villaine whose instanced thirst,
Yorke and young Rutland could not satisfie.

War. I, but he is dead, off with the traitors head,
And reare it in the place your fathers stands.

And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned Englands lawfull king.
From thence shall Warwike crosse the seas to France,
And aske the ladie Bona for thy Queene,
So shalt thou sinew both these landes together,
And hauing France thy friend thou needst not dread,
The scattered foe that hopes to rise againe.
And though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them busie to offend thine eares.
First Ile see the coronation done,
And afterward Ile crosse the seas to France,
To effect this marriage if it please my Lord

Edw. Euen as thou wilt good Warwike let it be.
But first before we goe, George kneele downe.
We here create thee Duke of Clarence, and girt thee
with the sword.

Our younger brother Richard Duke of Glocester.
Warwike as my selfe shal do & vndo as him pleaseth
best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,
For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.

War. Tush thats a childish obseruation.
Richard be Duke of Gloster. Now to London.
To see these honors in possession. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter two keepers with bow and arrowes.

Keeper. Come, lets take our stands vpon this hill,
And by and by the deere will come this waie.
But staie, heere comes a man, lets listen him a while.

Enter king HENRIE disguise.

Hen. From Scotland am I stolne euen of pure loue,
And thus disguise to greet my natiue land.
No, Henrie no, It is no land of thine,
No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

No humble suters sues to thee for right,
For how canst thou helpe them and not thy selfe ?

Keeper. I marrie sir, heere is a deere, his skinne is a
Keepers fee. Sirra stand close, for as I thinke,
This is the king, king Edward hath deposde.

Hen. My Queene and sonne poore soules are gone to
France, and as I heare the great commanding War-
wike,

To intreat a marriage with the ladie Bona,
If this be true, poore Queene and sonne,
Your labour is but spent in vaine,
For Lewis is a prince soone wun with words,
And Warwike is a subtill Orator.
He laughes and saies, his Edward is instalde,
She weepes, and saies her Henry is deposde,
He on his right hand asking a wife for Edward,
She on his left side crauing aide for Henry.

Keeper. What art thou that talkes of kings and
queens ?

Hen. More then I seeme, for lesse I should not be.
A man at least, and more I cannot be,
And men maie talke of kings, and why not I ?

Keeper. I but thou talkest as if thou wert a king thy
selfe.

Hen. Why so I am in mind though not in shew.

Keeper. And if thou be a king where is thy crowne ?

Hen. My crowne is in my hart, not on my head.
My crowne is calde content, a crowne that
Kings doe seldome times enioy.

Keeper. And if thou be a king crownd with content,
Your crowne content and you, must be content
To go with vs vnto the officer, for as we thinke
You are our quondam king, K. Edward hath deposde,
And therefore we charge you in Gods name & the kings
To go along with vs vnto the officers.

Hen. Gods name be fulfild, your kings name be
Obaide, and be you kings, command and Ile obey.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter king EDWARD, CLARENCE, and GLOSTER, MONTAGUE, HASTINGS, and the Lady GRAY.

K Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,
This ladies husband heere sir Richard Gray,
At the battaile of saint Albones did lose his life,
His lands then were seazed on by the conqueror.
Her sute is now to repossesse those lands,
And sith in quarrell of the house of Yorke,
'The noble gentleman did lose his life,
In honor we cannot denie her sute.

Glo. Your highnesse shall doe well to grant it then.

K Edw I, so I will, but yet Ile make a pause.

Glo. I, is the winde in that doore?

Clarence, I see the Lady hath some thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble sute.

Cla. He knows the game, how well he keepes the
wind.

K Ed. Widow come some other time to know our
mind.

La. May it please your grace I cannot brooke delaies,
I beseech your highnesse to dispatch me now.

K Ed. Lords giue vs leaue, wee meane to trie this
widowes wit.

Cla. I, good leaue haue you.

Glo. For you will haue leaue till youth take leaue,
And leaue you to your crouch.

K Ed. Come hither widdow, howe many children haste
thou?

Cla. I thinke he meanes to begge a child on her.

Glo. Nay whip me then, heele rather giue hir two.

La. Three my most gracious Lord.

Glo. You shall haue foure and you wil be rulde by him.

K Ed. Wer not pittie they shoulde loose their fathers lands ?

La. Be pittifull then dread L. and grant it them.

K Edw. Ile tell thee how these lands are to be got.

La. So shall you bind me to your highnesse seruice.

K Ed. What seruice wilt thou doe me if I grant it them ?

La. Euen what your highnesse shall command.

Glo. Naie then widow Ile warrant you all your Husbands lands, if you grant to do what he Commands. Fight close or in good faith You catch a clap.

Cla. Naie I feare her not vnlesse she fall.

Glo. Marie godsforbot man, for heele take vantage then.

La. Why stops my Lord, shall I not know my taske ?

K Ed. An easie taske, tis but to loue a king.

La. Thats soone performde, because I am a subiect.

K Ed. Why then thy husbandes landes I freelie giue thee.

La. I take my leaue with manie thousand thankes.

Cla. The match is made, shee seales it with a cursie.

K Ed. Staie widdow staie, what loue dost thou thinke I sue so much to get ?

La. My humble seruice, such as subiects owes and the lawes commands.

K Ed. No by my troth, I meant no such loue, But to tell thee the troth, I aime to lie with thee.

La. To tell you plaine my Lord, I had rather lie in prison.

K Edw. Why then thou canst not get thy husbandes lands.

La. Then mine honestie shall be my dower, For by that losse I will not purchase them.

K Ed. Herein thou wrongst thy children mightilie.

La. Heerein your highnesse wrongs both them and Me, but mightie Lord this merrie inclination Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute. Please it your highnes to dismisse me either with I or no.

K Ed. I, if thou saie I to my request,
No, if thou saie no to my demand.

La. Then no my Lord, my sute is at an end.

Glo. The widdow likes him not, shee bends the brow.

Cla. Why he is the bluntest woer in christendome.

K Ed. Her lookes are all repleat with maiestie,
One waie or other she is for a king,
And she shall be my loue or else my Queene.
Saie that king Edward tooke thee for his Queene.

La. Tis better said then done, my gracious Lord,
I am a subiect fit to iest withall,
But far vnfit to be a Soueraigne.

K Edw. Sweete widdow, by my state I sweare, I
speake
No more then what my hart intends,
And that is to enioie thee for my loue.

La. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto,
I know I am too bad to your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

K Edw. You cauill widdow, I did meane my Queene.

La. Your grace would be loath my sonnes should call
you father.

K Edw. No more then when my daughters call thee
Mother. Thou art a widow and thou hast some chil-
dren,

And by Gods mother I being but a bachelor
Haue other some. Why tis a happy thing
To be the father of manie children.
Argue no more, for thou shalt be my Queene.

Glo. The ghostlie father now hath done his shrift.

Cla. When he was made a shriuer twas for shift.

K Edw. Brothers, you muse what talke the widdow
And I haue had, you would thinke it strange
If I should marrie her.

Cla. Marrie her my Lord, to whom?

K Edw. Why Clarence to my selfe.

Glo. That would be ten daies wonder at the least.

Cla. Why thats a daie longer then a wonder lastes.

Glo. And so much more are the wonders in extreames.

K Edw. Well, ieast on brothers, I can tell you, hir
Sute is granted for her husbands lands.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. And it please your grace, Henry your foe is
Taken, and brought as prisoner to your pallace gates.

K Edw. Awaie with him, and send him to the Tower,
And let vs go question with the man about
His apprehension. Lords along, and vse this
Ladie honourable. *[Exeunt Omnes.*

Manet Gloster and speakes.

Glo. I, Edward will vse women honourable,
Would he were wasted marrow, bones and all,
That from his loines no issue might succeed
To hinder me from the golden time I looke for,
For I am not yet lookt on in the world.
First is there Edward, Clarence, and Henry
And his sonne, and all they lookt for issue
Of their loines ere I can plant my selfe,
A cold premeditation for my purpose,
What other pleasure is there in the world beside?
I will go clad my bodie in gaie ornaments,
And lull my selfe within a ladies lap,
And witch sweet Ladies with my words and looks.
Oh monstrous man, to harbour such a thought!

Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.
 And for I should not deale in hir affaires,
 Shee did corrupt fraile nature in the flesh,
 And plaste an enuious mountaine on my backe,
 Where sits deformity to mocke my bodie,
 To drie mine arme vp like a withered shrimpe.
 To make my legges of an vnequall size,
 And am I then a man to be belou'd?
 Easier for me to compasse twentie crownes.
 Tut I can smile, and murder when I smile,
 I crie content, to that that greeues me most.
 I can adde colours to the Camelion,
 And for a need change shapes with Protheus,
 And set the aspiring Catalin to schoole.
 Can I doe this, and cannot get the crowne?
 Tush were it ten times higher, Ile put it downe.

[*Exit.*

Enter king LEWIS and the ladie BONA, and Queene MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, and OXFORD and others.

Lewes. Welcome Queene Margaret to the Court of
 France,

It fits not Lewis to sit while thou dost stand,
 Sit by my side, and here I vow to thee,
 Thou shalt haue aide to repossesse thy right,
 And beat proud Edward from his vsurped seat.
 And place king Henry in his former rule.

Queen. I humblie thanke your royall maiestie.
 And pray the God of heauen to blesse thy state,
 Great king of France, that thus regards our wrongs.

Enter Warwike.

Lew. How now, who is this?

Queen. Our Earle of Warwike Edwardes chiefest friend.

Lew. Welcome braue Warwike, what brings thee to
 France?

War. From worthy Edward king of England,
 My Lord and Soueraigne and thy vowed friend,
 I come in kindnes and vnfained loue,
 First to do greetings to thy royall person,
 And then to craue a league of amitie,
 And lastlie to confirme that amitie
 With nuptiall knot if thou vouchsafe to grant
 That vertuous ladie Bona thy faire sister,
 To Englands king in lawfull marriage.

Queen. And if this go forward all our hope is done.

War. And gracious Madam, in our kings behalfe,
 I am commanded with your loue and fauour,
 Humblie to kisse your hand and with my tongue,
 To tell the passions of my soueraines hart,
 Where fame late entring at his heedfull eares,
 Hath plast thy glorious image and thy vertues.

Queen. King Lewes and Lady Bona heare me speake,
 Before you answeere Warwike or his words,
 For hee it is hath done vs all these wrongs.

War. Iniurious Margaret.

Prince Ed. And why not Queene ?

War. Because thy father Henry did vsurpe,
 And thou no more art Prince then shee is Queene.

Ox. Then Warwike disanuls great Iohn of Gaunt,
 That did subdue the greatest part of Spaine,
 And after Iohn of Gaunt wise Henry the fourth,
 Whose wisdom was a mirrour to the world.
 And after this wise prince Henry the fift,
 Who with his prowesse conquered all France,
 From these our Henries lineallie discent.

War. Oxford, how haps that in this smooth dis-
 course

You told not how Henry the sixt had lost
 All that Henry the fift had gotten.
 Me thinkes these peeres of France should smile at that,

But for the rest you tell a pettigree
Of threescore and two yeares a sillie time,
To make prescription for a kingdomes worth.

Oxf. Why Warwike, canst thou denie thy king,
Whom thou obeyedst thirtie and eight yeeres,
And bewray thy treasons with a blush?

War. Can Oxford that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler falshood with a pettigree?
For shame leaue Henry and call Edward king.

Oxf. Call him my king by whom mine elder
Brother the Lord Awbray Vere was done to death,
And more than so, my father euen in the
Downefall of his mellowed yeares,
When age did call him to the dore of death?
No Warwike no, whilst life vpholds this arme
This arme vpholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of Yorke.

K Lewes. Queere Margaret, prince Edward and
Oxford, vouchsafe to forbear a while,
Till I doe talke a word with Warwike.
Now Warwike euen vpon thy honor tell me true;
Is Edward lawfull king or no?
For I were loath to linke with him, that is not lawful
heir.

War. Thereon I pawne mine honour and my credit.

Lew. What is he gracious in the peoples eies?

War. The more, that Henry is vnfortunate.

Lew. What is his loue to our sister Bona?

War. Such it seemes -

As maie beseeme a monarke like himselfe.
My selfe haue often heard him saie and sweare,
That this his loue was an eternall plant,
The root whereof was fixt in vertues ground,
The leaves and fruite mantainde with beauties sun,

Exempt from enuie, but not from disdaine,
Vnlesse the ladie Bona quite his paine.

Lew. Then sister let vs heare your firme resolute.

Bona. Your grant or your denial shall be mine,
But ere this daie I must confesse, when I
Haue heard your kings deserts recounted,
Mine eares haue tempted iudgement to desire.

Lew. Then draw neere Queene Margaret and be a
Witnesse, that Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince Edw. To Edward, but not the English king.

War. Henry now liues in Scotland at his ease,
Where hauing nothing, nothing can he lose,
And as for you your selfe our *quondam* Queene,
You haue a father able to mainetaine your state,
And better twere to trouble him then France.

Sound for a post within.

Lew. Here comes some post Warwike to thee or vs.

Post. My Lord ambassador this letter is for you,
Sent from your brother Marquis Montague.
This from our king vnto your Maiestie.
And these to you Madam, from whom I know not.

Oxf. I like it well that our faire Queene and mis-
tresse,
Smiles at her newes when Warwike frets as his.

P. Ed. And marke how Lewes stamps as he were
nettled.

Lew. Now Margaret & Warwike, what are your
news?

Queen. Mine such as fils my hart full of ioie.

War. Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.

Lew. What hath your king married the Ladie Gray,
And now to excuse himselfe sends vs a post of papers?
How dares he presume to vse vs thus?

Quee. This proueth Edwards loue, & Warwicks honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest in sight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenlie blisse,
That I am cleare from this misdeed of Edwards.
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
And most himselfe, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget that by the house of Yorke,
My father came vntimelie to his death?
Did I let passe the abuse done to thy neece?
Did I impale him with the regall Crowne,
And thrust king Henry from his natieue home,
And most vngratefull doth he vse me thus?
My gracious Queene pardon what is past,
And henceforth I am thy true seruitour,
I will reuenge the wrongs done to ladie Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Yes Warwike I doe quite forget thy former Faults, if now thou wilt become king Henries friend.

War. So much his friend, I his vnfaigned friend,
That if king Lewes vouchsafe to furnish vs
With some few bands of chosen souldiers,
Ile vndertake to land them on our coast,
And force the Tyrant from his seate by warre,
Tis not his new made bride shall succour him.

Lew. Then at the last I firmelie am resolu'd,
You shall haue aide: and English messenger returne
In post, and tell false Edward thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him and his new bride.

Bona. Tell him in hope heele be a Widower shortlie,
Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him my mourning weedes be laide aside,
And I am readie to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me
wrong,

And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

Thears thy reward, begone.

Lew. But now tell me Warwike, what assurance
I shall haue of thy true loyaltie ?

War. This shall assure my constant loyaltie,
If that our Queene and this young prince agree,
Ile ioine mine eldest daughter and my ioie
To him forthwith in holie wedlockes bandes.

Queen. Withall my hart, that match I like full wel,
Loue her sonne Edward, shee is faire and yong,
And giue thy hand to Warwike for thy loue.

Lew. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie souldiers for to go with you.
And you Lord Bourbon our high Admirall,
Shall waft them safelie to the English coast,
And chase proud Edward from his slumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of France.

War. I came from Edward as Imbassadour
But I returne his sworne and mortall foe :
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre shall answere his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale but me ?
Then none but I shall turne his iest to sorrow.
I was the chiefe that raisde him to the crowne,
And Ile be chiefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pittie Henries miserie,
But seeke reuenge on Edwards mockerie. *[Exit.]*

*Enter king EDWARD, the Queene and CLARENCE, and
GLOSTER, and MONTAGUE, and HASTINGS, and PEN-
BROOKE, with souldiers.*

Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Glocester,
What thinke you of our marriage with the ladie Gray ?

Cla. My Lord, we thinke as Warvvike and Levves
That are so slacke in iudgement, that theile take
No offence at this suddaine marriage.

Edw. Suppose they doe, they are but Levves and
Warvvike, and I am your king and Warvvikes,
And will be obaied.

Glo. And shall, because our king, but yet such
Sudden marriages seldome proueth well.

Edw. Yea brother Richard are you against vs too?

Glo. Not I my Lord, no, God forefend that I should
Once gaine saie your highnesse pleasure,
I, & twere a pittie to sunder them that yoake so wel
together.

Edw. Setting your skornes and your dislikes aside,
Shew me some reasons why the Ladie Gray,
Maie not be my loue and Englands Queene?
Speake freelie Clarence, Gloster,
Montague and Hastings.

Cla My Lord then this is my opinion,
That Warwike beeing dishonored in his embassage,
Doth seeke reuenge to quite his iniuries.

Glo. And Levves in regard of his sisters wrongs,
Doth ioine with Warwike to supplant your state.

Edw. Suppose that Lewis and Warwike be appeasd,
By such meanes as I can best deuise.

Mont. But yet to have ioind with France in this
Alliance, would more haue strengthened this our
Common wealth, gainst forraine stormes,
Then anie home bred marriage.

Hast. Let England be true within it selfe,
We need not France nor any alliance with them.

Cla. For this one speech the Lord Hastings wel
deserues,
To haue the daughter and heire of the Lord Hungerford.

Edw. And what then? It was our will it should be so?

Cla. I, and for such a thing too the Lord Scales
Did well deserue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord Bonfield, and left your
Brothers to go seeke elsewhere, but in
Your madnes, you burie brotherhood.

Edw. Alasse poore Clarence, is it for a wife,
That thou art mal-content,
Why man be of good cheere, Ile prouide thee one.

Cla. Naie you plaide the broker so ill for your
selfe,
That you shall giue me leaue to make my
Choise as I thinke good, and to that intent,
I shortlie meane to leaue you.

Edw. Leaue me or tarrie I am full resolu'd,
Edward will not be tied to his brothers wils.

Queen. My Lords doe me but right, and you must
Confesse, before it pleasd his highnesse to aduance
My state to title of a Queene,
That I was not ignoble in my birth.

Edw. Forbeare my loue to fawne vpon their frownes,
For thee they must obay, naie shall obaie,
And if they looke for fauour at my hands.

Mont. My Lord, heere is the messenger returnd from
France.

Enter a Messenger.

Ed. Now sirra, What letters or what newes ?

Mes. No letters my Lord, and such newes, as with-
out
your highnesse speciall pardon I dare not relate.

Edw. We pardon thee, and as neere as thou canst
Tell me, What said Lewis to our letters ?

Mes. At my departure these were his verie words.
Go tell false Edward thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending ouer Maskers,

To reuill it with him and his new bride.

Edw. Is Lewis so braue, belike he thinkes me Henry.
But what said Lady Bona to these wrongs ?

Mes. Tel him quoth she, in hope heele proue a wid-
dower shortly, Ile weare the willow garland for his sake.

Edw. She had the wrong, indeed she could saie
Little lesse. But what saide Henries Queene, for as
I heare, she was then in place ?

Mes. Tell him quoth shee my mourning weeds be
Doone, and I am readie to put armour on.

Edw. Then belike she meanes to plaie the Amazon.
But what said Warwike to these iniuries ?

Mes. He more incensed then the rest my Lord,
Tell him quoth he, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.

Ed. Ha, Durst the traytor breath out such proude
words ?

But I will arme me to preuent the worst.

But what is Warwike friendes with Margaret ?

Mes. I my good Lord, theare so linkt in friendship,
That young Prince Edward marries Warwikes daughter.

Cla. The elder, belike Clarence shall haue the
Yonger. All you that loue me and Warwike
Follow me. [Exit CLARENCE and SUMMERSET.]

Edw. Clarence and Summerset fled to Warwike.
What saie you brother Richard, will you stand to vs ?

Glo. I my Lord, in despite of all that shall
Withstand you. For why hath Nature
Made me halt downe right, but that I
Should be valiant and stand to it, for if
I would, I cannot runne awaie.

Edw. Penbrooke, go raise an armie presentlie,
Pitch vp my tent, for in the field this night
I meane to rest, and on the morrow morne,
Ile march to meet proud Warwike ere he land

Those stragling troopes which he hath got in France.
 But ere I goe Montague and Hastings,
 You of all the rest are neerest allied
 In bloud to Warwike, therefore tell me, if
 You fauour him more then me or not :
 Speake truelie, for I had rather haue you open
 Enemies, then hollow friends.

Monta. So God helpe Montague as he proues true.

Hast. And Hastings as hee fauours Edwards cause.

Edw. It shall suffice, come then lets march awaie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter WARWIKE and OXFORD, with souldiers.

War. Trust me my Lords all hitherto goes well,
 The common people by numbers swarme to vs,
 But see where Sommerset and Clarence comes,
 Speake suddenlie my Lords, are we all friends ?

Cla. Feare not that my Lord.

War. Then gentle Clarence welcome vnto War-
 wike.

And welcome Summerset, I hold it cowardise,
 To rest mistrustfull where a noble hart,
 Hath pawnde an open hand in signe of loue,
 Else might I thinke that Clarence, Edwards brother,
 Were but a fained friend to our proceedings,
 But welcome sweet Clarence my daughter shal be
 thline.

And now what rests but in nights couerture,
 Thy brother being careleslie encampt,
 His souldiers lurking in the towne about,
 And but attended by a simple garde,
 We maie surprise and take him at our pleasure,
 Our skouts haue found the aduenture verie easie,
 Then crie king Henry with resolued mindes,
 And breake we presentlie into his tent.

Cla. Why then lets on our waie in silent sort,
For Warwike and his friends God and saint George.

War. This is his tent, and see where his guard doth
Stand, Courage my souldiers, now or neuer,
But follow me now, and Edward shall be ours.

All. A Warwike, a Warwike.

Alarmes, and GLOSTER and HASTINGS flies.

Oxf. Who goes there ?

War. Richard and Hastings let them go, heere is
the Duke.

Edw. The Duke, why Warwike when we parted
Last, thou caldst me king ?

War. I, but the case is altred now.
When you disgraste me in my embassage,
Then I disgraste you from being king,
And now am come to create you Duke of Yorke,
Alasse how should you gouerne anie kingdome,
That knowes not how to vse ambassadors,
Nor how to vse your brothers brotherlie,
Nor how to shrowd your selfe from enimies.

Edw. Well Warwike, let fortune doe her worst,
Edward in minde will beare himselfe a king.

War. Then for his minde be Edward Englands king,
But Henry now shall weare the English crowne.
Go conuaie him to our brother archbishop of Yorke,
And when I haue fought with Penbrooke & his fol-
lowers,

Ile come and tell thee what the ladie Bona saies,
And so for a while farewell good Duke of Yorke.

[*Exeunt some with EDWARD.*]

Cla. What followes now, all hithertoo goes well,
But we must dispatch some letters to France,
To tell the Queene of our happy fortune,
And bid hir come with speed to ioine with vs.

War. I thats the first thing that we haue to doe,
And free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in his regall throne,
Come let vs haste awaie, and hauing past these cares,
Ile post to Yorke, and see how Edward fares.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and sir WILLIAM STANLY.

Glo. Lord Hastings, and sir William Stanly,
Know that the cause I sent for you is this.
I looke my brother with a slender traine,
Should come a hunting in this forrest heere.
The Bishop of Yorke befriends him much,
And lets him vse his pleasure in the chase,
Now I haue priuilie sent him word,
How I am come with you to rescue him,
And see where the huntsman and he doth come.

Enter EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunts. This waie my Lord the deere is gone.

Edw. No this waie huntsman, see where the
Keepers stand. Now brother and the rest,
What, are you prouided to depart?

Glo. I, I, the horse stands at the parke corner,
Come, to Linne, and so take shipping into Flanders.

Edw. Come then: Hastings, and Stanlie, I will
Requite your loues. Bishop farewell,
Sheeld thee from Warwikes frowne,
And praie that I maie repoesse the crowne.
Now huntsman what will you doe?

Hunts Marrie my Lord, I thinke I had as good
Goe with you, as tarrie heere to be hangde.

Edw. Come then lets awaie with speed.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter the Queene and the Lord Riuers.

Riuers. Tel me good maddam, why is your grace
So passionate of late ?

Queen. Why brother Riuers, heare you not the newes,
Of that successe king Edward had of late ?

Riu. What? losse of some pitcht battaile against
Warwike,

Tush, feare not faire Queen, but cast those cares aside.
King Edwards noble mind his honours doth display :
And Warwike maie loose, though then he got the day.

Queen. If that were all, my griefes were at an end :
But greater troubles will I feare befall.

Riu. What, is he taken prisoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royall person then ?

Queen. I, thears my grieve, king Edward is surprisde,
And led awaie, as prisoner vnto Yorke.

Riu. The newes is passing strange, I must confesse :
Yet comfort your selfe, for Edward hath more friends,
Then Lancaster at this time must perceiue,
That some will set him in his throne againe.

Queen. God grant they maie, but gentle brother
come,
And let me leane vpon thine arme a while,
Vntill I come vnto the sanctuarie,
There to preserue the fruit within my wombe,
K. Edwards seed true heire to Englands crowne.

[*Exit.*

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD, and HASTINGS with
a troope of Hollanders.*

Edw. Thus far from Belgia haue we past the seas,
And marcht from Raunspur hauen vnto Yorke :
But soft the gates are shut, I like not this.

Rich. Sound vp the drum and call them to the wals.

Enter the Lord Maire of Yorke vpon the wals.

Mair. My Lords we had notice of your comming,
And thats the cause we stand vpon our garde,
And shut the gates for to preserue the towne.
Henry now is king, and we are sworne to him.

Edw. Why my Lord Maire, if Henry be your king,
Edward I am sure at least, is Duke of Yorke.

Mair. Truth my Lord, we know you for no lesse.

Edw. I craue nothing but my Dukedome.

Rich. But when the Fox hath gotten in his head,
Heele quicklie make the bodie follow after.

Hast. Why my Lord Maire, what stand you vpon points?
Open the gates, we are king Henries friends.

Mair. Saie you so, then Ile open them presentlie.

[*Exit Maire.*

Ri. By my faith, a wise stout captain & soone per-
swaded.

*The Maire opens the dore, and brings the
keies in his hand.*

Edw. So my Lord Maire, these gates must not be shut,
But in the time of warre, giue me the keies :
What, feare not man for Edward will defend
the towne and you, despite of all your foes.

*Enter sir IOHN MOUNTGOMMERY with drumme and
souldiers.*

How now Richard, who is this?

Rich. Brother, this is sir Iohn Mountgommery,
A trustie friend vnlesse I be deceiude.

Edw. Welcome sir Iohn. Wherfore come you in
armes?

Sir Iohn. To helpe king Edward in this time of
stormes,
As euerie loyall subiect ought to doe.

Edw. Thankes braue Mountgommery,
But I onlie claime my Dukedom.
Vntil it please God to send the rest.

Sir Iohn. Then fare you wel? Drum strike vp and
let vs
March away, I came to serue a king and not a
Duke.

Edw. Nay staie sir Iohn, and let vs first debate,
With what security we maie doe this thing.

Sir Iohn. What stand you on debating, to be briefe,
Except you presently proclaime your selfe our king,
Ile hence againe, and keepe them backe that come to
Succour you, why should we fight when
You pretend no title?

Rich. Fie brother, fie, stand you vpon tearmes?
Resolue your selfe, and let vs claime the crowne.

Edw. I am resolute once more to claime the crowne,
And win it too, or else to loose my life.

Sir Iohn. I now my soueraigne speaketh like himselfe,
And now will I be Edwards Champion,
Sound Trumpets, for Edward shall be proclaimd.
Edward the fourth by the grace of God, king of Eng-
land and France, and Lord of Ireland, and whosoeuer
gainsaies king Edwards right: by this I challenge him to
single fight, long liue Edward the fourth.

All. Long liue Edward the fourth.

Edw. We thanke you all. Lord Maire leade on the
waie.

For this night wee le harbour here in Yorke,
And then as earlie as the morning sunne,
Liftes vp his beames aboue this horison
Wee le march to London, to meete with Warwike:
And pull false Henry from the Regall throne.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter WARWIKE and CLARENCE, with the Crowne, and then king HENRY, and OXFORD, and SUMMERSET, and the yong Earle of Richmond.

King. Thus from the prison to this princelie seat,
By Gods great mercies am I brought
Againe, Clarence and Warwike doe you
Keepe the crowne, and gouerne and protect
My realme in peace, and I will spend the
Remnant of my daies, to sinnes rebuke
And my Creators praise

War. What answeres Clarence to his soueraignes will?

Cla. Clarence agrees to what king Henry likes.

King. My Lord of Summerset, what prettie
Boie is that you seeme to be so carefull of?

Sum. And it please your grace, it is yong Henry,
Earle of Richmond.

King. Henry of Richmond, Come hither pretie Ladde.
If heauenlie powers doe aime aright
To my diuining thoughts, thou pretie boy,
Shalt proue this Countries blisse,
Thy head is made to weare a princelie crowne,
Thy lookes are all repleat with Maiestie,
Make much of him my Lords,
For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a letter to WARWIKE.

War. What Counsell Lords, Edward from Belgia,
With hastie Germaines and blunt Hollanders,
Is past in safetie through the narrow seas,
And with his troopes doe march amaine towards London,
And manie giddie people follow him.

Oxf. Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.

War. In Warwikeshire I haue true harted friends,
 Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
 Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne Clarence shalt
 In Essex, Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
 Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
 And thou brother Montague, in Leistershire,
 Buckingham and Northamptonshire shalt finde,
 Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,
 And thou braue Oxford wondrous well belou'd,
 Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.
 My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,
 Shall rest in London till we come to him.
 Faire Lords take leaue and stand not to replie,
 Farewell my soueraigne.

King. Farewel my Hector, my Troyes true hope.

War. Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie.

All. Agreed. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Edward and his traine.

Edw. Sease on the shamefast Henry,
 And once againe conuaie him to the Tower,
 Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake.
 And now towards Couentrie let vs bend our course
 To meet with Warwike and his confederates.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter WARWIKE on the walles.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How farre hence is thy Lord my honest fellow?

Oxf. post. By this at Daintrie marching hitherward.

War. Where is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

Post. I left him at Donsmore with his troopes.

War. Say Summerfield where is my louing son?
And by thy gesse, how farre is Clarence hence?

Sommer. At Southam my Lord I left him with
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence.

War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter EDWARD and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the surly Warwike mans the
wal.

War. O vnbid spight, is spotfull Edward come!
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduste,
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?

Edw. Now Warwike wilt thou be sorrie for thy
faults,
And call Edward king and he will pardon thee.

War. Naie rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe?
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe?
Call Warwike patron and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of Yorke.

Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the
king.
Or did he make the iest against his will.

War. Twas Warwike gaue the kingdome to thy
brother.

Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by Warwikes gift.

War. I but thou art no Atlas for so great a waight,
And weakling, Warwike takes his gift againe,
Henry is my king, Warwike his subiect.

Edw. I prethe gallant Warwike tell me this,
What is the bodie when the head is off?

Glo. Alasse that Warwike had no more foresight,
But whilst he sought to steale the single ten,
The king was finelie fingerd from the decke?
You left poore Henry in the Bishops pallace,
And ten to one you'le meet him in the Tower.

Edw. Tis euen so, and yet you are olde Warwike still.

War. O cheerefull colours, see where Oxford comes.

Enter OXFORD with drum and souldiers & al crie,

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster. *[Exit.*

Edw. The Gates are open, see they enter in,
Lets follow them and bid them battaile in the streetes.

Glo. No, so some other might set vpon our backes,
Weele staie till all be entered, and then follow them.

Enter SUMMERSET with drum and souldiers.

Sum. Summerset, Summerset, for Lancaster. *[Exit.*

Glo. Two of thy name both Dukes of Summerset,
Haue solde their liues vnto the house of Yorke,
And thou shalt be the third and my sword hold.

Enter MONTAGUE with drum and souldiers.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster. *[Exit.*

Edw. Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother
Shall deerelie abie this rebellious act.

Enter CLARENCE with drum and souldiers.

War. And loe where George of Clarence sweepes
Along, of power enough to bid his brother battell.

Cla. Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaster.

Edw. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?
A parlie sirra to George of Clarence.

Sound a Parlie, and RICHARD and CLARENCE whispers together, and then CLARENCE takes his red Rose out of his hat, and throwes it at WARWIKE.

War. Com Clarence come, thou wilt if Warwike call.

Cla. Father of Warwike, know you what this meanes?

I throw mine infamie at thee,
 I will not ruinate my fathers house,
 Who gaue his bloud to lime the stones together,
 And set vp Lancaster. Thinkest thou
 That Clarence is so harsh vnnaturall,
 To lift his sword against his brothers life,
 And so proud harted Warwike I defie thee,
 And to my brothers turne my blushing cheekes?
 Pardon me Edward, for I haue done amisse,
 And Richard doe not frowne vpon me,
 For henceforth I will proue no more vnconstant.

Edw. Welcome Clarence, and ten times more welcome,

Then if thou neuer hadst deserud our hate.

Glo. Welcome good Clarence, this is brotherlie.

War. Oh passing traytor, periurd and vniust.

Edw. Now Warwike, wilt thou leaue
 The towne and fight? or shall we beate the
 Stones about thine eares?

War. Why I am not coopt vppe heere for defence,
 I will awaie to Barnet presently,
 And bid thee battaile Edward if thou darest.

Edw. Yes Warwike he dares, and leades the waie,
 Lords to the field, saint George and victorie.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Alarmes, and then enter WARWIKE wounded.

War. Ah, who is nie? Come to me friend or foe,
 And tell me who is victor Yorke or Warwike?
 Why aske I that? my mangled bodie shewes,
 That I must yeeld my bodie to the earth.
 And by my fall the conquest to my foes,
 Thus yeelds the Cedar to the axes edge,
 Whose armes gaue shelter to the princelie Eagle,
 Vnder whose shade the ramping Lion slept,

Whose top branch ouerpeerd Ioues spreading tree.
 The wrinkles in my browes now fild with bloud,
 Were likened oft to kinglie sepulchers.
 For who liu'd king, but I could dig his graue ?
 And who durst smile, when Warwike bent his brow ?
 Lo now my glorie smeerd in dust and bloud,
 My parkes, my walkes, my mannors that I had,
 Euen now forsake me, and of all my lands,
 Is nothing left me but my bodies length.

Enter OXFORD and SUMMERSET.

Oxf. Ah Warwike, Warwike, cheere vp thy selfe and
 liue,
 For yet thears hope enough to win the daie.
 Our warlike Queene with troopes is come from France.
 And at South-hampton landed all hir traine,
 And mightst thou liue, then would we neuer flie.

War. Whie then I would not flie, nor haue I now,
 But Hercules himselfe must yeeld to ods,
 For manie wounds receiu'd, and manie moe repaid,
 Hath robd my strong knit sinews of their strength,
 And spite of spites needes must I yeeld to death.

Som. Thy brother Montague hath breathd his last,
 And at the pangs of death I heard him crie
 And saie, commend me to my valiant brother,
 And more he would haue spoke and more he said,
 Which sounded like a clamor in a vault,
 That could not be distinguisht for the sound,
 And so the valiant Montague gaue vp the ghost.

War. What is pompe, rule, raigne, but earth and
 dust?

And liue we how we can, yet die we must.
 Sweet rest his soule, flie Lords and saue your selues,
 For Warwike bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen.

[He dies.]

Oxf Come noble Summerset, lets take our horse,
And cause retrait be sounded through the campe,
That all our friends that yet remaine alieue,
Maie be awarn'd and saue themselues by flight.
That done, with them wee le post vnto the Queene,
And once more trie our fortune in the field.

[*Ex. ambo.*

Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, with souldiers.

Edw. Thus still our fortune giues vs victorie,
And girts our temples with triumphant ioies,
The bigboond traytor Warwike hath breathde his last,
And heauen this daie hath smilde vpon vs all,
But in this cleere and brightsome daie,
I see a blacke suspitious cloud appeare
That will encounter with our glorious sunne
Before he gaine his easefull westernne beames,
I mean those powers which the Queen hath got in Frāce
Are landed, and meane once more to menace vs.

Glo. Oxford and Summerset are fled to hir,
And tis likelie if she haue time to breath,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

Edw. We are aduertisde by our louing friends,
That they doe hold their course towards Tewxburie.
Thither will we, for willingnes rids waie,
And in euerie countie as we passe along,
Our strengthes shall be augmented.
Come lets goe, for if we slacke this faire
Bright Summers daie, sharpe winters
Showers will marre our hope for haie.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

*Enter the Queene, Prince EDWARD, OXFORD and SUM-
MERSET, with drum and souldiers.*

Quee. Welcome to England, my louing friends of Frāce.

And welcome Summerset, and Oxford too.
Once more haue we spread our sailes abroad,
And though our tackling be almost consumde,
And Warwike as our maine mast ouerthrowne,
Yet warlike Lords raise you that sturdie post,
That beares the sailes to bring vs vnto rest,
And Ned and I as willing Pilots should
For once with carefull mindes guide on the sterne,
To beare vs through that dangerous gulfe
That heretofore hath swallowed vp our friends.

Prince. And if there be, as God forbid there should,
Amongst vs a timorous or fearefull man,
Let him depart before the battels ioine,
Least he in time of need intise another,
And so withdraw the souldiers harts from vs.
I will not stand aloofe and bid you fight,
But with my sword presse in the thickest thronges,
And single Edward from his strongest guard,
And hand to hand enforce him for to yeeld,
Or leaue my bodie as witnesse of my thoughts.

Oxf. Women and children of so high resolute,
And Warriors faint, why twere perpetuall
Shame? Oh braue yong Prince, thy
Noble grandfather doth liue againe in thee,
Long maiest thou liue to beare his image,
And to renew his glories.

Sum. And he that turnes and flies when such do fight,
Let him to bed, and like the Owle by daie
Be hist, and wondered at if he arise.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power,
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

Oxf. I thought it was his pollicie, to take vs vnprouided,
But here will we stand and fight it to the death.

Enter king EDWARD, CLA. GLO. HAST. and Souldiers.

Edw. See brothers, yonder stands the thornie wood,
Which by Gods assistance and your prowesse,
Shall with our swords yer night be cleane cut downe.

Queen. Lords, Knights & gentlemen, what I should
say,

My teares gainesaie, for as you see, I drinke
The water of mine eies. Then no more
But this. Henry your king is prisoner
In the tower, his land and all our friends
Are quite distrest, and yonder standes
The Wolfe that makes all this,
Then on Gods name Lords together cry saint George.

All. Saint George for Lancaster.

*Alarmes to the battell, YORKE flies, then the chambers be
discharged. Then enter the king, CLA. & GLO. & the
rest, & make a great shout, and crie, for Yorke, for
Yorke, and then the Queene is taken, & the prince, &
OXF. & SUM. and then sound and enter all againe.*

Edw. Lo here a period of tumultuous broiles,
Awaie with Oxford to Hames castell straight,
For Summerset off with his guiltie head.
Awaie I will not heare them speake.

Oxf. For my part Ile not trouble thee with words.

[*Exit OXFORD.*

Sum. Nor I, but stoope with patience to my death.

[*Exit SUM.*

Edw. Now Edward what satisfaction canst thou make,
For stirring vp my subiects to rebellion?

Prin. Speake like a subiect proud ambitious Yorke,
Suppose that I am now my fathers mouth,
Resigne thy chaire, and where I stand kneele thou,

Whilst I propose the selfesame words to thee,
Which traytor thou woudst haue me answere to.

Queen. Oh that thy father had bin so resolu'd :

Glo. That you might still haue kept your
Peticote, and nere haue stolne the
Breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Aesop fable in a winters night,
His currish Riddles sorts not with this place.

Glo. By heauen brat Ile plague you for that word.

Queen. I, thou wast borne to be a plague to men.

Glo. For Gods sake take awaie this captiue scold.

Prin Nay take away this skolding Crooktbacke rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

Cla. Vntuterd lad thou art too malepert.

Prin. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull.
Lasciuious Edward, and thou periurd George,
And thou mishapen Dicke, I tell you all,
I am your better, traytors as you be.

Edw. Take that, the litnes of this railer heere.

Queen. Oh kill me too.

Glo. Marrie and shall.

Edw. Hold Richard hold, for we haue doone too much
alreadie.

Glo. Why should she liue to fill the world with words ?

Ed. What doth she swound ? make meanes for
Her recouerie ?

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother,
I must to London on a serious matter,
Ere you come there, you shall heare more newes.

Cla. About what, prethe tell me ?

Glo. The Tower man, the Tower, Ile root them out

[*Exit GLOSTER.*]

Queen. Ah Ned, speake to thy mother boy ? ah
Thou canst not speake.

'Traytors, Tyrants, bloudie Homicides,
 They that stabd Cæsar shed no bloud at all,
 For he was a man, this in respect a childe,
 And men nere spend their furie on a child,
 Whats worse then tyrant that I maie name,
 You haue no children Deuils, if you had,
 The thought of them would then haue stopt your
 rage,

But if you euer hope to haue a sonne,
 Looke in his youth to haue him so cut off,
 As Traitors you haue doone this sweet young prince.

Edw. Awaie, and beare her hence.

Queen. Naie nere beare me hence, dispatch
 Me heere, heere sheath thy sword,
 Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
 Then Clarence, doe thou doe it?

Cla. By Heauen I would not doe thee so much ease.

Queen. Good Clarence doe, sweet Clarence kill me too.

Cla. Didst thou not heare me sweare I would not
 do it?

Queen. I, but thou vset to forswear thy selfe,
 'Twas sinne before, but now tis charitie.
 Whears the Diuels butcher, hardfaured Richard,
 Richard where art thou? He is not heere,
 Murder is his almes deed, petitioners
 For bloud he nere put backe.

Edw. Awaie I saie, and take her hence perforce.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this prince.

[*Ex.*

Edw. Clarence, whithers Gloster gone?

Cla Marrie my Lord to London, and as I gesse, to
 Make a bloudie supper in the Tower.

Edw. He is sudden if a thing come in his head.
 Well, discharge the common souldiers with paie
 And thanks, and now let vs towards London,

To see our gentle Queene how shee doth fare,
For by this I hope shee hath a sonne for vs.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter GLOSTER to king HENRY in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I should saie rather,
Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good Gloster, and good Diuell, were all alike,
What scene of Death hath Rosius now to act?

Glo. Suspition alwaies haunts a guiltie mind.

Hen. The birde once limde doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the haplesse maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eie,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught & kild.

Glo. Why, what a foole was that of Creete?
That taught his sonne the office
Of a birde, and yet for all that the poore
Fowle was drownde.

Hen. I Dedalus, my poore sonne Icarus,
Thy father Minos that denide our course,
Thy brother Edward, the sunne that searde his wings,
And thou the enuious gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers point,
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.

Glo. Why dost thou thinke I am an executioner?

Hen. A persecutor I am sure thou art,
And if murdering innocents be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy sonne I kild for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kild when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine,
And thus I prophesie of thee.
That manie a Widdow for her husbands death,
And many an infants water standing eie,

Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.

The owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe,
The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune,
Dogs howld and hideous tempests shooke down trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought forth lesse then a mothers hope,
To wit : an vndigest created lumpe,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree,
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,
To signifie thou camst to bite the world,
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,
Thou camst into the world

[*He stabs him.*]

Glo. Die prophet in thy speech, Ile heare
No more, for this amongst the rest, was I ordainde.

Hen. I and for much more slaughter after this.
O God forgieue my sinnes, and pardon thee. [*He dies.*]

Glo. What? will the aspiring bloud of Lancaster
Sinke into the ground, I had thought it would haue
mounted,

See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house.
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee,

[*Stab him againe.*]

Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.
I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare.
Indeed twas true that Henry told me of,
For I haue often heard my mother saie,
That I came into the world with my legs forward,
And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?
The women wept and the midwife cride,

O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.
 And so I was indeed, which plainelie signifide,
 That I should snarle and bite, and plaie the dogge.
 Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,
 Let hell make crookt my mind to answeare it.
 I had no father, I am like no father,
 I haue no brothers, I am like no brothers,
 And this word *Loue* which graybeards tearme diuine,
 Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me, I am my selfe alone.
 Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,
 But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.
 For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
 As Edward shall be fearefull of his life,
 And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
 Henry and his sonne are gone, thou Clarence next,
 And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,
 Counting my selfe but bad, till I be best.
 Ile drag thy bodie in another roome,
 And triumph Henry in thy daie of doome. [Exit.

*Enter king EDWARD, Queene ELIZABETH, and a Nurse
 with the young prince, and CLARENCE, and HASTINGS,
 and others.*

Edw. Once more we sit in Englands royall throne,
 Repurchasde with the bloud of enemies,
 What valiant foemen like to Autumnes corne,
 Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
 Three Dukes of Summerset, threefold renown'd
 For hardie and vndoubted champions.
 Two Cliffords, as the father and the sonne,
 And two Northumberlands, two brauer men
 Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.
 With them the two rough Beares, Warwike and Mon-
 tague,

That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,
 And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,
 Thus haue we swept suspition from our seat,
 And made our footstoole of securitie.
 Come hither Besse, and let me kisse my boie,
 Young Ned, for thee, thine Vncles and my selfe,
 Haue in our armors watcht the Winters night,
 Marcht all a foote in summers skalding heat,
 That thou mightst repossesse the crowne in peace,
 And of our labours thou shalt reape the gaine.

Glo. Ile blast his haruest and your head were laid,
 For yet I am not lookt on in the world.
 This shoulder was ordaind so thicke to heaue,
 And heaue it shall some waight or breake my backe,
 Worke thou the waie, and thou shalt execute.

Edward. Clarence and Gloster, loue my louelie Queene,
 And kisse your princely nephew brothers both.

Cla. The dutie that I owe vnto your, Maiestie,
 I seale vpon the rosiate lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks noble Clarence worthie brother
 thanks.

Gloster. And that I loue the fruit from whence thou
 Sprangst, witnesse the louing kisse I giue the child.
 To saie the truth so Iudas kist his maister,
 And so he cride all haile, and meant all harme.

Edward. Nowe am I seated as my soule delights,
 Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues.

Cla. What will your grace haue done with Mar-
 garet,
 Ranard her father to the king of France,
 Hath pawnd the Cyssels and Ierusalem,
 And hither haue they sent it for her ransome.

Edw. Awaie with her, and wafte hir hence to
 France,

And now what rests but that we spend the time,
With stateley Triumphs and mirthfull comicke shewes,
Such as befits the pleasures of the Court.
Sound drums and Trumpets, farewell to sower annoy,
For heere I hope begins our lasting ioie.

[*Excunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.

N O T E S

TO

THE SECOND PART OF THE CONTENTION.

Page 115, line 1. The True Tragedie.] In the original copy, the first letter in the title-page is not quite perfect. See the frontispiece to the present volume. This play is only divided from the former, says Dr. Johnson, for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former.

Page 115, line 11. Printed at London by P. S.] The same person who printed the first edition of Henry IV., which appeared in 1598.

Page 117, line 6. Crookeback.] The edition of 1619 inserts "then" before this word.

Page 117, line 6. And the yong Earle of Rutland.] This may be a mistake, or, what is more likely, inserted in the old copies as is usual at the commencement of an act, where names of characters are introduced that do not actually come on till afterwards. The present scene is in London, but Rutland first appears at Sandall.

Page 117, line 14. Therewith.] The edition of 1619 reads "there with." Either form was indiscriminately used, and instances of both may be found in Greene's "*Planetomachia*," 4to. Lond. 1585. This would have been scarcely worth noticing, had not Mr. Knight quoted the variation.

Page 117, line 16. The hands.] The edition of 1619 reads "th' hands."

Page 117, line 16. Common Souldiers.] The inconsistency of this with a previous scene, where York kills Clifford, I have already mentioned at p. 114. The present account appears more consonant with history, though it ought to be mentioned that the commentators do not agree on this point.

Page 117, line 20. With a downe right blow.] This phrase also occurs at p. 29 and p. 129.

Page 118, line 1. And tell them what I did.] It is evident, says Mr.

Knight, that Richard here either points to the body of Somerset, or throws down his head. There is a stage-direction to this effect in the amended play. This appears to be an anachronism; for at the time of the first battle of St. Albans, at which Richard is represented in the last scene of the First Part to have fought, he was, according to Malone, not one year old, having been born at Fotheringay Castle, October 21st, 1454. At the time to which the third scene of the first act of this play is referred, he was but six years old; and in the fifth act, in which Henry is represented as having been killed by him in the Tower, not quite seventeen. See Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 366.

Page 118, line 3. What] The folio of the amended play reads "but," which has a contemptuous force scarcely implied by the old reading, which, however, was adopted by Malone. Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight have judiciously adopted the reading of the folios

Page 118, line 9. I vow by heauens.] The edition of 1619 reads "heaven," which is also the reading of the amended play.

Page 118, line 31. Burd] The amended play reads "he," which scarcely carries out the allegory sufficiently

Page 118, line 32. If Warlike shake his bells] The allusion is to falconry. The hawks had sometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from rising. See Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 368

Page 119, line 19. Such as he.] So all the early editions. The second folio of the amended play, "and such is he." Stevens says the second folio reads, "and such *as* he," which may have been the case in his copy. That belonging to me reads as above

Page 119, line 26. Exet.] In the amended play this speech is given to Westmoreland, but Theobald and other editors have returned to the reading of the original drama. I do not exactly see the absolute necessity for the change. Westmoreland had been speaking just before, and Henry's address to Exeter may be considered accidental.

Page 119, line 33. Thou art deceu'd.] This is omitted in the amended play, and Mr. Knight thinks the rejection "assuredly weakens the passage." This is scarcely the case, if York be supposed to speak the remaining words energetically, and, as Mr. Collier justly observes, it is perfectly consonant with the metre. It was perhaps rejected because the same expression occurs immediately afterwards. See p. 122. If it had been retained, we should have had a repetition of the same sentence within a very few lines of each other.

Page 120, line 3. Twas.] The amended play reads "it was," although modern editors, with the exception of Mr. Knight, have unnecessarily

returned to the old reading. In the same line we have "earldom" in the amended play, instead of "kingdom." Mr. Knight reads, "Twas *mine* inheritance."

Page 120, line 8. And that is.] It is curious to notice the variations in the different editions. That of 1619 reads "and that's," the first folio reads "that's," and the second folio "and that's." Thus, if modern editors had gone to the edition of 1632, they might have been saved the trouble of referring to the old copies. Mr. Collier reads "that is;" but, though agreeing with the metre, where is the authority?

Page 120, line 9. Sittest.] The two editions of 1600 and 1619 read "sist."

Page 120, line 31. Thy father was as thou art Duke of Yorke.] This is a mistake, according to Malone. The father of Richard, Duke of York, was Earl of Cambridge, and was never Duke of York, being beheaded in the life-time of his elder brother, Edward, Duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt. The first folio of the amended play reads, "My father," which is probably an error of the press.

Page 121, line 6. You are.] The edition of 1619 reads "Y'are." The amended play agrees with our text.

Page 121, line 15. Leauē.] It is "leauē" in the original.

Page 121, line 17. Seekest.] The edition of 1619 reads, "seek'st."

Page 121, line 19. Both both.] This repetition does not occur in the editions of 1600 and 1619.

Page 121, line 29. Proue it Henrie.] The second folio (1632) reads, "But prove it Henry," which addition appears authorised, if not necessary, by the previous line.—

"But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?"

Page 122, line 3. Henrie.] The edition of 1600 reads, "Henerie," and this is important, because it clearly proves that Malone was right in saying this word was frequently used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries as a trisyllable. In the present line the metre requires it.

Page 122, line 9. Preiudiciall to the Crowne.] That is, to the prerogative of the crown. Dr. Johnson proposes to read "prejudicial to his son," but the amendment does not appear necessary, and the doctor had probably forgotten that Richard II. left no issue.

Page 122, line 20. And of Kent.] The edition of 1619 omits the word "of," and the amended play reads, "nor of Kent."

Page 122, line 25. Maie that ground gape.] So in Phaer's translation of the Fourth *Æneid*:—

"But rather would I wish the *ground* to *gape* for me below."

This quotation is given by Steevens.

Page 122, line 33. Ouer.] The second folio reads, "o'er," generally adopted, but apparently not an improvement. Mr. Knight has judiciously restored the reading of the first folio.

Page 123, line 2. Whilst.] The edition of 1619 reads, "while."

Page 123, line 11. Exit.] In the edition of 1619, this stage-direction is erroneously placed at the end of Clifford's speech.

Page 123, line 14. Vnkingly.] The edition of 1619 reads, "unkindly," and the amended play, "unmanly."

Page 123, line 24. I heere intaile the Crowne.] The following account is taken from MS. Rot. Harl. C. 7, Membr. 4, *dorso*: "On halmesse evyn, abowt thre after noyne, comyn into the Comowne Howus, the Lordys spiritual and temporal, excepte the Kyng, the Duk of York, and hys sonys, and the Chawnceler reherset the debate had bytwyn owre soveren Lord the Kyng and the Duk of York upon the tytelys of Ingland, Fraunce, and the Lordschep of Erlond, wyche mater was debat, arguet, and disputet by the seyde lordes spiritual and temporal byfore owre soveren Lord and the Duk of York longe and diverse tymys And at the last, by gret avyce and deliberacion, and by the assent of owre soveryn Lord and the Duk of York, and alle the lordes spiritual and temporal ther assemelyd by vertu of thys present parlement, assentyt, agreyt, and accordyt, that owre sovereyne Lord the Kyng schal pessablylly and quyetly rejoys and possesse the crowne of Ingland and of Fraunce, and the Lordchip of Irlond, with al hys preemy-nences, prerogatyves, and liberteyns during hys lyf. And that after hys desese the coroun, etc., schal remayne to Rychard Duk of York, as rythe inheryt to hym and to hys issue, praying and desyring ther the comownes of Ingland, be vertu of thys present parlement assemylet, to comyne the seyde mater, and to gyff therto her assent. The whyche comyns, after the mater debatet, comynt, grawntyt, & assentyt to the forseyd premisses. And ferthermore was granted and assentyt, that the seyde Duk of York, the Erl of March, and of Rutlond, schul be sworne that they schuld not compasne conspyrene the kynges deth, ne hys hurt duryng hys lyf. Ferthermore the forseyd Duk schulde be had, take, and reportyt as eyr apparent prince and ryth inheryter to the crowne aboveseyd. Ferthermore for to be had and take tresoun to ymagine or compas the deth or the hurt of the seyde Duk, wythe othyr prerogatyves as long to the prince and eyr parawut. And ferthermore the seyde Duk and hys sonys schul have of the kyng yerly ten thousand marces, that is to sey, to himself five thousand, to the Erl of Marche three thousand, the Erl of Rutlond two thousand marces. And alle these mateyrs, agreyd, assentyt, and inactyt by the auctoritie of thys present parlement. And ferthermore, the statutes mad in the tyme of Kyng Herry the Fowrth, wherby the croune was curtaillet to hys issu male,

utterly anullyd and evertyth, wyth alle other statutes and grantys mad by the seyd Kynges days, Kyng Herry the fift, and Kyng Herry the sixte, in the infforsing of the tytel of Kyng Herry the Fourth in general."

Page 123, line 26. Thine oath.] The edition of 1619 reads, "an oath," which agrees with the amended play.

Page 124, line 3. To my castell.] That is, Sandal Castle, near Wakefield. Our poetical readers may not think it irrelevant to be referred to Mr. Leatham's pleasing poem on this venerable ruin, recently published.

Page 124, line 11. Or else I follow thee.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Ile," and the amended play, "I will."

Page 124, line 13. What patience can there.] The editions of 1600 and 1619 read, "What patience can there be?"

Page 124, line 15. Our.] The edition of 1600 reads, "ouer."

Page 124, line 20. Sterne Fawcoubridge commands the narrow seas.] So, in Marlowe's "Edward II.:"—

"The haughty Dane *commands the narrow seas.*"

The person here meant was Thomas Nevil, bastard son to the Lord Fauconbridge, "a man," says Hall, "of no lesse corage then audacitie, who for his euell condicions was such an apte person, that a more meter could not be chosen to set all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the estate of the realme on an yl hazard." He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the sea, and had in charge so to keep the passage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends should escape untaken or undrowned: such at least were his instructions with respect to the friends and favourers of King Edward, after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death, he fell into poverty, and robbed friends and enemies indiscriminately. After various excesses, one of which was an attempt on the metropolis, he was taken at Southampton, and beheaded. He is called "*pyratum ad mare*" in MS. Cotton. Nero, B. i., fol. 61. Ritson says he was beheaded at Southampton; but Warkworth's "Chronicle," p. 20, gives a different account. See the "Paston Letters," ii., 82.

Page 124, line 26. Northern.] So in the original for "Northern."

Page 124, line 34. Murdred.] The edition of 1619 reads "murdered."

Page 125, line 1. From the field.] The first folio reads, "to the field." It is corrected in the second folio, and therefore Malone had no need to recur to the older copies.

Page 125, line 5. Thus forget.] The edition of 1619 reads, "thus to forget."

Page 125, line 18. No father, but a sweete contention.] Mr. Knight observes this speech is printed as prose in the edition of 1598, but it is also

so printed in the two later editions of 1600 and 1619. I do not, therefore, understand Mr. Knight's note, for I do not think it could be arranged as verse by any ingenuity. Let the reader try. The amended play reads, "a *slight* contention," which Theobald, with his characteristic fondness for alteration, changed for the old reading. Mr. Collier judiciously deprecates this system. In this case, the amended reading seems on many accounts preferable. Richard wishes to explain that they are not quarrelling, and he accordingly says it is only a *slight contention*.

Page 125, line 24. Breake an hundred othes to raigne one yeare.] See the passage in the amended play, and Upton's "Critical Observations on Shakespeare," ed. 1748, p. 301. Edward's notions of right in such cases had been anticipated by Cicero:—

"Nam si violandum est jus, regnandi gratia
Violandum est."

Page 126, line 6. Rhou.] So the original copy, for "thou." A similar instance has previously occurred. See p. 84.

Page 126, line 11. Shalt.] So all the editions, but Mr. Knight reads "shall," a change for the worse.

Page 126, line 18. Enter a Messenger.] In the folio of 1623, it is "Enter Gabriel," which Mr. Collier thinks was the name of the actor of the part. There was a player of the name of Gabriel Spencer in Henslowe's company in 1598, who was killed by Ben Jonson in September of that year. Heywood mentions him in the "Apology for Actors," p. 43, which, if Mr. Collier had not corrected himself with respect to an entry in Henslowe's Diary, I should have read "Gabriel Singer," and not as it is printed in Mr. Collier's edition. Possibly, says Mr. Collier, he was one of the Lord Chamberlain's servants at an earlier date, when the third part of "Henry VI." was played, and, as the actor of the part of the messenger, his name might be inserted in the MS. used for the Globe or Blackfriars' Theatre. See Collier's "Shakespeare," v., 240.

Page 126, line 21. Northumberland and Westmerland, and others.] So in the original, for "Northumberland." The edition of 1619 reads, "with others." Ritson says that the queen was not actually present at this battle, not returning out of Scotland till some little time afterwards. This insurrection, which the duke, not in breach of, but in strict conformity with, his oath to the king, and in discharge of his duty as protector of the realm, had marched from London to suppress, was headed by the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Nevil, who, in direct violation of a mutual agreement, and before the day prefixed for the battle, fell suddenly upon the duke's army, and made him and Salisbury prisoners. Malone, however, appears to think that York did break his oath, and that so far the

author of our play is right. (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii., 386).

Page 126, line 27. Mortemera.] The edition of 1619 reads "Mortimer."

Page 127, line 23. Makes him close his eyes.] The following account is given by Hall: "While this battaill was in fighting, a prieste called Sir Robert Aspoll, chappelain and scole master to the yong erle of Rutlande, ij. sonne to the above named duke of Yorke, scace of the age of xij. yeres, a faire gentelman and a maydenlike person, perceivynge that flight was more savegard then taryng, bothe for hym and his master, secretly conveyd therle out of the felde, by the lord Cliffordes bande, toward the towne, but or he coulde entre into a house, he was by the sayd lord Clifford espied, folowed, and taken, and by reson of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yong gentelman dismayed, had not a word to speake, but kneled on his knees imploryng mercy, and desyryng grace, both with holding up his handes and making dolorous countenance, for his speache was gone for feare. Save him sayde his chappelein, for he is a princes sonne, and peradventure may do you good hereafter. With that word, the lord Clifford marked him and sayde: by Gods blode, thy father slew myne, and so will I do the and all thy kyn, and with that woord, stacke the erle to the hart with his dagger, and bad his chappeleyn bere the erles mother and brother worde what he had done and sayde. In this acte the lord Clyfford was accompted a tyraunt and no gentelman, for the propertie of the lyon, which is a furious and an unreasonable beaste, is to be cruell to them that withstande hym, and gentle to such as prostrate or humiliate themselves before hym." Rutland also compares Clifford to the lion, a simile borrowed in all probability from Hall.

Page 127, line 25. Ouer.] The edition of 1619 reads "o'er," which agrees with the amended play.

Page 128, line 7. It could not slake.] The word "not" is accidentally omitted in Steevens's reprint of Pavier's edition.

Page 128, line 17. But twas ere I was borne.] This is a chronological error. Rutland, according to Hall, was born in 1448, but certainly before the battle of St. Alban's in 1455, when old Clifford was slain. It is necessary, however, in the conduct of the drama, to imagine him a mere child: yet when did child speak in the language of young Rutland?

Page 128, line 19. Sith.] That is, since. This form of the word is very common in old writers.

Page 128, line 24. Therefore Die.] Clifford here kills young Rutland. The requisite stage-direction was first added in the edition of 1632.

Page 129, line 7. With purple Faulchen painted to the hilts.] So in "Henry V.," act iii. sc. 5:

"With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur."

Page 129, line 8. Slaughtered.] In the original, the letter "u" is blotted over, apparently done when originally printed.

Page 130, line 5. Death.] The editions of 1600 and 1619 and the amended play read "deaf."

Page 130, line 16. Triumphs.] Probably "triumph."

Page 130, line 27. Where is.] The edition of 1619 reads "wher's."

Page 130, line 30. Amongst.] The edition of 1619 reads "mongst."

Page 130, line 32. Rapiers.] The edition of 1600 reads "rapier."

Page 131, line 10. A crowne for Yorke.] Here Margaret places a paper crown on York's head. This also appears from "Richard III.," act i. sc. 3

"The curse my noble father laid on thee,

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper."

Douce, who quotes this passage, reads "noble brows," but I do not know on what authority. According to history, the crown was not placed on York's head by Margaret

Page 131, line 11. Whilst.] The edition of 1600 reads "while"

Page 131, line 21. This.] Read "his"

Page 131, line 22. Oh, tis a fault too too unpardonable.] "Too-too" is one word, and ought to be so printed. According to Grose, it is still used in the North, "absolutely for very well or good," but Watson, in his "list of uncommon words used in Halifax," says it is "often used to denote exceeding," in which latter sense it is here used. Thoresby, in his Letter to Ray, 1703, has the word *toota* in a similar signification. See Hunter's "Hallamshire Glossary," p. 162, and Grose's "Provincial Glossary," ed. 1839, p. 168. See also the present volume, p. 84, where the same word occurs. It also occurs in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," act ii. sc. 2. "I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are *too-too* strongly embattled against me." The word is correctly printed in the first folio, but Mr. Knight has divided it into two, while other editors generally only print one portion of the word. In the present case, Mr. Knight has entirely misunderstood its meaning and force, placing a comma in the middle of this single word. See the "Library Edition of Shakespeare," vi. 291. In several other places, all the editors of Shakespeare, from the time of Rowe, have misunderstood the word. It would not be difficult to supply instances. Let the following suffice:—

"O! that this *too-too* solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew."

Hamlet, act i. sc. 2.

The word is not always printed in the early editions with a hyphen, but I have never met with an instance of a comma being placed in the middle of it in any of the four folios.

Page 131, line 29. Whose tongue more poison'd then the Adders tooth.] The edition of 1619 reads "tongue's." In "Wily Beguilde," 1606, we have a similar line:—

"Whose tongue more venome then the serpents sting."

Page 132, line 4. The type.] That is, the distinguishing mark.

Page 132, line 10. That beggers mounted, run their horse to death.] "Set a Begger on horsebacke, and they say he will neuer light."—Greene's "Orpharion," 1599, p. 19. So Claudian:—

"Asperius nihil est humili, cum surgit in altum."

Page 132, line 15. Tis vertue that.] The word "that" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Page 132, line 20. Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a woman's hide.] This is the celebrated line parodied by Greene. Nicholson has copied it in "Acolastvs His Afterwitte," 1600:—

"O wooluish heart wrapt in a womans hyde."

Page 132, line 28. Blowes.] The edition of 1619 correctly reads "blow" The amended play reads:—

"For raging wmd blows up incessant showers."

The commentators have brought together several parallel passages, which the reader will find in Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, xviii. 339

Page 132, line 32. And the false French woman.] So all the three quartos The amended play reads —

"'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman."

Page 132, line 34. I can.] Read, "can I."

Page 133, line 1. Could not haue tucht.] The second folio thus reads the commencement of this speech —

"That face of his,

The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,

Would not haue stayn'd *the roses just* with blood."

The words in italics are neither in the first folio, nor in the earlier copies.

Page 133, line 9. Heaue.] This word is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is suppld in the amended play. It is found in the edition of 1600, though Mr. Knight asserts the contrary.

Page 133, line 15. Two.] The edition of 1619 reads "too," as also the amended play.

Page 133, line 20. Inlie.] The edition of 1619 reads, "inward." Mr. Knight does not notice the old reading, which agrees with the amended play.

Page 133, line 25. Thears for my oath.] The edition of 1600 reads, "mine oath," but the amended play returns to the older reading.

Page 133, line 26. And thears to right our gentle harted kind.] So all the editions, but we no doubt must read, "our gentle-hearted *king*," as in the amended play.

Page 134, line 5. So fled his enemies our valiant father.] The edition of 1619 reads:—

"So fled the enemies from our valiant father."

Page 134, line 8. Loe how the morning opes her golden gates.] Let the reader compare this and the next line with any of Greene's works, and I think the conclusion will be that Greene was not the author of them. Something similar occurs in "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," act III. sc. 2.

"But we are spirits of another sort.

I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the Eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turus into yellow gold his salt green streams."

The second folio reads, "*morning love*," but the two early quartos as I have quoted it.

Page 134, line 10. Doe I see three suns.] "The duke of Yorke, called erle of Marche, somewhat spurred and quykened with these noveltyes, retired backe, and met with hys enemyes in a fayre playne, nere to Mortimers Crosse, not farre from Herford east, on Candelmas day in the morn- yng, at whiche tyme the sunne (as some write) appered to the erle of March, like iij. sunnes, and sodainly ioyned all together in one, and that upon the sight therof, he toke suchen courage, that he fiercely set on his enemye, and them shortly discomfited; for which cause men imagined that he gave the sunne in his full brightnes for his cognisaunce or badge." — *Hall*. The same account is borrowed by Holinshed. A curious early illuminated picture of this occurrence may be seen in MS. Harl. 7353, a vellum roll, in which a scroll is put into the mouth of the king, with the legend, "*Domine! quid vis me facere?*"

Page 134, line 17. Doth.] Probably "do."

Page 134, line 24. But what art thou.] The edition of 1619 here inserts, "Enter a Messenger," which Mr. Collier overlooked when he denied the existence of any such direction in the earlier copies. See Collier's "*Shakespeare*," v. 251. "Enter one blowing" is the quaint direction of the folio in the amended play. Dr. Johnson says that "the generous tenderness of Edward, and savage fortitude of Richard, are well distinguished by their different reception of their father's death." The one was the natural ebullition of filial affection—the other, not savage fortitude, but all feeling of affection lost in the reflection that he had risen one step nearer the throne.

Page 134, line 24. Lookest.] The edition of 1619 reads, "look'st."

Page 134, line 31. Moe.] That is, "more." See also p. 178. Mr. Knight is scarcely justified in modernizing this genuine old word. A little farther on he has altered "handkercher" to "handkerchief," against all authority.

Page 135, line 1. Perceiung he did weepe.] This is at variance with the account given in a former scene, where it is certainly implied that York did not weep till afterwards. The same oversight occurs in the amended play.

Page 135, line 4. But.] Read, "By."

Page 135, line 17. Hart.] The edition of 1619 reads, "hate," but the amended play returns to the reading of our text. Mr. Knight has not noticed this important variation.

Page 135, line 19. Euen in the hart bloud of the house of Lancaster.] This line occurs in the "First Part of the Contention," word for word. See the present volume, p. 26. In the "Third Part of Henry VI." it is omitted in Richard's speech, and occurs in a different form in the Second Part.

Page 135, line 26. Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the sunne.] According to Pliny, the eagle holds up its brood to the sun, as soon as hatched, to prove whether they are genuine or not. Chaucer alludes to this in the "Assemblee of Foules."

"There mighten men the royal egal find,

That with his sharp look persith the soune."

And Spenser, in his "Hymn of Heavenly Beauty," p. 1309,

"Thence gathering plumes of perfect speculation,

To imp the wings of thigh high-flying mind,

Mount up aloft, through heavenly contemplation,

From this dark world, whose damps the soul do blind,

And, like the native brood of eagles kind,

On that bright sun of glory fix thyne eyes,

Clear'd from gross mists of frail infirmitys."

Page 135, line 33. Ah Warwike? should we report.] The metrical arrangement of this speech is much confused. It would be assisted by the edition of 1600, which reads,

"Ah *gentle* Warwicke, should we *but* reporte."

Page 136, line 6. I, euen as his soules redemption.] The word "I" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Page 136, line 7. Done to death.] That is, "killed." This was a common expression long before Shakespeare's time, and is used very frequently by Spenser. So Chaucer, "Legend of Thisbe," 184,

"And his sworde that hath done to deth."

See Grey's "Notes on Shakespeare," 8vo. Lond. 1754, ii. 37, for a long note on this phrase, containing numerous examples.

Page 136, line 10. Things.] The edition of 1619 reads, "newes."

Page 136, line 14. Was] Probably "were," or perhaps we might read "tiding" for "tidings" in the previous line.

Page 136, line 18. To entercept.] The edition of 1600 reads, "t'entercept."

Page 136, line 20. For by my scoutes I was aduertised.] Although contemporary historical illustrations are not necessary, yet the following extract from a MS. at Lambeth Palace is so strikingly corroborative, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it. "Blyssyt be God! diverse of owre adversaries be owrethrowyn, and we undyrstond the prevyté and fals ymaginacions of the French party. Also ther is oon callyt John Worby, of Mortlond, a spye, in the county of Herteford, servaunt to Sere John Russel, in the county of Wyscetre, takyn be the Lord Suthwell, and the seid a spye ther takyn, hath confessyt that Kyng Herry, late Kyng of Eng-land, in dede but not in ryth, and sche that was Queyn Margarett hys wyf, and Edward hyr son, the duk of Brytayn, Edward the Duk of Burgoyn, Syr Wylliam Taylbos, the Lord Roos, Sir Richard Tunstall, Thomas Ormond, Sir W. Catisby, Thomas Fytze Harry—thes lordes and knytes be in Scotlond with the Scottes. The duk of Excetre, Erl of Penbrok, the Baron of Burford, John Ayne—thes schal lond at Bumeryes be the appoyment of Robert Gald, Captene of the Duk of Burgoyne. Duk Herry of Calabere, the Lord Hungryford, the Lord Mortone, the Duk of Somersete, with sixty thousand men of Shayn, thes schal londyn in the coost of Norfolk and Suffolk. The Lord Lewys, the Duk of Spayne, Herry the Dolfyn of Franch, Ser John Fosbrew, Ser John Russel of Wycetre, Ser Thomas Burtayn, the erlys brothere of Denschyre, Ser Thomas Cornwaylys, thes lordes and knytes schal londyn at Sanewych by the appoyment. Than comyng after thes lordes and knytes byfore wryten to assiste them with al the powre possibille they may make, the Kyng of Fraunce with a hundred thousand: the Kyng of Denmarke with twenty thousand; the Kyng of Aragon fifty thousand; the King of Slavern with twenty thousand, the Kyng of Cesyl with twenty-five thousand; the Kyng of Portyngale with ten thousand; the whych he appoyntyte to enter the reme of Ingland."

Page 136, line 27. He lookt.] The edition of 1600 reads, "Who lookt," which agrees with the amended play. The edition of 1619 places this line in parentheses.

Page 137, line 16. He was latelie sent.] This circumstance is not warranted by history. Clarence and Gloster, as they were afterwards created, were sent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did

not return untill their brother Edward got possession of the crown. Besides, Clarence was not now more than twelve years old. Isabel, Duchess of Burgundy, whom Shakespeare and the author of "The True Tragedie" call the Duke's aunt, was daughter of John I., king of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaster, eldest daughter of John of Gaunt. They were, therefore, only third cousins. (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 410.)

Page 138, line 6. Haught] This word is common with contemporary writers. So Marlowe,

"This *haught* resolve becomes your majesty."

Page 138, line 14. Fifty thousand strong.] The amended play reads, "thirty thousand strong." Malone has strangely confused Warwick's enumeration of the Queen's forces with those of Warwick himself.

Page 138, line 16 Can but amount to 48. thousand.] The edition of 1619 reads, "eight and forty thousand," but the amended play reads, "five and twenty thousand."

Page 138, line 34 Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head.] The edition of 1600 reads, "th' offence." This very same line occurs in the "First Part of the Contention." See the present volume, p. 9.

Page 139, line 7. Why then it sorts.] That is, things are propitious. So in Greene's "Gwydonius," 4to. Lond. 1593, "Doubt not Castania, I my selfe dare absolutely promise thee, that thy love shall *sort* to such happie successe, as thou thy selfe doest seeke for."

Page 139, line 19. Nor wittinglie.] So all the editions, though modern editors, Mr. Knight excepted, read "not wittingly." It is not a matter of much consequence, but the change certainly appears to be for the worse.

Page 139, line 23 His.] Perhaps we should read "their," as in the amended play.

Page 139, line 26. Whose.] The editions of 1600 and 1619 read, "who," which appears to be preferable to our text.

Page 140, line 24. That things euill got had euer bad successe.] The edition of 1619 reads, "ill got." Erasmus gives the adage, "male parta, male delabuntur." So also Juvenal, sat. xiv.

"Santis parta malis, cura maiore metuque,

Servantur, misera est magni custodia census."

Page 140, line 26. Whose father for his hoording went to hell.] "It hath beene an olde prouerbe, that happy is that sonne whose father goes to the devill: meaning by thys allegoricall kind of speech, that such fathers as seeke to inrich theyr sonnes by covetousnes, by briberie, purloyning, or by any other sinister meanes, suffer not onely affliction of mind, as greeved

with insatietie of getting, but wyth danger of soule, as a iust reward for such wretchednesse." — Greene's "Royal Exchange," 4to. Lond. 1590. This book is extremely rare, and Mr. Dyce says he has never seen a copy. The same proverb is also given in Greene's "Newes both from Heauen and Hell," 4to. Lond. 1593, Sig. H 3, also a very rare and curious work, not in any of the public libraries to my knowledge.

Page 140, line 31. Countervaille.] This word is a particular favourite of Greene's. It occurs nearly twenty times in "The Card of Fancie," 1593, while it is only twice found in Shakespeare.

Page 141, line 2. Straight doe.] The edition of 1619 reads, "straight-way." The amended play has this speech as follows :

"My Lord, cheer up your spirits ; our foes are nigh,
And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
You promis'd knighthood to our forward son ;
Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently."

It will be observed that the repetition of the phrase, "harmefull pittie," which is used both by Clifford and the Queen in the "True Tragedie," does not occur in the amended play.

Page 141, line 5. And learne this lesson boy.] The word "boy" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 141, line 12. For with a band of fiftie thousand men.] At p. 138 Warwick numbers his army at forty-eight thousand. Steevens refers to the present reading in a note on the corresponding passage in the amended play, apparently not recollecting that the numbers had been altogether changed.

Page 141, line 15. Flies.] Probably "fly."

Page 141, line 18. Hath best successe when you are absent.] Hall says "Happy was the Quene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the King in al his enterprises, for wher his person was presente, ther victory fled ever from him to the other parte, and he commonly was subdued and vanquished." This superstitious belief relative to the fortunes of this unhappy prince is yet more circumstantially mentioned by Drayton :—

"Some think that Warwick had not lost the day,
But that the king into the field he brought,
For with the worse that side went still away
Which had King Henry with them when they fought.
Upon his birth so sad a curse there lay,
As that he never prospered in aught.

The queen wan two, among the loss of many,
Her husband absent ; present, never any."

Page 141, line 34. I was adopted heire by his consent.] Edward's argu-

ment is founded on the following article, said to have been in the compact entered into by Henry and the Duke of York, which is found in Hall, but does not appear to have actually formed part of the agreement: "Provided alwaye, that if the king did closely or apartly studye or go about to breake or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or destruction of the sayde duke or his bloud, then he to forfet the crowne, and the duke of York to take it." If this had been one of the articles of the compact, Edward would have been entitled to the crown, the Duke of York having been killed at Wakefield by Henry's party: still it is odd that this article should have been alluded to here, when it is not mentioned in the former scene, where the agreement was made.

Page 142, line 1. Since when he hath broke his oath.] In the amended play this speech is so altered as to make part of the previous one. The prefix of *Cla.* is, however, given to it in the first folio, but judiciously omitted in the edition of 1632. The editors might have gone to this edition at once, instead of making a conjectural emendation.

Page 142, line 13. S, nald.] The edition of 1619 reads, "signal."

Page 142, line 18. Your legs did better seruice than your hands.] Alluding, says Grey, to the old proverb, one pair of heels is worth two pair of hands. This is not literally true; for, though the Earl of Warwick was defeated at the second battle of Saint Albons, he had the good fortune to make his retreat with a good body of his forces, and to join the Duke of York. See Grey's "Notes on Shakespeare," ii., 40.

Page 142, line 19. Flee.] The edition of 1619 reads "flye."

Page 142, line 20. So much before.] The edition of 1619 reads, "As much before."

Page 142, line 21. That droue mee thence.] The edition of 1619 omits "that."

Page 142, line 24. You.] "Yee," edition of 1619.

Page 142, line 25. Northumberland.] The metrical arrangement of this speech is confused. It is improved in the edition of 1619.

Page 143, line 2. I am a king and priuledge to speake.] So also the amended play. The edition of 1619 reads:—

"I being a King, am priuledge'd to speake."

Page 143, line 4. Cru'd.] "Cur'd" in the editions of 1600 and 1619.

Page 143, line 19. But like a foule mishapen stygmaticke.] Drayton has the following lines, speaking of the Duchess of York:—

"And now I heare this hateful Duchess chats,
And rips up their descent unto her brats,
And blesseth them, as England's lawful heirs,
And tells them that our diademe is theirs.

And if such hap her goddess Fortune bring,
 If three sonnes faile, she'll make the fourth a king,
 He that's so like his dam, her youngest Dicke,
 That *foul*, ill-favour'd, crook-back'd *stigmatick*,
 That, like a carcase stolne out of a tombe,
 Came the wrong way out of his mother's wombe,
 With teeth in his head, his passage to have torne,
 As though begot an age ere he was borne."

Page 143, line 21. As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting looks.] The edition of 1619 reads, "venom'd." The amended play reads:—

"As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings."

Page 143, line 24. Channell.] A channel in Shakespeare's time signified what we now call a kennel. So in Stowe's "Chronicle," ed. 1605, p. 1148: "Such a storme of raine happened at London, as the like of long time could not be remembered; where-through, the *channels* of the cite suddenly rising," &c. Other instances may be seen in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii., 420.

Page 143, line 25. Shames thou not.] The word "thou" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Page 143, line 26. Riu'de, to.] Read "Riu'd to."

Page 143, line 27. A wispe of straw.] A "wispe" was formerly the punishment of a scold. "There's nothing mads or moves her more to outrage then but the naming of a *wispe*, or if you sing or whistle while she is scoulding."—"Microcosmography," 1650, ed Bliss, p. 278. See also Nash's "Strange Newes," 1592, quoted in Boswell's Malone under its second title.

Page 143, line 29. Callet.] This word is used by Shakespeare in "The Winter's Tale," act ii., sc. 3; "2 Henry VI.," act i., sc. 3; and in "Othello," act iv., sc. 2. It means a lewd woman, a drab. So Skelton:—

"Then Elnour, said the *calettes*,
 I shall break your palettes."

According to Carr, the word is still used in Craven.

Page 143, line 35. And gracst thy poore sire with his bridall daie.] The amended play and the edition of 1600 read "grac'd" instead of "gracst."

Page 144, line 17. Not.] The edition of 1619 reads "nor." The amended play agrees with our text.

Page 144, line 23. To daie.] The amended play reads "this day" in both the early folios. Why have modern editors returned to the reading of the original play?

Page 144, line 26. Sore spent.] The amended play reads, "forspent." This battle, says Carte, "decided the fate of the house of Lancaster, over-

turning in one day an usurpation strengthened by sixty-two years continuance, and established Edward on the throne of England." See Ritson's long note in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 424.

Page 144, line 30. Needes must I rest my selfe.] The edition of 1600 reads "yeeld" instead of "rest." The amended play reads:—

"And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile."

Page 145, line 24. Ile kill my horse because I will not flie.] So Drayton, mentioning the same circumstance:—

"Resolv'd to win, or bid the world adieu ;

Which spoke, the earl his sprightly courser slew."

Page 145, line 30. Thou setter vp and puller downe of kings.] It may be a question, from the way in which this line is placed, whether this alludes to the Deity or to Warwick ; but in the amended play it clearly refers to the former, and I think the language more suitable to that interpretation.

Page 146, line 31. And so haue at thee.] This same expression has previously occurred at p. 29.

Page 147, line 6. Driue.] Perhaps "driuen."

Page 147, line 8. Ciull iars.] The edition of 1600 reads, "cruell jars." See the notes of the commentators in Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii, 431.

Page 148, line 2. Ironious.] The edition of 1619 reads, "ironous."

Page 148, line 4. Poore boy thy father gaue thee lif too late.] The meaning of this does not appear very intelligible. In the amended play the position of the words *late* and *soon* are transposed, which renders the passage much clearer. The meaning may perhaps be, "Thy father begot thee at too late a period of his life, and therefore thou wert not old and strong enough to cope with him." This explanation, which belongs to Steevens, appears rather forced. See Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, xviii. 437. "Too late" means "too recently," as may be seen from the following extract from "The Rape of Lucrece," ed. Dyce, p. 137 :

"O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,

Which she too early and *too late* hath spill'd."

Page 148, line 15. For slaughter of my son.] The edition of 1600 reads, "for slaughter of her son."

Page 148, line 16. Take on with me.] To "take on" is a phrase still in use among the vulgar, and means to persist in lamentation. The phrase also occurs in "Pierce Penilesse," ed. Collier, p. 36. "Some will *take* on like a mad man, if they see a pigge come to the table."

Page 148, line 19. Was euer son so rude.] The variation in the amended play, as Malone says, is worth remarking:—

"Was ever son so *ru'd* a father's death."

Page 148, line 30. Murdered.] The edition of 1600 reads, "mur-dred."

Page 149, line 4. No hope is left for vs.] The edition of 1619 reads, "No *help* is left for us," which is scarcely an improvement; yet Mr. Knight adopts the latter reading, without noticing the other.

Page 149, line 9. Comes.] The edition of 1600 reads, "come."

Page 149, line 11. Stand not to expostulate make hast.] These words form a part of the queen's previous speech, at p. 71, in the "First Part of the Contention."

Page 149, line 14. With an arrow in his necke.] This is omitted in the amended play. According to Steevens, Beaumont and Fletcher have ridiculed this in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," where they have introduced Ralph, the grocer's prentice, with a *forked arrow through his head*. Compare Holmshed, p. 664. "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget suddenlie, with an arrow (as some saie) without a head, was stricken into the throte, and immediately rendered his spirit."

Page 149, line 15. Heere burnes my candell out.] Compare "1 Henry VI.," act ii. sc. 5.

"Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer."

Page 149, line 23. And whither flies.] Probably "fly." The line preceding this, which is not in the early editions of the amended play, has been restored by modern editors, as necessary to the sense of what follows.

Page 150, line 6. No strength to hold our flight.] The edition of 1619 reads, "no strength to hold out flight," which agrees with the amended play. Dr. Johnson proposes to read "fight" for "flight," but there appears to be no necessity for the emendation.

Page 150, line 14. Keepes.] Probably "keep." In this combat, which lasted fourteen hours, and in the actions of the two following days, 36,776 persons are said to have been killed; the greater part of whom were Lancastrians. Thus Southey describes the result of this dreadful conflict. Lines like these will soften the monotony of our notes:—

"Witness Aire's unhappy water,
Where the ruthless Clifford fell,
And where Wharfe ran red with slaughter
On the day of Towcester's field,
Gathering in its guilty flood
The carnage and the ill-spilt blood
That forty thousand lives could yield.

Cressy was to this but sport,
 Poitiers but a pageant vain,
 And the work of Agincourt
 Only like a tournament."

Page 150, line 31. And stabd our princelie father Duke of Yorke.] The word "father" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Page 151, line 2. Bring forth that fatall scrichowle to our house.] See p. 185, line 3, and the note thereon. The screech owl is the tawny owl. See Pennant's "Zoology," i., 208. Grose tells us that a screech owl flapping his wings against the windows of a sick person's chamber, or screeching at them, portends that some one of the family shall shortly die. In Rowlands' "More Knaves Yet," 1612, this superstition is thus pleasantly ridiculed:—

" Wise Gosling did but hear the Scrich Owl cry,
 And told his wife, and straight a pig did die."

The superstition is at least as old as the fifth century; and Butler banters the ancient Romans for their believing it:—

" The Roman senate, when within
 The city walls an owl was seen,
 Did cause their clergy with lustrations,
 Our Synod calls humiliations,
 The round-fac'd prodigy to avert,
 From doing town or country hurt."

Page 151, line 10. And tis his policie that in the time of death.] The word "that" is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Page 152, line 18. Him.] The edition of 1619 reads, "himselfe."

Page 152, line 21. For Glosters Dukedome is too ominous.] So Hall says.—"It seemeth to many men that the name and title of Gloucester hath bene unfortunate and unluckie to diverse, whiche for their honor have bene erected by creation of princes to that stile and dignitie; as Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodstocke, son to Kynge Edward the thirde, and this duke Humphrey; whiche thre persons by miserable death finished their daies; and after them King Richard the iii., also duke of Gloucester, in civil warre was slaine and confounded; so that this name of Gloucester is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate stile, as the proverbe speaketh of Sejanus horse, whose ryder was ever unhorsed, and whose possessor was ever brought to miserie." Perhaps, however, Richard wished for the senior title, and merely uses this as an excuse for asking for the other's dukedom.

Page 152, line 25. Enter two keepers.] In the folio, they are called Siuklo and Humphrey. Sinklo is introduced in a similar manner in the Introduction to the "Taming of the Shrew," sc. 1., and in "2 Henry IV.,"

act v. sc. 5. He was also one of the players in the "Seven Deadlie Sinns," which was produced before 1589. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, iii. 348. Sinklo is also introduced in the Induction to Marston's "Malcontent," 1604, but this does not disprove the presumed fact that he was then dead. See Introduction. Malone supposes Humphrey meant Humphrey Jeffes, but he is probably mistaken, as Jeffes and his brother belonged to Heuslowe's company. Mr. Collier, however, thinks that Humphrey Jeffes may have joined the Lord Chamberlain's players afterwards, or had belonged to that body originally.

Page 152, line 30 From Scotland am I stolne.] "And on that parte that marched upon Scotlande, he laied watches and espialles, that no persone should go out of the realme to kyng Henry and his company, which then laye soiorning in Scotlande; but whatsoever ieoperdy or peryll might bee construed or demed to have issued by the meanes of kyng Henry, all suche doubttes were now shortly resolved and determmed, and all feare of his doynge were clerely put under and extinct; for he hymselfe, whether he were past all feare, or was not well stablished in his perfite mynde, or could not long kepe hymself secrete, in a disguysed apparell boldely entered into Englande. He was no souer entered, but he was knownen and taken of one Cantlowe, and brought towarde the kyng, whom the erle of Warwicke met on the waie, by the kynges commaundement, and brought hym through London to the towre, and there he was laied in sure holde."—*Hall*.

Page 153, line 1. Sues.] Probably "sue," for the amended play reads:—

"No humble suitors press to speak for right."

Page 153, line 3. Heere is.] The edition of 1619 reads, "heere's," which agrees with the amended play.

Page 153, line 23. Talkest.] The edition of 1619 reads, "talkes."

Page 153, line 25. Why so I am in mind.] Perhaps an allusion to the old song, beginning—

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

The music to this is in the Public Library, Cambridge.

Page 154, line 7. This ladies husband heere sir Richard Grey.] So also the amended play reads, "Richard," but his name was John, as appears from all the chronicles. The subsequent statement that he lost his life in the cause of the house of York is altogether a mistake: but it is rectified in "Richard III." act. i. sc. 3:

"In all which time you, and your husband Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster."

Sir John Grey, according to Malone, fell in the second battle of St. Albans,

which was fought on Shrove-Tuesday, 1461, fighting on the side of King Henry; and so far is it from being true that his lands were seized on by Queen Margaret, that they were in fact seized by Edward, after his great victory at Towton, on March 29, 1461. The present scene is laid in the spring of 1464, for Edward married Elizabeth on the first of May in that year.

Page 154, line 16. I, is the winde in that doore.] In the two editions of 1595 and 1600, the two next lines form part of this speech, which it is necessary to note particularly, for I have made a slight blunder in the reprint here, by placing "Clarence" as a prefix, instead of letting it form part of the speech. The edition of 1619 gives it as a separate speech, and the next speech, beginning, "He knows the game," is given to Gloster in that edition. These variations and others are unnoticed by Mr. Knight, who professes to have collated the editions of 1595 and 1619. "He help you, sir, saies she, if you please; yea, quoth Tarlton, *is the wind in that doore?* Come on, then."—*Tarlton's Jests*, 4to. Lond. 1611.

Page 155, line 1. And.] The edition of 1619 reads, "if."

Page 155, line 2. Wer not pittie.] The edition of 1619 reads "wer't" for "wer."

Page 155, line 26. Owes] Probably "owe."

Page 155, line 27. Commands.] Probably "command."

Page 156, line 4. Agrees not with the sadnesse of my sute] "Sadness" here means *seriousness*. See "Romeo and Juliet," act i. sc. 1. See the nice example of the word in this sense in Douce's "Illustrations," ii. 28. A line somewhat similar to this occurs in "2 Henry VI." act i. sc. 1, ed. Collier, p. 113.

Page 156, line 23. I know I am too bad to be your Queene.] So in Warner's "Albion's England," as quoted by Steevens—

"His plea was love, my suit was land: I plie him, he plies me;

Too base to be his queen, too good his concubine to be."

Hall says, "—whiche demaund she so wysely and with so covert speeche answered and repunged, affyrmyng that as she was for his honour far unable to be his spouse and bedfellowe, so for her awne poor honestie she was to good to be either his concubine, or soveraigne lady; that where he was a littel before heated with the dart of Cupido, he was nowe," &c. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 460. Perhaps Heywood remembered these lines when he wrote—

"A concubine to one so great as Edward,

Is far too great to be the wife of Shore."

King Edward IV., act v. sc. 4, ed. Field, p. 87.

Page 156, line 29. Thou art a widow and thou hast some children.]

This memorable expression is said to have been addressed by Edward to his mother, who was particularly annoyed at this connexion. Among other arguments against her son's wedlock was, that the fact of Elizabeth being a widow ought to prevent her marriage with a king, since the sovereignty would be dishonoured by such bigamy. The sentiment as expressed in our text is far preferable to Heywood's coarseness.

Page 157, line 16. Let vs.] The editions of 1600 and 1619 read, "lets."

Page 157, line 26. Lookt.] The editions of 1600 and 1619 read, "looke."

Page 158, line 1. Why loue did scorne me in my mothers wombe.] This line occurs in "Wily Beguilde," 4to. Lond 1606—

"For love did scorne me in my mothers wombe"

The amended play reads—

"Why, love forswore me in my mothers wombe."

Page 158, line 4. Plaste.] That is, plac'd.

Page 158, line 11. That that.] The edition of 1619 reads, "that which."

Page 158, line 16. Put.] The edition of 1619 reads "pull," which is no doubt the right reading.

Page 159, line 17. Queen.] This speech is much augmented in the amended play. Among the rest the following lines—

"Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour,"

which I quote in order to correct the modern editors, who read—

"Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on *thy* danger and dishonour."

It must be admitted, however, that this latter reading is supported by the old copies.

Page 159, line 28. Henry the fift] The word "the" is erroneously omitted in Steevens's reprint, which leads Mr. Knight to think it was not in the original. Such, however, is not the fact, as the present reading is found in the editions of 1595, 1600, and 1619. This merely shows, as I have said before, the difficulty of obtaining faultless reprints; and Mr. Knight has frequently been obliged, in all probability, to be contented with Steevens.

Page 159, line 30. Henries.] The edition of 1619 reads, "Henry is."

Page 160, line 6. Bewray.] That is, discover or disclose; not exactly synonymous with *betray*, which is often used to *discover for bad or treacherous purposes*, a sense in which *bewray*, according to Douce, is never found. See the very apposite quotation given in Douce's "Illustra-

tions," ii. 26. In Rider's "Dictionarie," 1640, we have "bewray, or disclose," explained by the Latin "prodo." See the instances of this word in "King Lear," act. ii. sc. 1, act iii. sc. 6, "3 Henry VI." act i. sc. 1, "Coriolanus," act v. sc. 3, "Titus Andronicus," act v. sc. 1. The amended play reads, "and *not* bewray," so that probably this word was accidentally omitted, as it appears necessary to the sense.

Page 161, line 4. Or your denial.] The edition of 1619 omits the word "your," and the second folio reads, "deny," instead of "denial."

Page 161, line 24. Frets as this.] We should read "frets *at* his," as in the edition of 1619.

Page 161, line 29. Mine such as fills my hart full of ioie.] The edition of 1619 reads,

"Mine is such as fills my heart with joy."

Page 161, line 30. Mine full of sorrow and harts discontent.] "Also the fourthe yere of Kyngedwarde, the Erle of Warwyke was sent into Fraunce for a maryage for the Kyng, for one fayre ladye, suster-doughtere to the Kyng of Fraunce, whiche was concludede by the Erle of Warwyke. And whyles the seyde Erle of Warwyke was in Fraunce, the Kyng was wedded to Elisabeth Gray, wedow, the quene Sere Ihon Gray that was hyre housbonde was slayne at Yorke felde in Kyngedwarde partye; and the same Elisabeth was doughtere to the Lorde Ryvers; and the weddinge was prevely in a secrete place, the fyrst day of Maye the yere above seide." — *Warkworth's Chronicle*, p. 3. Ritson says Edward's marriage took place in 1463, but I should rather give credence to Warkworth's date, May 1, 1464, which is rather corroborated than otherwise by the birth of the Princess Elizabeth in February, 1465, to whom Warwick stood sponsor. Historians are divided in opinion relative to the real causes of Warwick's displeasure, but, as our dramatist has followed the later chronicles, it is not necessary to discuss the subject here.

Page 162, line 9. My father came vntimelie to his death.] The edition of 1619 reads, "to an untimely death." Our author describes his death as happening at Ferrybridge, but Shakespeare, in the amended play, rejected that description of the death of the Earl of Salisbury, yet he retains the present passage; which, however, is scarcely sufficient to warrant Malone's conclusion. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 475.

Page 162, line 10. To thy neece.] We should probably read, "to *my* neece," as in the amended play. See Holinshed, p. 668, as quoted in Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, xviii. 475.

Page 162, line 18. I doe.] The edition of 1619 reads, "I'll."

Page 162, line 34. And I am readie to put armour on.] It was once no unusual thing, says Steevens, for queens themselves to appear in armour

at the head of their forces. The suit which Elizabeth wore, when she rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops on the approach of the Spanish Armada, may be still seen in the Tower.

Page 163, line 4. Thears thy reward, begone.] The edition of 1619 reads here, "*Exit Mes.*"

Page 163, line 10. Wedlockes.] The edition of 1619 reads "wedlocke," which agrees with the amended play. There appears to be an historical error, as it was one of the younger daughters of Warwick, and not the eldest, that the prince married. There is, however, no absolute inconsistency, as at this time Warwick's eldest daughter was unmarried.

Page 163, line 11. Withall.] The edition of 1619 reads, "with all"

Page 163, line 11. Withall my hart, that match I like full wel.] In point of fact, Queen Margaret persevered fifteen days before she would consent to the alliance with Warwick; to which, at last, by the advice of the counsellors of her father, King René, she agreed, and the marriage was promised in presence of the King of France and the Duke of Guienne, brother to Louis XI. See Strickland's "*Lives of the Queens*," in, 338, and Warkworth's "*Chronicle*," p. 9. This last authority says: "And whenne the seide Duke of Clarence and the Erle of Warwyke were in Fraunce, there apperede a blasyng sterre in the weste, and the flame therof lyke a spere hede, the whiche dyverse of the kynges house sawe it, whereof thei were fulle sore adrede. And thanne in Fraunce whenne the seide lordes where, thei toke there counselle qwhat was beste for to do; and thei coude fynde no remedy but to sende to Queene Margaret, and to make a mayage betwex Prynce Edward, Kyng Herry sonne, and an other of the seid Erle of Warwikys doughters, whiche was concluded, and in Fraunce woschippfully wedded." The original of the Duke of Guienne's oath to assist Queen Margaret, approving also of the marriage of Anne of Warwick, is to be found in MS. Cotton. Vespas F. iii., fol. 32. It is signed by himself, and dated July 30th, 1470.

Page 164, line 2. Theile.] The edition of 1619 reads, "they will."

Page 164, line 5. And I am your king.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and I am both your king."

Page 164, line 7. Because our king.] The edition of 1600 reads, "because you are our king."

Page 164, line 8. Proueth.] Perhaps we should rather read "proue," in regard to the grammatical strictness of Gloster's remark.

Page 164, line 12. Twere a pittie.] The word "a" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 164, line 19. My Lord then this is my opinion.] The edition of 1619 reads, "mine opinion."

Page 164, line 30. Let England be true within it selfe.] Borde, talking of the English, says: "Thei fare sumptuousli, God is served in their churches devoutly, but treason and deceyt among them is used craftili, the mare pitie, for *yf they were true within themselves*, thei nede not to feare, although al nacions wer set against them." — *The Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, 1542. It is observable, says Malone, that the first of these lines occurs in the old play of "King John," 1591, from which Shakespeare borrowed it, and inserted it, with a slight change, in his own play with the same title. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii., 482. The amended play reads:—

"Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself."

Page 164, line 34. To haue the daughter and heire.] It must be remembered, says Dr. Johnson, that till the Restoration, the heiresses of great estates were in the wardship of the king, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them with his favourites (Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii., 483).

Page 165, line 11. You.] The edition of 1619 reads "ye."

Page 165, line 16. Queen.] It ought to be observed, that in the stage-directions and prefixes of this scene in the amended play, we have invariably Lady Grey, as if intentionally to show that she was not yet a sovereign, properly so speaking. Edward, in fact, puts the question on this very subject hypothetically. Modern editors, without any authority, make Lady Grey enter "as queen."

Page 165, line 19. That I was not ignoble in my birth.] The edition of 1619 reads, "from my birth." Elizabeth's father was Sir Richard Widville, Knight, afterwards Earl of Rivers; her mother, Jaqueline, Duchess Dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxemburgh, Earl of St. Paul, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V. See the "Archæologia," vol. xxix., where will be found other particulars, in a paper I communicated to the Society of Antiquaries.

Page 165, line 29. Your highnesse speciall pardon.] The word "speciall" is omitted in the edition of 1619, but it is found in the amended play.

Page 166, line 20. Theare.] The edition of 1619 reads, "they are."

Page 166, line 23. All you that loue me and Warwike follow me.] Perhaps this speech may more appropriately be given to Edward. A similar line to this occurs in "The Battle of Alcazar," 1594, quoted by Malone:—

"Myself will lead the way,
And make a passage with my conquering sword,

Knee-deep in blood of these accursed Moors;
And they that love my honour, follow me."

And also in "Richard III.," act iii., sc. 4:—

"The rest that love me, rise, and follow me"

Page 167, line 3. You of all the rest are nearest allied] Mr. Knight, in quoting this line, reads "near" for "nearest," an important mistake, as far as concerns metre. The edition of 1619 reads:—

"You *about* all the rest are *neere* allyed."

Page 167, line 15. Comes.] Probably "come."

Page 168, line 3. This is his tent.] This was most likely a part of the earlier drama, on which I suppose the present play to be founded. Shakespeare would hardly have introduced so very simple a construction. The audience are required to suppose that the assailing party had travelled from their own quarters in order to arrive at Edward's tent, whereas they merely cross the boards to Edward's encampment. In the amended play, Shakespeare shows his superior judgment by changing the place, and interposing a dialogue between the watchmen who guard the king's tent. Robert Greene relied on the imagination of his auditors in the "Pinner of Wakefield" exactly in the same way. See Collier's "Shakespeare," v., 227.

Page 168, line 18. Knowes.] Probably "know."

Page 168, line 31. All hitherto goes well.] This same expression has just been used by Warwick. See p. 167.

Page 168, line 32. To France.] The edition of 1619 reads, "into France."

Page 169, line 7. Enter Gloster] This and the next scene are transposed in the amended play.

Page 169, line 26. Frowne.] The edition of 1600 reads "frownes;" but this is probably an error, as the two lines seem intended to rhyme. The amended play agrees with our text.

Page 170, line 4. You.] The edition of 1619 reads "ye."

Page 170, line 16. As prisoner unto Yorke.] The edition of 1600 reads, "as *prison* unto York." This variation is noticed in Collier's "Shakespeare," v., 306; but perhaps that gentleman's opinion of the low value of the edition of 1600 is hardly borne out on a careful examination. Several of the variations between the editions of 1595 and 1600 are, as Mr. Collier observes, mere "errors of the press;" but the latter edition contains several important readings. Thus at p. 135, last line, the reading of the edition of 1600 is most valuable, being the only one that supplies a correct metre.

Page 171, line 16. A wise stout captain & soone perswaded] This person was Thomas Clifford. "And also he came for to clayme the Duchery of

Yorke, the whiche was his inherytaunce of ryght, and so passed fothe to the cité of Yorke, where Thomas Clyfford lete hym inne, and ther he was examynede ayenne; and he seyde to the mayre and aldermenne and to alle the comons of the cité, in likewyse as he was afore in Holdernes at his landyng; that was to sey, that he nevere wulde clayme no tittle, ne take uppone honde to be Kyng of Englonde, nor wulde have do afore that tyme, but be excitynge and sturing of the Erle of Warwyke; and therto afore alle peple, he cryed ‘A! Kyng Herry! A! Kyng and Prynce Edward!’ and wered ane estriche feder, Prynce Edwardes lyvery. And after this he was sufferd to passe the cité, and so helde his wey southwarde, and no man letttyd hym ne hurtyde hym.”—*Warkworth’s Chronicle*, p. 14.

Page 172, line 3. Vntil] Mr. Knight reads “till.”

Page 172, line 15. Fie, stand you vpon tearmes?] The word “fie” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 172, line 19. Speaketh like himselfe.] The edition of 1600 reads “speakes,” and that of 1619 omits the word “like.” The whole of this speech is arranged as metre in the edition of 1600.

Page 172, line 34. Excunt Omnes.] This is omitted in the edition of 1600.

Page 173, line 20. Shalt proue this Countries blisse.] So Holinshed and Hall—“whom when the king had a good while beheld, he said to such princes as were with him Lo, surelie this is he, to whom both we and our adversaries, leaving the possession of all things, shall hereafter give roome and place” Henry VII., perhaps to show his gratitude to Henry VI. for this early presage in his favour, solicited Pope Julius to canonize him as a saint, but this was not accomplished, and Henry is not in the Romish calendar, although two books of his “Miracula” may be still seen in the MS. Harl., 423.

Page 173, line 26. Enter one with a letter to Warwike.] This corresponds to act iv., sc. 8, of the amended play, though not so divided in Mr. Knight’s edition.

Page 173, line 30. Doe.] Perhaps “doth.”

Page 173, line 31. And manie giddy people follow him.] The edition of 1619 reads:—

“And many giddy headed people follow him.”

Page 174, line 22. Let vs.] The edition of 1600 reads “lets.”

Page 175, line 9. Spotfull.] The amended play reads, “sportfull,” which seems to be preferable to the word in our text.

Page 175, line 31. Whilst.] The edition of 1600 reads “while.”

Page 176, line 4. And al erie.] This is omitted in the edition of 1619; but Mr. Knight has restored it from our text, without omitting the prefix

Ouf. in the next line, which ought not to be retained, and is accordingly left out in the reprint of 1600. It may be as well to observe that the direction *Exit* in the next line is properly altered to *Exeunt* in the edition of 1600.

Page 176, line 14. And my sword hold.] The edition of 1619 reads, "if my sword hold."

Page 176, line 23. Et tu Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too?] The prefix to this line is omitted in the edition of 1600, and the whole speech is omitted in the amended play. The Latin words occur in "Julius Cæsar," act iii., sc. 1., probably borrowed from this play. The very same line occurs in Nicholson's poem before quoted, which was published under the following title: "Acolastvs His Afterwitte. By S. N. *Semel insanimus omnes.* At London imprinted for Iohn Baylie, and are to be sold at his shop, neere the little North-doore of Paules Church. 1600."

Page 177, line 22. Darest.] The edition of 1619 reads "dar'st," which agrees with the amended play.

Page 177, line 34. Ramping.] The edition of 1619 reads "rampant." The amended play agrees with our text.

Page 178, line 7. My walkes.] The edition of 1619 reads, "and walkes." The amended play agrees with our text.

Page 178, line 16. Mightst.] The edition of 1600 reads "mightest."

Page 178, line 20. Hath.] Probably "have."

Page 178, line 25. Spoke.] The edition of 1600 reads "saide."

Page 178, line 26. Which sounded like a clamor in a vault.] The amended play reads:—

"Which sounded like a cannon in a vault."

Some of the editors return to the old reading.

Page 178, line 33. Bids you all farewell to meet in Heauen.] So in "Richard III.," act iii., sc. 3:—

"Farewell, until we meet again in Heaven."

Page 179, line 4. Awarn'd.] The edition of 1619 reads "forewarn'd."

Page 179, line 25. Countie.] The edition of 1619 reads "country."

Page 180, line 13. Battels.] The edition of 1600 reads "battaile."

Page 180, line 29. Wondered.] The edition of 1600 reads "wondred," which is adopted by Mr. Knight from the amended play, I suppose, as that edition does not appear to have been accessible to him.

Page 181, line 4. Yer.] The edition of 1600 reads "ere." The word "yer," that is, *before*, is merely the older word, and occurs in Chaucer. "That gathered sundry assemblies in diuers places, where *yer* a leaud songe was fully ended, some mist their kniues, some their purses, soome onethinge, soome another."—*Kind-Hart's Dreame*, 1592. Mr. Rimbault,

who has recently edited this rare volume for the Percy Society, misprints it *eyer*. So also the editors of Shakespeare's Poems, including Mr. Dyce, have made an unnecessary alteration in "The Passionate Pilgrim:"—

"What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm *yer* night,
And then too late she will repent,
That thus dissembled her delight."

This is so printed in the edition of 1599, among the "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke," but the word *yer* has been changed to *ere*.

Page 181, line 15. Then the chambers be discharged.] We have had this stage-direction previously at p. 47. It may be as well to observe that *chambers* are short pieces of ordnance or cannon, which stood on their breeching, without any carriage, used chiefly for rejoicings or theatrical cannonades. See "2 Henry IV.," act ii., sc. 4; and "King Henry VIII.," act i., sc. 4.

Page 182, line 1. Whilst] The edition of 1600 reads "whilest."

Page 182, line 8. Sorts.] Probably "sort."

Page 182, line 19. The ltnes of this railer heere.] In the edition of 1619, the stage-direction "Stabs him," is inserted after this line. The edition of 1600 reads "lightnes," and that of 1619 reads, "thou likenesse of this railer here."

Page 183, line 5. That I maie name.] The edition of 1619 reads, "I may *not* name," which does not seem to be an improvement, although it is adopted by Mr. Knight.

Page 183, line 26. He nere put backe.] The edition of 1619 reads, "hee'l nere put backe."

Page 183, line 30. Whithers.] The edition of 1619 reads, "whether is."

Page 183, line 31. And as I gesse.] The edition of 1600 omits the word "and."

Page 183, line 35. Let vs towards] The edition of 1619 reads, "lets toward."

Page 184, line 9. What scene of Death hath Rosius now to act.] It would, perhaps, be scarcely allowable to conjecture that this is an allusion to Rosius, the tyrannical philosopher. See "Vossius de Scient. Mat.," c. 68, § 27. Nicholson adopts this line in "Acolastvs His Afterwitte," 1600:—

"What bloody scene hath crueltie to act?"

There also appears to be an allusion to this speech in the following passage, quoted by Steevens from the same work:—

"Through thee each murdering Roscius is appointed,
To act strange scenes of death on God's anointed."

It would, perhaps, be going out of the way to conjecture that Burbage played this part, and was called "Roscius Richard" on that account.—See Collier's "Memoirs of Alleyn," p. 13.

Page 184, line 22. Enuious.] Mr. Knight follows the edition of 1619 in reading "enviest," but our reading is clearly preferable.

Page 185, line 1. Widowes for their husbands, children for their fathers.] Instead of this hue, we have in the first folio:—

"Men for their sons, wives for their husbands,
Orphans, for their parents timeless death."

But the second folio reads:—

"Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans, for their parents timeless death."

Page 185, line 3. The owle shrikt at thy birth, an euill signe.] "If an owl," says Bourne, "which is reckoned a most abominable and unlucky bird, send forth its hoarse and dismal voice, it is an omen of the approach of some terrible thing; that some dire calamity and some great misfortune is at hand." See Brand's "Popular Antiquities," ed. Ellis, m., 108. So Chaucer:—

"The jilous swan, ayeñst hys deth that singeth,
The owle eke, that of deth the bode bringeth."

Page 185, line 4. The night Crow cride, aboding lucklesse tune.] "If a crow fly but over the house, and croak thrice, how do they fear, they, or some one else in the family, shall die." — Ramesey's "Elminthologia," 1668, p. 271. The word "aboding" would have been divided in a modern edition, or perhaps we should read, "time" for "tune." So in the second part of Marston's "Antonio and Mellida":—

"Now croaks the toad, and night crows screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departing souls."

Page 185, line 5. Dogs howld.] A superstition was formerly common that the howling of dogs was an omen of approaching calamity. Ross, as quoted by Brand, says, "that dogs by their howling portend death and calamities, is plaine by historie and experience."

Page 185, line 6. The Raven rookt her on the Chimnies top.] To *rook*, or rather to *ruck*, is a north country word, signifying to *squat down*, or *lodge* on any thing. Carr gives the word in the sense of "to tumble, to be restless," but adds that in that sense it is now obsolete in Craven. Grose explains it as above. So in Golding's "Ovid," 1567:—

"The furies made the bridegrome's bed, and on the house did *rucke*
A cursed owle, the messenger of ill successe and lucke."

Page 185, line 10. An vndigest created lump.] Grey adduces the "rudis, indigestaque moles" of Ovid, in which he is followed by Douce.

The amended play reads, "indigested," which is judiciously restored by Mr. Collier, Malone and other editors reading "indigest." When Mr. Knight adopted Malone's emendation, he did not perhaps recollect Clifford's address in "2 Henry VI.," act v. sc. 1.

"Hence, heap of wrath, foul *indigested lump*,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape."

It ought, however, to be remarked, that the conjunction "and," omitted by Mr. Knight, is also omitted in the second folio, which does not appear to be any where noticed.

Page 185, line 12. Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne.] This is confirmed by Ross of Warwick, Hist. Reg. Angl., ed. 1745, p. 214. — "Et in brevi dominum suum regem Edwardum Quintum, actu regem, sed non coronatum, cum fratre suo Ricardo, a Westmonasterio, sub promissione securitatis suscepto, incarceravit, ita quod ex post paucissimis notum fuit qua marturizati sunt. Thronum regium tunc ascendit occisorum, quorum protector in minori ætate fuisset ipse, tyrannus rex Ricardus, qui natus est apud Fodringlay, in comitatu Northamptonæ, biennio matris utero tentus, exiens cum dentibus et capillis ad humeros."

Page 185, line 19 He dies.] This account of Henry's murder is not in all probability very far from the truth "And the same nyghte that kyng Edwarde came to Londone, Kyng Herry, beyng inwarde in presone in the Toure of Londone, was putt to dethe the xxj. day of Maii, on a tywesday nyght, betwix xi. and xii. of the cloke, beyng thenne at the Toure the Duke of Gloucetre, brothere to Kyng Edwarde, and many other, and one the morwe he was chestyde and brought to Paulys, and his face was opyne, that every manne myghte see hyme; and in hys lymge he bledde one the pament ther; and afterward at the Blake Fryres was broughte, and ther he blede new and fresche; and from thens he was caryed to Chyrchesei abbey in a bote, and buyed there in oure Lady chapelle." — *Markworth's Chronicle*, p. 21. The references to this event are collected in the introduction to that work. "Obitus Regis Henrici Sexti, qui obiit inter vicesimum primum diem Maii et vicesimum secundum diem Maii." — M.S. Bib. Reg. 2 B. xv., fol. 1.; M.S. Harl. 2887, fol. 2. Habington remarks that "the death of King Henry was acted in the darke, so that it cannot be affirmed who was the executioner, only it is probable it was a resolution of the state; the care of the king's safety and the publicke quiet, in some sort making it, however cruell, yet necessary;" and he adds, "at what time his body lay in Saint Paul's, and after in Blackefryers, a large quantity of blood issued from his nose, a most miraculous way of speaking the barbarisme of his murther, and giving tyrants to understand that the dead dare in their language tell the truth, and call even

their actions to account." The Continuator of the Chronicles of Croyland, a contemporary historian of the highest authority, agrees with the above. The popular historical tradition of Henry's murder, like that of his son, has been a matter of great dispute among modern writers, on the grounds of Fleetwood's assertion, "that on the news of the utter ruin of his party, the death of his son, and the capture of Queen Margaret, he took it in such ire, despite, and indignation, that of pure displeasure and melancholy he died." See the first Camden publication, edited by J. Bruce, Esq. That the death of Henry was predetermined by King Edward, even when uncertain of the battle of Barnet, may be gathered from his letter to Clarence, "to keep King Henry out of sanctuary."—See Miss Strickland's "*Lives of the Queens*," in., 350. This clever authoress does not seem to be aware that the "*Leland Chronicle*" is merely an abridgment of Warkworth.

Page 185, line 26. If anie sparke of life remaine in thee.] This line is omitted in the edition of 1619. Steevens quotes the following line from Golding's Ovid, 1587:

"If any sparke of nature do within thy hart remaine."

Page 185, line 28. Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.] A somewhat similar passage occurs in Greene's "*Alphonsus*," 1599—

"Go, pack thou hence unto the Stygian lake,
And make report unto thy traitorous sire,
How well thou hast enjoy'd the diadem,
Which he by treason set upon thy head;
And if he ask thee who did send thee down,
Alphonsus say, who now must wear thy crown."

I scarcely, however, think with Mr. Collier that there is a "striking coincidence" between the two passages. Still less do I consider it a substantial evidence in favour of Greene's title to the authorship of our play. If we proceeded on this very unsafe and uncertain principle, as Malone did in the case of Marlowe, we should prove the two plays now reprinted to have been the work of twenty different writers.

Page 185, line 32. That I came into the world.] The word "that" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Page 185, line 35. The women wept and the midwife cride.] This line is as follows in the edition of 1619—

"The women weeping, and the midwife crying."

Page 186, line 7. I haue no brothers.] The edition of 1600 reads, "I have no brother," which agrees with the amended play.

Page 186, line 13. For I will buz abroad such prophesies.] Immediately after this line, in the edition of 1619, is the following—

"Vnder pretence of outward seeming ill."

Page 186, line 16. Henry and his sonne are gone.] Instead of this and the next line, we have the following in the edition of 1619—

“ King Henry, and the priuce his sonne are gone,
And Clarence thou art next must follow them,
So by one and one dispatching all the rest.”

Page 186, line 24. Once more we sit in Englands royall throne.] The word “ royall ” is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is found in the amended play.

Page 187, line 11. And.] The edition of 1619 reads, “ if.”

Page 187, line 16. Clarence and Gloster.] Instead of this and the next line, the edition of 1619 reads,

“ Brothers of Clarence and of Gloster,
Pray loue my louely queene,
And kisse your princely nephew, both.”

Page 187, line 27. Hauing my countries peace, and brothers loues] The edition of 1619 omits this line, but it is found in the amended play.

Page 187, line 32. And hither haue they sent it.] Unless there be some omission in this speech, as Douce observes, it must either be regarded as improperly elliptical, or as ungrammatical. *It* refers to the sum of money borrowed by Margaret's father, which is mentioned by the French historians to have been fifty thousand crowns. The author of the play followed Holinshed. See Douce's “ Illustrations,” ii. 31.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TEXT OF THE SECOND AND THIRD PARTS OF HENRY VI.

In the preceding notes I have taken the opportunity of introducing a few remarks on the two latest editions of the amended play; and, as an appropriate supplement, I here add a few other observations that could not conveniently be introduced among the critical illustrations of the older dramas. I would be permitted to add that I do so with diffidence, and a doubt whether I can add any thing of value to the results of the critics. There are, however, a few passages that seem to require slight alterations,

and to these I shall "address myself." To commence in order ; in act i., sc. 2, of the Second Part, York says :—

"The Peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd
To change two Dukedomes for a Duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them ?
'Tis *thine* they give away, and not their own."

Should we not read :—

"Tis *mine* they give away, and not their own."

Again, in act i., sc. 3, the Duchess of Gloucester says :—

"Though in this place most master wear no breeches,
She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd."

So the first folio and modern editors. The second folio reads "wears." The passage does not appear very intelligible as it now stands. Perhaps we may read :—

"Though in this place most *masters* wear no breeches."

By which she means to insinuate that all the men present were governed by their wives. In act ii., sc. 3, when Peter is surprised at his victory, he exclaims : "O God ! have I overcome mine *enemy* in this presense ?" This is the reading of the second folio, but modern editors follow the edition of 1623, and read "enemies," although Peter only overcomes one enemy. In act iii., sc. 2, when Suffolk affirms.—

"Tis not the land I care for, wer't thou *thence*,
A wilderness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company."

The second folio reads "hence," which appears worth noticing. In act iv., sc. 3, we have :—

"These cheeks are pale *for* watching for your good"

The second folio reads, "with watching," which seems preferable. In the same act, most editors have made an alteration in the following passage :—

"*Say.* Long sitting, to determine poor men's causes,
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

"*Cade.* Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the help of a hatchet."

The word "caudle" is misprinted "candle" in the old copies. Mr. Collier reads, "with the help of hatchet," which he says is the reading of *all* the early editions. The second folio, however, reads, "help of a hatchet," which seems preferable. The old reading is intelligible, though Farmer proposed to read, "the *pap* of a hatchet," which appears to be more ingenious than correct. At p. 203 of Mr. Collier's edition and p. 95 of Mr. Knight's should we not read, "make me betake me to my heels," accord-

ing to the second folio? In act iv., sc. 9, the Messenger, speaking of the Duke of York, says:—

“His *arms* are only to remove from thee

The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.”

The second folio reads “*armies*,” a variation not noticed by the editors, though apparently more congenial to the context. A few lines further on, King Henry compares his state

“Like to a ship, that, having scap’d a tempest,

Is straightway *calm* and boarded with a pirate.”

So Mr. Collier and the first folio. Mr. Knight properly reads “*calm’d*,” but it ought to be noticed that the edition of 1632 has “*claimd*,” so possibly we might adopt this latter reading as one of more authority than conjecture. In act v., sc. 1, York indignantly exclaims:—

“False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,

Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art *not* king.”

The second folio reads, “thou art *no* king,” which gives the line a greater power. When Henry says:—

“For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,

That bows unto the grave with *muckle* age.”

Is not the “*mulky* age” of the second folio worth a passing notice?

In the Third Part, collation has not yet been perfected. The line in act 1. sc. 1.—

“Rather than have made that savage duke thine heir,”

seems better in the second folio, where the word “have” is omitted. Again are we indebted to the second folio:—

“For *on* thy shoulder do I build my seat.”

The first folio reads, “*in*.” Other instances of a similar nature have already been mentioned in the notes.

It is well known that the second folio contains numerous variations from the first, and those variations, excepting cases of omission, are for the most part *corrections* of the older text. It would be an important addition to our knowledge on these subjects, could we ascertain the name of the editor, and the means he employed. It does not seem at all likely that the corrections are the result of conjectural emendation, for occasionally we find words inserted for which undoubtedly there must have been authority; neither is it probable that he used other manuscripts, for the variations are scarcely extensive enough to warrant that supposition; but, as it was printed only eight or nine years after the edition of 1623, the editor might have used the same copies that were employed by his predecessors, or his corrections might have been made from memory, as he had heard and seen the plays

performed. This we can easily believe, if Allot were the editor; and, whoever he was, he deserves better treatment at the hands of the editors than he has lately received. The latest editors of Shakespeare, indeed, constantly correct the text of the first folio by means of the second; and Mr. Collier very frequently gives us the readings of the latter edition as conjectural emendations. See v., 284, 321, and the examples mentioned in the notes. Any one who will collate the two first folios, will easily see the use of the second one. If I may be permitted for once to imitate Malone's arithmetic, the reader may not be displeased to know that in the three parts of Henry VI. alone, Mr. Knight admits eighty-five corrections from the second folio, and Mr. Collier adopts eighty-seven. Perhaps after this, notwithstanding its blunders, the opinion of Steevens concerning this volume will be admitted to be nearly right. It will, perhaps, be thought strange if I were to assert that even Mr. Collier and Mr. Knight have not collated the first folio with very great accuracy. Yet I may say with Master Shallow, "it will be found so." Else how can we account for such an oversight as this?

"Away, captains, let's get us from the walls,
For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.
Good bye, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here."

1 *Henry VI.*, act iii., sc. 2.

So the first folio. The second reads, "we came, *sir*," an addition not at all necessary. But Messrs. Collier and Knight read:

"*God be wi' you*, my lord! we came but to tell you
That we are here."

THE END.

LONDON

F. SHORARI, JUN., 51, RUPERT STREET, HAYMARKET,
PRINTER TO H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT.

THE TRUE TRAGEDY
OF
RICHARD THE THIRD;

TO WHICH IS APPENDED THE
LATIN PLAY OF RICHARDUS TERTIUS,

BY DR. THOMAS LEGGE.

BOTH ANTERIOR TO SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMA.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY BARRON FIELD, ESQ.

“ — tam piope, tam proculque.”

MARTIAL.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.

1844.

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INTRODUCTION.

Malone commences his History of the English Stage by saying that "Dryden has truly observed that Shakespeare 'found not, but created first, the stage;'"¹ and the critic then proceeds to produce evidence which shows that this observation is not true, as most certainly it is not. "It was in truth (as Mr. Collier more judiciously says) created by no one man, and in no one age; and, whatever improvements Shakespeare introduced, it will be seen that when he began to write for the theatre, our drama was completely formed and firmly established."² Bad as the following play is, it is a drama, completely formed, and was regularly acted. If Dryden had said that Shakespeare found the stage of brick, and left it of marble, it would have answered his purpose as well, and would have been nearer to the truth.

Of the propriety of making this reprint one of the Society's publications there can be no doubt. Architects tell us that when a gigantic object is of just and

¹ Prologue to an alteration of *Troilus and Cressida*.

² Pref. to *Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poetry*, p. ix.

natural proportions, the only way to make it look large is to place a smaller natural object close to it ; and they instance the dome of St. Peter's Church at Rome. Were either the height or the breadth of that monument exaggerated, and the building thus disproportioned, it would look large without any such comparison. So it is with our gigantic Shakespeare. The best way to measure him is to place such an ordinary contemporary work as the following in juxtaposition with his Richard the Third. The author of the "True Tragedy" may perhaps, by making a long arm, reach to the knee of the Colossus. Massinger and Marlowe could walk under his huge legs ; Ben Jonson might touch his waist, by mounting an antique ; Beaumont and Fletcher could stand under each of his arms. He could take up Ford and Webster in the hollow of either hand ; and so on.

Antiquity and priority to Shakespeare constituting the only interest of the following piece, I have refrained from enforcing the metre¹ and modernizing the orthography of it, as I did in Heywood's Edward the Fourth, and have made it, with the exception of palpable errors of the press, a *fac-simile* of the old edition, now re-

¹ In one instance, in Heywood's Histories, I stretched the word *canst*, to fill up the measure of the line, unnecessarily. Page 37.

" *Chub*. Thou cannest bear me witness, I had ta'en."

My brother, the Rev. F. Field, on reading the work, discovered that the word " Chub " should be part of the line, and not the name of the speaker. All the four old editions have the same error. The members of the Society will therefore please to correct the line as follows :

Chub, thou canst bear me witness I had ta'en.

printed through the liberality of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of the copy.

The best introduction to this history will be found in Mr. Collier's edition of Shakespeare, vol. v., pp. 342-5. But I agree with Mr. Boswell that our great poet must have seen this humble work of his predecessor. Mr. Collier says that "we cannot trace any resemblances but such as were probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial." The reader will judge for himself. I have in the notes pointed out several parallel ideas. The following line in the Battle-scene is, in my opinion, quite enough to shew that Shakespeare considered Nature, as Molière said of Wit, as his property, and that he had a right to seize it wherever he found it.

King. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

Mr. Collier adds that "the portion of the story in which the two plays make the nearest approach to each other, is just before the murder of the Princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose." This should hardly be called strange in our dramatist, since it is authorized in the history by Sir Thomas More:

The same night, King Richard said to a secret page of his, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have brought up myself, they that I weened would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me. Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the pallet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse, meaning by this James Tyrrell.

It is impossible to say who was the author of this work. Mr. Boswell, in reprinting the incorrect *torso* of it in his edition of Shakespeare, inclined to think it was the same person who wrote "The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine," 1595, from the resemblance of the style of the passage at page 61 to the two extracts which he makes from that old play, in one of which the word *revenge* is harped upon three times, and in the other the word *Guendoline* six. But this is one of the commonest artifices of rhetoric, and has been beautifully employed by Shakespeare himself:

If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,
 When nought would be accepted but the ring,
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.¹

It seems to have been a recommendation to our early historical plays, (as the present is perhaps the very earliest printed one) to entitle them *true*,

So sad, so tender, and so *true* ²

So we have the True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, the precursor of Shakespeare's Henry the Sixth; and I have no doubt, from the manner in which the prologue to his Henry the Eighth dwells upon the words *truth* and *true*, that one of its titles was *All is true*, and that it is the same play as is referred to by Sir Henry Wotton in 1613, under that name, as "representing

¹ Merchant of Venice, act v.

² Shenstone.

some principal pieces of the reign of Henry 8,"¹ and that by the words "a new play," which Shakespeare's Henry the Eighth could not have been in that year, Sir Henry meant only a revival.

The explanatory notes that are necessary to this reprint are so few and brief, that I have placed them at the foot of the page; and the reader will remember, *passim*, that the letter *A* is used for the exclamation *Ah!* and *I* for the affirmation *Ay*, except where the latter is obviously the pronoun.

¹ Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 3d. ed. p. 425.

THE
TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RI-
CHARD THE THIRD :

Wherein is showne the death of Edward the
fourth, with the smothering of the two
yong Princes in the Tower :

*With a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example
for all wicked women.*

And lastly the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble
Houses, *Lancaster* and *Yorke*.

As it was playd by the Queenes Maesties
Players.



L O N D O N

Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by
William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare
Christ Church doore. 1594.

THE TRVE TRAGEDIE OF RI-
CHARD THE THIRD.

Enters *Truth* and *Poetrie*. To them the Ghoast of *George*
Duke of *Clarence*.

Ghost.

*Cresse cruor sanguinis, satietur sanguine cresse,
Quod spero scitio. O scitio, scitio, vendicta.*¹

Exit.

Poetrie. Truth well met.

Truth. Thankes *Poetrie*, what makes thou vpon a stage?

¹ This Latin is evidently corrupt. *Cresse* should be *cresce*, *sanguinis* (as appears from page 5) should be *sanguis*, and *cutò* may have been corrupted to *scitio*. The meaning then would be: "Increase, blood! Let blood be satisfied with blood! Which I hope it quickly will. O, quickly, quickly, revenge!" But it may be *sitio vindictam*, I thirst for vengeance! *Vindicta*, in our old plays, seems to have constituted the knot, worthy of a Ghost's intervention to avenge. In the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, we have, "Enter three Ghosts, crying *Vindicta*;" and the word occurs in several other plays, cited by Mr. Gifford (Jonson, ii., 457) and Mr. Dyce, (Peele, ii., 17) insomuch that it exposed itself to ridicule; and our readers will remember the passage in Lodge's *Wit's Miserie, or the World's Madness*, 1596, in which one of the devils is said to be "a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the ghost, who cried so miserably at the theatie, *Hamlet, revenge*;" and the anxiety of the

Poet. Shadowes.

Truth. Then will I adde bodies to the shadowes,
Therefore depart and giue Truth leaue
To shew her pageant.

Poe. Why will Truth be a Player?

Truth. No, but Tragedia like for to present
A Tragedie in England done but late,
That will reuiue the hearts of drooping mindes.

Poe. Whereof?

Truth. Marry thus.

Richard Plantagenet of the House of Yorke,
Claiming the Crowne by warres, not by dissent,
Had as the Chronicles make manifest,
In the two and twentieth yeare of Henry the sixth.
By act of Parliament intailed to him
The Crowne and titles to that dignitie,
And to his offspring lawfully begotten,
After the decease of that forenamed King,
Yet not contented for to staie the time,
Made warres vpon King Henry then the sixth,
And by outrage suppressed that vertuous King,
And wonne the Crowne of England to himselfe,
But since at *Wakefield* in a battell pitcht,
Outragious Richard breathed his latest breath,
Leauing behind three branches of that line,
Three sonnes: the first was Edward now the King,
George of *Clarence*, and Richard *Glosters* Duke,
Then Henry claiming after his decease
His stile, his Crowne and former dignitie
Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the fourth.

commentators to discover whether this alluded to Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, or to an older play upon that subject: an anxiety just and natural as it respects the date of the great poet's work, but worthless as to the question whether his play, at first entitled *The Revenge of Hamlet*, were meant to be ridiculed or not.

Poe. But tell me truth, of Henry what ensued ?

Tru. Imprisoned he, in the Tower of London lies,
By strict command, from Edward Englands King,
Since cruelly murdered, by Richard *Glosters* Duke.

Poe. Whose Ghoast was that did appeare to vs ?

Tru. It was the ghost of George the duke of *Clarēce*,
Who was attected in King Edwards raigne,
Falsly of Treason to his royaltie,
Imprisoned in the Tower was most vnnaturally,
By his owne brother, shame to parents stocke,
By *Glosters* Duke drowned in a but of wine.

Poe. What shield was that he let fall ?

Tru. A shield conteining this, in full effect,
Blood sprinkled, springs : blood spilt, craues due reuenge :
Whereupon he writes, *Cresse cruor*,
Sanguis satietur, sanguine cresse,
Quod spero scitio : O scitio scitio, vendicta.

Poe. What maner of man was this Richard Duke of *Gloster* ?

Tru. A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame armed,
withall,
Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authoritie,
So during the minoritie of the yoong Prince,
He is made Lord Protector ouer the Realme.
Gentiles suppose that Edward now hath raigned
Full two and twentie yeares, and now like to die,
Hath summond all his Nobles to the Court,
To sweare alleageance with the Duke his brother,
For truth vnto his soune the tender Prince,
Whose fathers soule is now neare flight to God,
Leauing behind two sonnes of tender age,
Fiue daughters to comfort the haplesse Queene,
All vnder the protection of the Duke of *Gloster* :
Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter,
And here begins Truthes Pageant, Poetrie
Wend with me.

Exeunt.

Enter *Edward* the fourth, Lord *Hastings*, Lord *Marcus*, and
Elizabeth. To them *Richard*.

Hastings. Long liue my soueraigne, in all happinesse.

Marcus. An honourable age with *Cressus* wealth,
Hourely attend the person of the King.

King. And welcome you Peeres of England vnto your King.

Hast. For our vnthankfulnesse the heauens hath throwne
thee downe.

Mar. I feare for our ingratitude, our angry God doth frowne.

King. Why Nobles, he that laie me here
Can raise me at his pleasure.

But my deare friends and kinsmen,

In what estate I now lie it is seene to you all,

And I feel myselfe neare the dreadfull stroke of death.

And the cause that I haue requested you in friendly wise
To meete together is this,

That where malice & enuy sowing sedition in the harts of men
So would I haue that admonished and friendly fauours,
ouercome in the heart of you Lord *Marcus* and Lord *Hastings*
Both, for how I haue gouerned these two and twentie yeares,
I leaue it to your discretions.

The malice hath still bene an enemy to you both,

That in my life time I could neuer get any lege of amity be-
twixt you,

Yet at my death let me intreate you to imbrace each other,

That at my last departure you may send my soule

To the ioyes celestiall :

For leauing behinde me my yoong sonne,

Your lawfull King after my decease,

May be by your wise and graue counsell so gouerned,

Which no doubt may bring comfort

To his famous realme of England.

But (what saith Lord *Marcus* and Lord *Hastings*)

What not one word? nay then I see it will not be,

For they are resolute in their ambition.

Elizabeth. Ah yeeld Lord Hastings,
And submit your selues to each other :
And you Lord Marcus, submit your selfe,
See here the aged King my father,
How he sues for peace betwixt you both :
Consider Lord Marcus, you are son to my mother the Queene,
And therefore let me intreat you to mittigate your wrath,
And in friendly sort, imbrace each other.

King. Nay cease thy speech Elizabeth,
It is but folly to speake to them,
For they are resolute in their ambitious mindes,
Therefore Elizabeth, I feele my selfe at the last instant of
death,
And now must die being thus tormented in minde.

Hast. May it be that thou Lord Marcus,
That neither by intreatie of the Prince,
Nor curtuous word of Elizabeth his daughter,
May withdraw thy ambition from me.

Marc. May it be that thou Lord Hastings,
Canst not perceiue the mark his grace aimes at.

Hast. No I am resolute, except thou submit.

Marc. If thou beest resolute giue vp the vpshot,
And perhaps thy head may paie for the losses.

King. Ah Gods, sith at my death you iarre,
What will you do to the yoong Prince after my decease ?
For shame I say, depart from my presence, and leaue me to my
self,

For these words strikes a second dying to my soule :
Ah my Lords I thought I could haue commanded
A greater thing then this at your hands,
But sith I cannot, I take my leaue of you both,
And so depart and trouble me no more.

Hast. With shame and like your Maiestie I submit therfore,
Crauing humble pardon on my knees,
And would rather that my body shal be a pray to mine enemy,

Rather then I will offend my Lord at the houre
And instance of his death.

King. Ah thankes Lord Hastings.

Eliza. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, sith Lord Hastings
Is contented to be vnited.

King. Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, thou art too obstinate.

Marc. My gracious Lord, I am content,
And humbly craue your graces pardon on my knee,
For my foule offence,
And see my Lord my brest opened to mine aduersary,
That he may take reuenge, then ¹ once it shall be said,
I will offend my gracious suffereinge.

King. Now let me see you friendly giue one an other your
hands.

Hast. With a good will ant like your grace,
Therefore Lord Marcus take here my hand,
Which was once vowde and sworne to be thy death,
But now through intretie of my Prince,
I knit a league of amitie for euer.

Mar. Well Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed,
Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed
To a ² shiuered thy bodie in peccemeales,
That the foules of the ayre should haue fed
Their yong withall,
But now vpon aleageance to my Prince, I vow perfect loue,
And liue friendship for euer.

King. Now for confirming of it, here take your oathes.

Hast. If I Lord Hastings falcifie my league of friendship
Vowde to Lord Marcus, I craue confusion.

Marcus. Like oath take I, and craue confusion.

King. Confusion.

Now my Lords, for your yong King, that lieth now at *Ludlo*,
Attended with Earle Riuers, Lord Gray, his two vnkles,

¹ Than, for "rather than."

² Have

And the rest of the Queenes kindred,
 I hope you will be vnto him as you haue bene to me,
 His yeares are but yoong, thirteene at the most,
 Vnto whose gouernment, I commit to my brother the Protector,
 But to thee Elizabeth my daughter,
 I leaue thee in a world of trouble,
 And commend me to thy mother, to all thy sisters,
 And especially I giue thee this in charge vpon & at my death,
 Be loyall to thy brother during his authoritie,
 As thy selfe art vertuous, let thy praiers be modest,
 Still be bountifull in deuotion.
 And thus leauing thee with a kisse, I take my last farwell,
 For I am so sleepeie, that I must now make an ende,
 And here before you all, I commit my soule to almighty
 God,

My sauour, and sweet redeemer, my bodie to the earth,
 My Scepter and Crowne to the yoong Prince my sonne :
 And now Nobles, draw the Curtaines and depart,
 He that made me saue me,
 Vnto whose hands I commit my spirit.
 The King dies in his bed.

Enters Shores wife, and Hursly her mayde.

Shorse. O Fortune, wherefore wert thou called Fortune ?
 But that thou art fortunate ?
 Those whom thou fauourest be famous,
 Meriting mere mercie,
 And fraught with mirrors of magnanimitie,
 And Fortune I would thou hadst neuer fauoured me.

Hurs. Why mistresse, if you exclaime against Fortune,
 You condemne your selfe,
 For who hath aduanced you but Fortune ?

Shorse. I as she hath aduanced me,
 So may she throw me downe :
 But Hursly, doest not heare the King is sicke ?

Hurs. Yes mistresse, but neuer heard that euerie sicke man died.

Shore. Ah Hursly, my minde presageth
Some great mishaps vnto me,
For last time I saw the King, me thought
Gastly death approached in his face,
For thou knowest this Hursly, I haue bene good to all,
And still readie to preferre my friends,
To what preferment I could,
For what was it his grace would deny Shores wife ?
Of any thing, yea were it halfe his reuenewes,
I know his grace would not see me want.
And if his grace should die,
As heauens forfend it should be so,
I haue left me nothing now to comfort me withall,
And then those that are my foes will triumph at my fall,
And if the King scape, as I hope he will,
Then will I feather my neast,
That blow the stormie winter neuer so cold,
I will be throughly prouided for one :
But here comes Lodwicke, seruant to Lord Hastings,
How now Lodwicke, what newes ?

Enters Lodwicke.

Lod. Mistresse Shore, my Lord would request you,
To come and speake with him.

Shore. I will Lodwicke.
But tell me what newes, is the King recouered ?

Lod. I mistresse Shore, he hath recouered
That he long lookt for.

Shore. Lodwicke, how long is it since
He began to mend ?

Lod. Euen when the greatest of his torments had left him.

Shore. But are the nobles agreed to the contentment of the
Prince ?

Lod. The Nobles and Peeres are agreed as the King would wish them.

Shorse. Lodwicke thou reuiuest me.

Lod. I but few thought that the agreement and his life would haue ended together.

Shore. Why Lodwicke is he dead.

Lod. In brieft mistresse Shore, he hath changed his life.

Shorse. His life, ah me vnhappie woman,

Now is misery at hand,

Now will my foes tryumph at this my fall,

Those whom I haue done most good, will now forsake me.

Ah Hursly, when I entertained thee first,

I was farre from change, so was I Lodwicke,

When I restored thee thy lands.

Ah sweete Edward, farwell my gracious Lord and souereigne,

For now shall Shores wife be a mirrour and looking glasse,

To all her enemies.

Thus shall I finde Lodwicke, and haue cause to say,

That all men are vnconstant.

Lod. Why mistresse Shore, for the losse of one friend,
Will you abandon the rest that wish you well?

Shore. Ah Lodwicke I must, for when the tree decaies
Whose fruitfull branch haue flourished many a yeare,
Then farewell those ioyfull dayes and ofspring of my heart,
But say Lodwicke, who hath the King made Protector,
During the innormitie¹ of the yoong Prince.

Lod. He hath made his brother Duke of *Gloster* Protector.

Shore. Ah me, then comes my ruine and decaie,
For he could neuer abide me to the death,
No he alwaies hated me whom his brother loued so well,
Thus must I lament and say, all the world is vnconstant.

Lod. But mistresse Shore, comfort your selfe,
And thinke well of my Lord,

¹ Not within legal age to reign.

Who hath alway bene a helper vnto you.

Shorse. Indeed Lodwicke to condemne his honour I cannot,
For he hath alway bene my good Lord,
For as the world is fickle, so changeth the minds of men.

Lod. Why mistresse Shore, rather then want should oppresse
You, that litle land which you beg'd for me of the King,
Shall be at your dispose.

Shorse. Thanks good Lodwicke.

Enters a Citizen and *Morton* a seruing man.

Citi. O maister Morton, you are very welcome met,
I hope you think on me for my mony.

Mor. I pray sir beare with me, and you shall haue it,
With thankses too.

Citi. Nay, I pray sir let me haue my mony,
For I haue had thankses and too much more then I lookt for.

Mor. In faith sir you shall haue it,
But you must beare with me a litle,
But sir, I marvell how you can be so greedie for your mony,
When you see sir, we are so vncertaine of our owne.

Citi. How so vncertaine of mine owne?
Why doest thou know any bodie wil come to rob me?

Mor. Why no.

Citi. Wilt thou come in the night and cut my throate?

Mor. No.

Citi. Wilt thou and the rest of thy companions,
Come and set my house on fire?

Mor. Why no, I tell thee.

Citi. Why how should I then be vncertaine of mine owne?

Mor. Why sir, by reason the King is dead.

Citi. O sir! is the King dead?

I hope he hath giuen you no quittance for my debt.

Mor. No sir, but I pray staie a while, and you shall haue it
Assoone as I can.

Citi. Well I must be content, where nothing is to be had.

The King looseth his right they say,
But who is this ?

Mor. Marry sir it is mistresse Shore,
To whom I am more beholding too for my seruice,
Then the deerest friend that euer I had.

Citi. And I for my sonnes pardon.

Mor. Now mistresse Shore, how fare you ?

Shore. Well Morton, but not so well as thou hast knowne me,
For I thinke I shal be driuen to try my friends one day.

Mor. God forfend mistresse Shore,
And happie be that Sunne shall shine vpon thee,
For preseruing the life of my sonne.

Shore. Gramercies good father,
But how doth thy sonne, is he well ?

Citi. The better that thou liues, doth he.

Shore. Thankes father, I am glad of it,
But come maister Lodwicke shall we go ?
And you Morton, youle beare vs company.

Lod. I mistresse Shore,
For my Lord thinkes long for our comming. *Exit omnes.*

Citi. There there, huffer, but by your leaue,
The Kings death is a maine to her credit,
But they say, there is my Lord Hastings in the Court,
He is as good as the Ase of hearts at maw,¹
Well euen as they brew, so let them bake for me :
But I must about the streetes, to see and I can meete
With such cold customers as they I met withall euen now,
Masse if I meete with no better,
I am like to keepe a bad hoshold of it. *Exit.*

Enters *Richard*, sir *William Casbe*, Page of his chanber, and
his traine.

Rich. My friends depart,

¹ A game at cards. See the Society's Patient Grissil, p. 67.

The houre commands your absence.

Leaue me and euery man looke to his charge. *Exit traine.*

Casbie. Renowned and right worthie Protector,
Whose excelency far deserues the name of king then protector,
Sir William Casbie wisheth my Lord,
That your grace may so gouerne the yoong Prince,
That the Crowne of England may flourish in all happinesse.

Exit Casbie.

Rich. Ah yoong Prince, and why not I?
Or who shall inherit Plantagines but his sonne?
And who the King deceased, but the brother?
Shall law bridle nature, or authoritie hinder inheritance?
No, I say no: Principalitie brookes no equalitie,
Much lesse superioritie,
And the title of a King, is next vnder the degree of a God,
For if he be worthie to be called valiant,
That in his life winnes honour, and by his sword winnes riches,
Why now I with renowne of a souldier, which is neuer sold but
By waight, nor changed but by losse of life,
I reapt not the gaine but the glorie, and since it becommeth
A sonne to maintaine the honor of his deceased father,
Why should I not hazard his dignitie by my brothers sonnes?
To be baser than a King I disdain,
And to be more then Protector, the law deny,
Why my father got the Crowne, my brother won the Crowne,
And I will weare the Crowne,
Or ile make them hop without their crownes that denies me:
Haue I remoued such logs out of my sight as my brother

Clarēce

And king Henry the sixt, to suffer a child to shadow me,
Nay more, my nephew to disinherit me,
Yet most of all, to be released from the yoke of my brother
As I terme it, to become subiect to his sonne,
No death nor hell shall not withhold me, but as I rule I wil
raign,

And so raigñ that the proudest enemy shall not abide
 The sharpest shoure. Why what are the babes but a puffe of
 Gun-powder? a marke for the soldiers, food for fishes,
 Or lining for beds, deuices enough to make them away,
 Wherein I am resolute, and determining, needs no counsell,
 Ho, whose within?

Enters Page and Perciuall.

Perc. May it please your Maiestie.

Richard. Ha villaine, Maiestie.

Per. I speake but vpon that which shal be my good Lord.

Rich. But whats he with thee?

Page. A Messenger with a letter from the right honourable
 The Duke of *Buckingham*. *Exit Page.*

Rich. Sirra giue place.

Ah how this title of Maiestie, animates me to my purpose,
 Rise man, regard no fall, haply this letter brings good lucke,
 May it be, or is it possible,
 Doth Fortune so much fauour my happinesse
 That I no sooner deuise, but she sets abroach?
 Or doth she but to trie me, that raising me aloft,
 My fall may be the greater, well laugh on sweete change,
 Be as be may, I will neuer feare colours nor regard ruth,
 Valour brings fame, and fame conquers death.
 Perciuall.

Per. My Lord.

Rich. For so thy letter declares thy name,
 Thy trust to thy Lord, is a sufficient warrant
 That I vtter my minde fully vnto thee,
 And seeing thy Lord and I haue bene long foes,
 And haue found now so fit opportunitie to ioyne league,
 To alaie the proude enemy, tell him thus as a friend,
 I do accept of his grace, and will be as readie to put in practise
 To the vttermost of my power, what ere he shalbe to deuise,

But wheareas he hath writ that the remouing of the yoong Prince from the Queenes friends might do well,
 Tell him thus, it is the only way to our purpose,
 For he shall shortly come vp to London to his Coronation,
 At which instant, we will be both present,
 And where by the helpe of thy Lord, I will so plaie my part,
 That ile be more than I am, and not much lesse then I looke for
 No nor a haire bredth from that I am,
 Aiudge thou what it is *Perciual*.

Perc. God send it my Lord, but my Lord willed me to satisfie you, and to tell you by word of mouth that he hath in readinesse a braue company of men.

Rich. What power hath he?

Per. A braue hand of his owne

Rich. What number?

Per. My Lord, to the number of five hundreth footmen.
 And horsmen ayders vnto him, is my Lord Chamberlaine, and my Lord Hastings.

Rich. Sounes, dares he trust the Lord Hastings.

Per. I my Lord as his owne life, he is secret I warrant you

Rich. Well Perciuall, this matter is waightie and must not be slipt, therefore return this answere to thy Lord, that to morrow I will meet him, for to day I cannot, for now the funerall is past I must set a screene before the fire for feare of suspition: again, I am now to strengthen my selfe by the controuersie that is betwixt the kindred of the King deceast, and the Queene thats liuing, the yoong Prince is yet in huesters handling, and they not throughly friendes, now must I so worke, that the water that driues the mill may drowne it. I climbe Perciuall, I regard more the glorie then the gaine, for the very name of a King redouble a mans life with fame, when death hath done his worst, and so commend me to thy Lord, and take thou this for thy paines.

Per. I thanke your grace, I humbly take my leaue.

Exit Perciuall.

Rich. Why so, now Fortune make me a King, Fortune giue me a kingdome, let the world report the Duke of Gloster was a King, therefore Fortune make me King, if I be but King for a yeare, nay but halfe a yeare, nay a moneth, a weeke, three dayes, one day, or halfe a day, nay an houre, swounes half an houre, nay sweete Fortune, clap but the Crowne on my head, that the vassals may but once say, God saue King *Richards* life, it is inough. Sirrha, who is there?

Enters Page.

Page. My Lord.

Rich. What hearest thou about the Court?

Pag. Ioy my Lord of your Protectorship for the most part, Some murmure, but my Lord they be of the baser sort.

Rich. A mightie arme wil sway the baser sort, authority doth terrifie.

But what other newes hearest thou?

Pag. This my Lord, they say the yong king is comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vnkles, Earle Rivers & Lord Gray, and the rest of the Queenes kindred.

Rich. A parlous¹ bone to ground vpon, and a rush stifly knit, which if I could finde a knot, I would giue one halfe to the dogs and set fire on the other.

Pag. It is reported my Lord, but I know not whether it be true or no, that the Duke of Buckingham is vp in the Marches of *Wales* with a band of men, and as they say, hee aimes at the Crowne.

Rich. Tush a shadow without a substance, and a feare without a cause: but yet if my neighbours house bee on fire, let me seeke to saue mine owne, in trust is treason, time slipph, it is ill iesting with edge tooles, or dallying with Princes matters, Ile strike whillst the yron is hote, and Ile trust neuer a Duke of Buckingham, no neuer a Duke in the world, further then I see him. And sirrha, so follow me. *Exit Richard.*

¹ Perilous

Pag. I see my Lord is fully resolved to climbe, but how hee climbs ile leaue that to your iudgements, but what his fall will be thats hard to say : But I maruell that the Duke of Buckingham and he are now become such great friends, who had wont to loue one another so well as the spider doth the flie : but this I haue noted, since he hath had the charge of Protector, how many noble men hath fled the realme, first the Lord Marcus sonne to the Queene, the Earle of *Westmorland* and *Northumberland*, are secretly fled : how this geare will cotten¹ I know not. But what do I meddling in such matters, that should meddle with the vntying of my Lordes points, faith do euen as a great many do beside, meddle with Princes matters so long, til they proue themselues beggars in the end. Therefore I for feare I should be taken napping with any words, Ile set a locke on my lips, for feare my tongue grow too wide for my mouth.

Exit Page.

Enter the yoong *Prince*, his brother, Duke of *Yorke*, Earle *Riuers*, Lord *Gray*, sir *Hapce*, sir *Thomas Vaughan*.

King. Right louing vnckles, and the rest of this company, my mother hath written, and thinks it conuenient that we dismisse our traine, for feare the towne of *Northampton* is not able to receiue vs : and againe my vnckle of *Gloster* may rather thinke we come of malice against him and his blood : therefore my Lords, let me here your opinions, for my words and her letters are all one : and besides I myselfe giue consent.

Riuers. Then thus may it please your grace, I will shewe my opinion. First note the two houses of *Lancaster* and *Yorke*, the league of friendship is yet but greene betwixt them, and

¹ To cotton is to succeed, to prosper. Gear is any business or matter.

“Come on sir frier, picke the locke,

“This gere doth cotton handsome,

“That covetousnesse so cunningly

“Must pay the lechers ransome.”

Troublesome Raigne of King John, part I.

little cause of variance may cause it breake, and thereby I thinke it not requisite to discharge the cōpany because of this. The Duke of Buckingham is up in the Marches of *Wales* with a great power, and with him is ioyned the Protector, for what cause I know not, therefore my Lords, I haue spoken my mind boldly, but do as your honours shall thinke good.

Vaugh. Why my Lord Riuers, wherefore is he Protector but for the Kings safetie?

Riu. I sir Thomas Vaughan, and therefore a traitor, because he is Protector.

Gray. We haue the Prince in charge, therefore we neede not care.

Riu. We haue the Prince, but they the authoritie.

Gray. Why take you not the Duke of Buckingham for the Kings friend?

Riu. Yes, and yet we may misdoubt the Duke of Gloster as a foe.

Gray. Why then my Lord Riuers, I thinke it is conuenient that we leaue you here behind vs at *Northampton*, for conference with them, and if you heare their pretence be good towards the King, you may in Gods name make returne & come with them, but if not, leaue them and come to vs with speed. For my sister the Queene hath willed that we should dismisse our companie, and the King himselfe hath agreed to it, therefore we must needs obey.

Riuers. If it please your grace I am content, and humbly take my leaue of you all.

Exit.

King. Farewell good vncle, ah gods, if I do liue my fathers yeares as God forbid but I may, I will so roote out this malice & enuie sowne among the nobilitie, that I will make them weary that were the first beginners of these mischiefes.

Gray. Worthily well spoken of your princely Maiestie, Which no doubt sheweth a king-like resolution.

Vaughon. A toward yong Prince, and no doubt forward to all vertue, whose raigne God long prosper among vs.

King. But come vnecke, let vs forward of our iourney towards London.

Riuers. We will attend vpon your Maiestie. *Exit omnes.*

Enters an old Inne-keeper, and *Richards* Page.

Page. Come on mine Oste, what doest thou vnderstand my tale or no?

Oste. I faith my guest you haue amazed mee alreadie, and to heare it again, it wil mad me altogether, but because I may think vpon it the better, I pray you let me heare it once more.

Page. Why then thus, I serue the right honourable the Lord Protector.

Oste. I, I know that too well.

Page. Then this is his graces pleasure, that this night he will be lodged in thy house, thy fare must be sumptuous, thy lodgings cleanly, his men vsed friendly and with great curtesie, and that he may haue his lodging prepared as neare Lord Riuers as possible may be.

Oste. Why sir if this be all, this is done alreadie.

Page. Nay more.

Oste. Nay sir, & you loue me no more, heres too much already.

Page. Nay, my Lords graces pleasure is further, that when all thy guesse¹ have tane their chambers, that thou conuey into my Lords hands the keyes of euery seuerall chamber, and what my Lords pleasure is further, thou shalt know in the morning.

Oste. How locke in my guesse like prisoners, why doe you heare my guesse? mee thinkes there should be little better then treason in these words you haue vttered.

Page. Treason villaine, how darest thou haue a thought of treason against² my Lord, therefore you were best be brieft, and tell me whether you will do it or no?

¹ *Guesse* is the old plural for *guests*.

² *I.e.*, have a thought, against my lord, of treason.

Oste. Alasse what shall I do? who were I best to offend? shall I betraie that good olde Earle that hath laine at my house this fortie yeares? why and I doe hee will hang me: nay then on the other side, if I should not do as my Lord Protector commands, he will chop off my head, but is there no remedie?

Page. Come sir be briefe, there is no remedie, therefore be briefe and tell me straight.

Oste. Why, then sir heres my hand, tell my Lord Protector he shall haue it, I will do as he commands mee, but euen against my will, God is my witnesse.

Page. Why then farewell mine *Oste*.

Oste. Farewell euen the woorst guest that euer came to my house. A maisters, maisters, what a troublesome vocation am I crept into, you thinke we that be In-keepers get all the world, but I thinke I shall get a faire halter to my necke, but I must go see all things done to my great grieve. *Exit.*

Enters the mother Queene, and her daughter, and her sonne,
to sanctuarie.

Earle *Riuers* speakes out of his chamber.

Ho mine *Oste*, Chamberlaine wheres my key?
What pend vp like a prisoner? But staie, I feare I am betraid,
The sodain sight of *Glosters* Duke, doth make me sore afraid:
Ile speake to him, and gently him salute,
Tho in my heart I enuie¹ much the man,
God morrow my Lord Protector to your grace,
And Duke of Buckingham God morrow too,
Thankes noble Dukes for our good cheare, & for your cōpany.

Here enters *Buckingham* and *Gloster*, and their traine.

Rich. Thou wretched Earle, whose aged head imagins nought
but treacherie,
Like *Iudas* thou admitted wast to sup with vs last night,

¹ Envy for "hate."

But heauens prenentd thee our ils, and left thee in this plight :
 Green'st thou that I the Gloster Duke, shuld as Protector sway ?
 And were you he was left behind, to make vs both away ?
 Wilt thou be ringleader to wrōg, & must you guide the realme ?
 Nay ouer boord al such mates I hurl, whilst I do guid the helme :
 Ile weed you out by one and one, Ile burne you vp like chaffe,
 Ile rend your stock vp by the rootes, that yet in triumphs laffe.

Riu. Alas good Dukes for ought I know, I neuer did offend,
 Except vnto my Prince vnloyall I haue bene,
 Then shew iust cause, why you exclaime so rashly in this sort,
 So falsly thus me to comdemne, vpon some false report :
 But am I here as prisoner kept, imprisoned here by you ?
 Then know, I am as true to my Prince, as the proudest in thy
 crue.

Buc. A brauely spokē good old Earle, who tho his lims be
 num,
 He hath his tongue as much at vse, as tho his yeares were yong.

Ri. Speakest y^a the truth, how darst y^a speak, for iustice to
 apeale ?

When as thy packing with thy Prince, thy falshood do reueale.
 A¹ Riuers blush, for shame to speake, like traitor as thou art.

Riu. A brayd² you me as traitor to your grace :
 No altho a prisoner, I returne defiance in thy face.
 The Chronicles I record, talk of my fidelitie, & of my progeny,
 Wher, as in a glas y^a maist behold, thy ancestors & their
 trechery.

The wars in *France*, Irish cōflicts, & *Scotland* knowes my trust,
 When thou hast kept thy skin vnsyard, and let thine armor
 rust :

How thou vniustly here exclaim'st,

¹ Ah!

² Braid for upbraid. See Huloet's Dict. The word is used by Shakespeare :—

“ 'Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.”

Pericles, scene 1.

Yea far from loue or kin,
 Was this the oath which at our princes death,
 With vs thou didst combine?
 But time permits¹ now, to tell thee all my minde:
 For well tis known that but for fear, you neuer wold haue
 clind.²

Let Commons now haue it in hand, the matter is begun,
 Of whom I feare the lesser sort, vpon thy part will run.
 My Lords, I cannot breath it out in words like to you: but this,
 My honor, I will set to sale,³ let any comman man come in,
 And say Earle Riuers faith vnto his Prince did quaille,
 Then will I lose my lands and life, but if none so can doo,
 Then thou Protector iniur'st me, and thy copartner too:
 But since as Iudges here you are, and taking no remorse,
 Spare me not, let me haue law, in iustice do your worst.

Buc. My Lord, lay down a cooling card,⁴ this game is gone
 too far,

You haue him fast, now cut him off, for feare of ciuill war.
 Iniurious Earle I hardly brooke, this portion thou hast giuen,
 Thus with my honor me to touch, but thy ruth shall begin.

Ri. But as thou art I leaue thee here,
 Vnto the officers custody,
 First bare him to *Pomphret* Castle,
 Charge them to keep him secretly:
 And as you heare from me so deale,
 Let it be done immediatly:
 Take from our Garrison one whole band,
 To guard him thither safely.

Riu. And send'st thou me to common Iayle?

¹ This should certainly be "permits not," as Mr. Boswell suggests.

² Clim'b'd.

³ Pledge?

⁴ A card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary.

There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

I. Hen. VI., v., 4.

Nay then I know thy minde :
 God blesse these yoong and tender babes,
 That I do leaue behinde.
 And God aboute protect them day and night,
 Those are the marks thou aim'st at, to rid them from their right.
 Farewell sweet England and my country men,
 Earle Riuers leades the way :
 Yet would my life might rid you from this thrall,
 But for my stock and kinred to the Queen, I greatly feare
 the all.

And thus disloyall Duke farewell, when euer this is knowne,
 The shame and infamy thereof, be sure will be thine owne.¹

Erit.

Rich. So now my Lord of Buckingham, let vs hoyst vp saile while the winde serues, this hot beginning must haue a quicke dispatch, therefore I charge and command straightly,² that euerie high way be laid close, that none may be suffered to carrie this newes before we our selues come, for if word come before vs, then is our pretence bewraid, and all we haue done to no effect. If any aske the cause why they may not passe, vse my authoritie, and if he resist shoote him through. Now my Lord of Buckingham, let vs take post horse to Stony Stratford, where happily ile say such grace to the Princes dinner, that I will make the devoutest of them forget what meat they eate, and yet all for the best I hope.

Erit.

Enter the yoong *Prince*, Lord *Gray*, sir *Thomas Vaughon*,
 sir *Richard Hapc* and their traine.

Hapc. Lord Gray, you do discomfort the King by reason of your heauinesse.

Gray. Alasse sir Richard, how can I be merry when we haue so great a charge of his grace : and again this makes me to

¹ Part of the old play of *King John*, which preceded Shakespeare's drama, is also in ballad measure. And see Reed's Shakespeare, xx. 462.

² Strictly.

greeue the more, because wee cannot heare from Earle Riuers, which makes me think the Protector and he haue bene at some words.

King. Why good vnkle comfort your selfe, no doubt my vnkle Earle Riuers is well, & is comming no doubt with my vnkle of Gloster to meete vs, else we should haue heard to the contrarie. If any haue cause to feare, it is my selfe, therefore good vnkle comfort your selfe and be not sad.

Gray. The sweete ioyce of such a grape would comfort a man were he halfe dead, and the sweete words of such a Prince would make men carlesse of mishaps, how dangerous soeuer.

Hap. Lord Gray, we heare now by all likelihoods the Protector not to be farre, therefore wee are to entertaine him and the Duke of Buckingham with curtesie, both for the Princes behalfe and for our owne.

Gray. Sir Richard Hape, I shall hardly shew the Protector or the Duke of Buckingham any mery countenance, considering how hardly I haue been vsed by them both, but yet for love to my prince I will bridle my affectiō, but in good time they come.

Enters Richard, Duke of Buckingham, and their traine.

Rich. Long liue my Princely Nephew in all happinesse.

King. Thankes vnkle of Gloster for your curtesie, yet you haue made hast, for we lookt not for you as yet.

Rich. Therein I shew my humble dutie to your grace, whose life I wish to redouble your deceased fathers dayes.

King. Thankes good vnkle.

Buc. Long liue my gracious Prince.

King. Thankes Buckingham, but vnkle you will beare vs company towards London?

Rich. For that cause we came.

Buc. Gentlemen on afore keep your roomes, how now Lord Gray doo you iustle in the presence of the King? This is more then needs.

Gray. My Lord, I scarce touched you, I hope it be no offence.

Rich. Sir no great offence, but inward enuy will burst out, No Lord Gray, you cannot hide your malice to vs of the Kings blood.

King. Why good vnecke let me know the cause of your sudaaine quarrell?

Rich. Marry thus noble Nephew, the old wound of enuy, being rubbed by Lord Grayes venomous rashnesse, is growne to such a venomous sore that it is incurable, without remooue of dead flesh.

Buc. Lord Gray, I do so much dislike thy abuse, that were it not in presence of the Prince, I would bid thee combate: but thus and it shal like your grace, I arest, & atache this Lord Gray, Sir Thomas Vaughon, and Richard Hapce, of high treason to your grace. And that Lord Gray hath conueyed money out of the Tower to relieue our enemies the Scots, and now by currying favor with your Maiestie, he thinkes it to be hid.

Rich. Only this I adde, you gouerne the Prince without my authoritie, allowing me no more then the bare name of Protector, which I wil haue in the despight of you, and therefore as your competitor Earle Riuers is already imprisoned, so shall you be, till time afford the law to take place.

Gray. But whereas we are atacht as traytors to his grace, and gouerne him without your authoritie, why we have authoritie from the mother Queene. And for the deliuey of the mony to the Scots, it was done by a generall consent of you all, and that I haue your hands to shew for my discharge, therfore your arest & attachment is not lawfull: & yet as lawful as your quarell is right.

Rich. Thy presumption condemnes thee Lord Gray, thy arest is lawfull. Therefore see them speedily and secretly imprisoned, and after the coronation they shall answer it by law, meane while, Officers looke to your charge.

King. A Gods, and is it iustice without my consent? Am I a King and beare no authoritie? My louing kindred com-

mitted to prison as traytors in my presence, and I stand to giue aime at them.¹ A Edward, would thou laist by thy fathers side, or else he had liued till thou hadst bin better able to rule. If my neere kindred be committed to prison, what remains for me, a crowne? A but how? so beset with sorrows, that the care & grief wil kil me ere I shall enioy my kingdome. Well since I cannot command, I wil intreat. Good vnkle of Gloster, for all I can say little, but for my vnkle lord Gray, what need he be a thief or conuey money out of the Tower, when he hath sufficient of his own? But good vnkle let me baile them all: If not, I will baile my vnckle Lord Gray if I may.

Rich. Your grace vndertakes you know not what, the matters are perillous, especially against the Lord Gray.

King. What perilous matters, considering he is a friend to vs?

Rich. He may be a friend to win fauour, & so climbe to promotion in respect of his equals. His equals, nay his betters.

King. I know my vnckle will conceale no treason, or dangerous secresie from vs.

Ric. Yes secrets that are too subtil for babes. Alasse my Lord you are a child, and they vse you as a child: but they consult and conclude of such matters, as were we not carefull, would proue preiudiciall to your Maiesties person. Therefore let not your grace feare any thing by our determination, for as my authoritie is onely vnder your grace, so shall my loyaltie deserue hereafter the iust recompence of a true subiect, therefore I hauing charge frō my brother your father, & our late deceased king, during the minoritie of your grace, I wil vse my authoritie as I see good.

King. Ay me unhappie king.

Gray. Nay let not your grace be dismaid for our imprisonmēt, but I would we could warrant your grace from harme, &

¹ To *give aim* was to stand within a convenient distance from the butts to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the mark.

so we humbly take our leaues of your grace, hoping that ere long we shall answer by law to the shame & disgrace of you all.

Exit.

Rich. Go, you shall answere it by law.

Kin. But come vnkle shal we to Lon. to our vntimely coronatiō?

Rich. What else and please your maiestie, where by the way I will appoint trustie Officers about you.

Buc. Sound Trumpet in this parley, God saue the King.

Rich. Richard.¹

Enter the mother Queene, and her yong sonne the Duke of *Yorke*, and *Elizabeth*.

Yorke. May it please your grace to shew to your children the cause of your heavines, that we knowing it, may be co-partners of your sorrowes.

Q. Ay me poore husbandles queene, & you poore fatherlesse princes.

Eliz. Good mother expect the liuing, and forget the dead. What tho our Father be dead, yet behold his children, the image of himselfe.

Queene. Ay poore Princes, my mourning is for you and for your brother, who is gone vp to an vntimely crownation.

Eliz. Why mother he is a Prince, and in handes of our two vnckles, Earle Riuers, & Lord Gray, who wil no doubt be carefull of his estate.

Queen. I know they will, but kings haue mortall enemies, as well as friends that esteeme and regard them. A sweet children, when I am at rest my nightly dreames are dreadful. Me thinks as I lie in my bed, I see the league broken which was sworne at the death of your kingly father, tis this my children and many other causes of like importance, that makes your aged mother to lament as she doth.

¹ There is character in still making Gloucester try the sound of his greatness.

Yorke. May it please your grace.

Queene. A my son, no more grace, for I am so sore disgraced, that without Gods grace, I fall into dispaire with my selfe, but who is this?

Enter a Messenger.

York. What art thou that with thy gastly lookes preaseth into sanctuary, to affright our mother Queene.

Messen. A sweet Princes, doth my countenance bewray me? My newes is doubtfull and heauie.

Eliz. Then vtter it to vs, that our mother may not heare it.

Queene. A yes my friend, speake what ere it be.

Mess. Then thus may it please your grace, The yong prince comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vnckles, Earle Riuers, and Lord Gray, and the rest of your kindred, was by the Duke of Buckingham and the Protector, met at stonie *Stratford*, where on a suddaine grew malice betweene the Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Gray, but in the end, the Duke of Buckinghams malice grew so great, that he arested and attached all those of your kindred of high treason, whereupon the Protector being too rash in iudgement, hath committed them all to *Pomphret* Castle.

Queene. Where I feare he will butcher them all, but where is the Prince my sonne?

Messen. He remains at London in the Bishops palace, in the hands of the Protector.

Queene. A traitors, will they laie hands on their Prince, and imprison his Peeres, which no doubt meanes well towards him: But tell me, art not thou seruant to the Arch-Bishop of *Yorke*?

Messen. Yes and it please your grace, for himselfe is here at hand with Letters from the Councill, and here he comes.

Enter *Cardinall*.

Queene. But here my friend, grieve had almost made me forget thy reward.

A come my Lord, thou bringest the heauie newes, come shoote thine arrow, and hit this heart that is almost dead with griefe alreadie.

Car. What ere my newes be, haue patience, the Duke of Gloster greets your grace.

Queene. Draw home my Lord, for now you hit the marke.

Car. The Prince your sonne doth greete your grace.

Queene. A happie gale that blew that arrow by, A let me see the Letter that he sent, perhaps it may prolong my life awhile.

Yorke. How doth my brother, is he in health my Lord?

Card. In health sweete Prince, but longes to haue thy companie.

Yorke. I am content, if my mother will let me go.

Card. Content or not, sweete Prince it must be so.

Queene. Hold, and haue they perswaded thee my sonne to haue thy brother too away from me, nay first I will know what shall become of thee, before I send my other sonne to them.

Card. Looke on this Letter and aduise yourselfe, for thus the Councell hath determined.

Queene. And haue they chosen thee among the rest, for to perswade me to this enterprise? No my Lord, and thus perswade your selfe, I will not send him to be butchered.

Card. Your grace misdoubts the worst, they send for him only to haue him bedfellow to the King, and there to staie & keep him company. And if your sonne miscary, then let his blood be laid vnto my charge: I know their drifts and what they do pretend, for they shall both this night sleepe in the Tower, and to morrow they shall come forth to his happie coronation. Vpon my honour this is the full effect, for see the ambusht nobles are at hand to take the Prince away from you by force, if you will not by faire meanes let him go.

Queene. Why my Lord will you breake Sanctuary, and bring in rebels to affright vs thus? No, you shall rather take away my life before you get my boy away from me.

Card. Why Madame haue you taken Sanctuary?

Queene. I my Lord, and high time too I trow.

Card. A heauie case when Princes flie for aide, where cut-throates, rebels, and bankerouts should be. But Madame what answere do you returne, if I could perswade you, twere best to let him go.

Queene. But for I see you counsell for the best, I am content that you shall haue my son, in hope that you will send him safe to me, here I deliuer him into your hands.

Farewell my boy, commend me to thy brother.

Yorke. Mother farewell, and farewell sister too, I will but see my brother and returne to you.

Queene. Teares stops my speech. Come let vs in my Lord.

Exit.

Car. I will attend vpon your grace. Hold take the Prince, the Queen & I haue done, Ile take my leaue, and after you ile come.

Exit Car.

Yorke. How now my friend, shall I go to my brother?

Cates. What else sweete Prince, and for that cause wee are come to beare you company.

Exit omnes.

Enter foure watch-men. Enter *Richards* Page.

Pag. Why thus by keeping company, am I become like vnto those with whom I keepe company. As my Lorde hopes to weare the Crown, so I hope by that means to haue preferment, but in steed of the Crowne, the blood of the headles light vpon his head: he hath made but a wrong match, for blood is a threatner and will haue reuenge. He makes hauocke of all to bring his purpose to passe: all those of the Queens kinred that were committed to *Pomphret* Castle, hee hath caused them to be secretly put to death without iudgemēt: the like was neuer seen in England. He spares none whom he but mistrusteth to be a hinderer to his proceedings, he is straight chopt vp¹ in prison. The valiant Earle of Oxford being but mistrusted, is

¹ Clapt up?

kept close prisoner in *Hames Castle*. Againe, how well Doctor Shaw hath pleased my Lord, that preached at *Paules Crosse* yesterday, that proued the two Princes to be bastards, where-upon in the after noone came downe my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen to *Baynards Castle*, and offered my Lord the whole estate vpon him, and offered to make him King, which he refused so faintly, that if it had bene offered once more, I know he would haue taken it, the Duke of Buckingham is gone about it, and is now in the Guild Hall making his Oration. But here comes my Lord.

Enter *Richard* and *Catesby*.

Ric. Catesby content thee, I haue warned the Lord Hastings to this Court, and since he is so hard to be wonne, tis better to cut him off then suffer him, he hath bene all this while partaker to our secrets, and if he should but by some mislike vtter it, then were we all cast away.

Cates. Nay my Lord do as you will, yet I haue spoken what I can in my friends cause.

Rich. Go to no more ado Catesby, they say I haue bin a long sleeper to day, but ile be awake anon to some of their costs. But sirrha are those men in readinesse that I appointed you to get?

Pag. I my Lord, & giue diligent attendance vpon your grace.

Rich. Go to, looke to it then Catesby, get thee thy weapons readie, for I will enter the Court.

Cat. I will my Lord.

*Exit.*¹

Pag. Doth my Lord say he hath bene a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion, that thinks his grace lieth neuer lög inough a bed. Now there is court held to day by diuerse of the Councell, which I feare me wil cost the Lord Hastings and the Lord Standley their best cappes :

¹ For *Exit* with *Richard*

for my Lord hath willed mee to get halfe a dozen ruffians in readinesse, and when he knocks with his fist vpon the boord, they to rush in, and to crie, treason, treason, and to laie hands vpon the Lord Hastings, and the Lord Stannley, which for feare I should let slip, I will giue my diligent attendance.

Enter *Richard, Catesby*, and others, pulling Lord *Hastings*.

Rich. Come bring him away, let this suffice, thou and that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene hath bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet of my brothers, Shores wife: my withered arme is a sufficient testimony, deny it if thou canst: laie not Shores wife with thee last night?

Hast. That she was in my house my Lord I cannot deny, but not for any such matter. If.

Rich. If villain, feedest thou me with Ifs & ands, go fetch me a Priest, make a short shrift, and dispatch him quickly. For by the blessed Saint Paule I sweare, I will not dine till I see the traytors head, away sir Thomas, suffer him not to speak, see him executed straight & let his copartner the Lord Standly be carried to prison also, tis not his broke head I haue giuen him, shall excues him. *Exit with Hastings.*¹

Catesbie goe you and see it presently proclaimed throughout the Citie of London by a Herald of Armes, that the cause of his death and the rest, were for conspiring by Witchcraft the death of me and the Duke of Buckingham, that so they might gouern the King and rule the realme, I thinke the proclamation be almost done.

Cate. I my good Lord, and finished too.

Rich. Well then about it. But hearest thou Catesbie, meane while I will listen after successe of the Duke of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while with the Citizens of London to make me King, which I hope shall be shortly, for thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we neerer the marke then before,

¹ Compare Shakespeare's play, act iii., sc. 4.

and when I haue it, looke thou for the place of thy friend the Lord Hastings, meane while about thy businesse.

Cat. I thanke your grace.

Exit Catesbie.

Rich. Now sirrha to thee, there is one thing more vudone, which grieues me more then all the rest, and to say the truth, it is of more importance then all the rest.

Page. Ah that my Lord would vtter it to his Page, then should I count my selfe a happie man, if I could ease my Lord of that great doubt.

Rich. I commend thy willingnesse, but it is too mightie and reacheth the starres.

Page. The more waightie it is, the sooner shall I by doing it, increase your honours good liking toward me.

Rich. Be assured of that, but the matter is of waight & great importance, and doth concerne the state.

Page. Why my Lord, I will choake them with gifts that shall performe it, therefore good my Lord, trust me in this cause.

Rich. Indeed thy trust I know to be so true, that I care not to vtter it vnto thee. Come hither, & yet the matter is too waightie for so meane a man.

Page. Yet good my Lord, vtter it.

Rich. Why thus it is, I would haue my two Nephewes the yong Prince and his brother secretly murthered, Sownes vil-laine tis out, wilt thou do it? or wilt thou betray me?

Page. My Lord you shall see my forwardnesse herein, I am acquainted with one Iames Terrell, that lodgeth hard by your honors chamber, with him my Lord will I so worke, that soone at night you shall speake with him.

Rich. Of what reputation or calling is that Terrell, may we trust him with that which once knowne, were the vtter confusion of me and my friends for ever?

Page. For his trust my Lord, I dare be bounde, onely this, a poore gentleman he is, hoping for preferment by your grace and vpon my credit my Lord, he will see it done.

Rich. Well in this be verie circumspect and sure with thy

diligence, be liberall, and looke for a day to make thee blesse thy self, wherein thou seruedst so good a Lord. And now that Shores wifes goods be confiscate, goe from me to the Bishop of London, and see that she receiue her open penance, let her be turnd out of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deserued that plague: and let there be straight proclamation made by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall releuee her nor pittie her, and priue spies set in euerie corner of the Citie, that they may take notice of them that releuees her: for as her beginning was most famous aboue all, so will I haue her end most infamous aboue all. Haue care now my boy, and winne thy maisters heart for euer.

Enter *Shores* wife.

Shores. Ah unfortunate Shores wife, dishonour to the King, a shame to thy countrey, and the onely blot of defame to all thy kindred. Ay why was I made faire that a King should fauour me? But my friends should haue preferd discipline before affection: for they know of my folly, yea my owne husband knew of my breach of disloyaltie, and yet suffered me, by reason hee knew it bootlesse to kicke against the pricke. A sweet King Edward, little didst thou thinke Shores wife should haue bene so hardly vsed, thy vnnaturall brother not concent with my goods which are yet confiscate in his custodie, but yet more to adde to my present miserie, hath proclaimed vpon great penaltie, that none whatsoeuer, shall either aide or succour me, but here being comfortlesse to die in the streets with hunger. I am constrained to beg, but I feare tis in vaine, for none will pittie me. Yet here come one to whom I haue done good, in restoring his lands that were lost, now will I trie him to see if he will giue mee any thing.

Enters *Lodowicke*.

Lo. A time how thou suffrest fortune to alter estates, & changest the mindes of the good for the worst. How many

headlesse Peeres sleepe in their graues, whose places are furnish with their inferiours? Such as are neither nobly borne, nor vertuously minded. My heart hardly bewailes the losse of the yoong King, by the outrage of the Protector, who hath proclaimed himselfe King, by the name of Richard the third. The Commons murmure at it greatly, that the yoong King and his brother should be imprisoned, but to what end tis hard to say, but many thinks they shall neuer come forth againe. But God do all for the best, and that the right heires may not be vtterly ouerthrowne.

Shore. A gods what a grieve is it for me to aske, where I haue giuen.

Lod. A my good Lord Hastings, how innocently thou diedst the heauens beare witnesse.

Shores wife. Good sir, take pittie vppon mee, and releue mee.

Lod. Indeed tis pittie to see so faire a face to aske for almes, But tell me, hast thou no friends?

Shore. Yes sir I had many frends, but when my chiefest friend of all died, the rest then forsooke me.

Lod. Belike then thy fact was notorious, that thy friends leauing thee would let thee go as a spoyle for villaines. But hearst thou I prethie tell me the truth, and as I am a gentleman, I will pittie thee.

Shore. A Lodowick, tell thee the truth, why halfe this in-treatie serued thee, when thy lands had bene cleane gone had it not bene for Shores wife, and doest thou make me so long to begge for a litle.

Lod. Indeed my lands I had restored me by mistresse Shore, but may this be she?

Shore. I Lodowicke, I am she that begged thy lands of King Edward the fourth, therefore I pray thee bestow something on me.

Lod. A gods what is this world, and how vncertaine are riches? Is this she that was in such credit with the King? Nay more that could command a King indeed? I cannot deny

but my lands she restored me, but shall I by releeuing of her hurt my selfe, no : for straight proclamation is made that none shall succour her, therefore for feare I should be seene talke with her, I will shun her company and get me to my chamber, and there set downe in heroicall verse, the shamefull end of a Kings Concubin, which is no doubt as wonderfull as the desolation of a kingdome. *Exit.*

Shores. A Lodowick if thou wilt giue me nothing, yet staie and talke with me. A no he shuns my company, all my friends now forsake mee : In prosperitie I had many, but in aduersitie none. A gods haue I this for my good I haue done, for when I was in my cheefest pomp, I thought that day wel spent wherein I might pleasure my friend by sutes to the King, for if I had spoken, he would not have said nay. For tho he was King, yet Shores wife swayd the swoord. I where neede was, there was I bountifull, and mindfull I was still vppon the poore to releue them, and now none will know me nor succour me : therefore here shall I die for want of sustenance. Yet here comes another whom I haue done good vnto in sauing the life of his sonne, wel I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

Enter a Citizen and another.

Cit. No men no lawes, no Princes no orders, alls husht neighbour now hees king, but before he was king how was the tems¹ thwackt with ruffians ? what fraies had we in the streets ? Now he hath proclaimed peace betweene Scotland and England for sixe yeares, to what end I know not, vsurpers had need to be wise.

Shores. A good sir releue me, and bestow something vpon me.

Cit. A neighbour, hedges haue eyes, and high-wayes haue eares, but who ist a beggar-woman ? the streets are full of them,

¹ Thames !

Ifaith. But heeres thou, hast thou no friendes that thou goest a begging so?

Shore. Yes sir I had friendes, but they are all dead as you are.

Citi. Why am I dead neighbour? why thou arrant queane what meanst thou by that?

Shore. I meane they are dead in charitie. But I pray sir, had not you the life of your sonne saued in the time of king Edward the fourth by one Shores wife?

Citi. Yes marry had I, but art thou a sprig of the same bough? I promise you neighbor I thoght so, that so idle a hus-wife could not be without the acquaintance of so noble a strumpet: well for her sake ile giue thee somewhat

Shore. Nay then know, that I am shee that saued the life of thy condemned sonne.

Citi. Who art thou Shores wife? Lye still purse, neighbour I would not for twentie pounds haue giuen her one farthing, the proclamation is so hard by king Richard. Why minion are you she that was the dishonour to the King? the shame to her husband, the discredit to the Citie? Heare you, laie your fingers to worke, and get thereby somewhat to maintaine you. O neighbour I grow verie choloricke, and thou didst saue the life of my sonne, why if thou hadst not, another would: and for my part, I would he had bene hangd seuen yeeres ago, it had saued me a great deale of mony then. But come let vs go in, & let the quean alone. *(Exeunt.)*

Shore. Alasse thus am I become an open shame to the world, here shall I die in the streets for want of sustenance, alasse is my fact so heinous that none will pitie me? Yet heere comes another to whom I haue done good, who is least able to pleasure me, yet I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

Enter *Morton* a Seruing man.

Mort. Now sir, who but king *Richard* beares sway, and hath proclaimed Iohn Earle of *Linclone*, heire aparant to the Crown,

the yoong Princes they are in the Tower, nay some saies more, they are murdered. But this makes me to muse, the Duke of Buckingham and the King is at such variance, that did all in all to helpe him to the Crowne, but the Duke of Buckingham is rid downe to Breaknock-Castle in *Wales*, and there he meanes to raise vp a power to pull down the vsurper: but let them agree as they will, for the next faire winde ile ouer seas.

Shore. A Shores Wife, so neere driuen, to beg of a seruing man, I, necessitie hath no law, I must needs. Good sir releue me, and giue me something.

Seru. Why what art thou?

Shore. In briebe Morton, I am Shores wife, that haue done good to all.

Seru. A foole, and euer thy owne enemy. In troth mistresse Shore, my store is but small, yet as it is, weele part stakes, but soft I cannot do what I would, I am watcht.

Enters Page.

Shore. Good Morton releue me.

Seru. What should I releue my Kings enemy?

Shore. Why thou promist thou wouldst.

Seru. I tell thee I wil not, & so be answered. Sownes I would with all my heart, but for yonder villaine, a plague on him.

Exit.

Page. An honest fellow I warrant him. How now Shores wife will none releue thee?

Shore. No one will releue her, that hath bene good to all.

Page. Why twere pitie to do thee good, but me thinkes she is fulsome and stinkes.

Shore. If I be fulsome shun my company, for none but thy Lord sought my miserie, and he hath vndone me.

Pag. Why hath he vndone thee? nay thy wicked and naughtie life hath vndone thee, but if thou wantest maintenance, why doest thou not fall to thy old trade againe?

Shore. Nay villaine, I haue done open penance, and am sorie for my sinnes that are past.

Page. Sownes is Shores wife become an holie whoore, nay then we shall neuer haue done.

Shore. Why hang thee, if thy faults were so written in thy forehead as mine is, it would be as wrong with thee. But I prethie leaue me, and get thee from me.

Page. And cannot you keepe the Citie but you must runne gadding to the Court, and you staie here a litle longer, ile make you be set away, and for my part, would all whoores were so serued, then there would be fewer in England then there be. And so farewell good mistresse Shore. *Exit.*

Shore. And all such vsurping kings as thy Lord is, may come to a shamefull end, which no doubt I may liue yet to see. Therefore sweet God forgiue all my foule offence :

And though I haue done wickedly in this world,
Into hell fire, let not my soule be hurld. *Exit.*

Enter Maister *Terrill*, and sir *Robert Brokenbery*.

Broken. Maister Terrell, the King hath written, that for one night I should deliuer you the keyes, and put you in full possession. But good M. Terrell, may I be so bold to demand a question without offence ?

Ter. Else God forbid, say on what ere it be.

Bro. Then this maister Terrell, for your comming I partly know the cause, for the king oftentimes hath sent to me to haue them both dispacht, but because I was a seruant to their father being Edward the fourth, my heart would neuer giue me to do the deed.

Ter. Why sir Robert you are beside the matter, what neede you vse such speeches what matters are betweene the King and me, I pray you leaue it, and deliuer me the keyes.

Broken. A here with teares I deliuer you the keyes, and so farewell maister Terrell. *Exit.*

Ter. Alasse good sir Robert, hee is kinde hearted, but it must not preuaile, what I haue promised the King I must performe. But ho Myles Forest.

For. Here sir.

Ter. Myles Forest, haue you got those men I spake of, they must be resolute and pittillesse.

For. I warrant you sir, they are such pittillesse villaines, that all London cannot match them for their villanie, one of their names is Will Sluter, yet the most part calles him blacke Will, the other is Iack Denten, two murtherous villaines that are resolute.

Ter. I prethie call them in that I may see them, and speake with them.

Forest. Ho Will and Iack.

Will. Here sir, we are at hand.

For. These be they that I told you of.

Ter. Come hither sirs, to make a long discourse were but a folly, you seeme to be resolute in this cause that Myles Forest hath deliuered to you, therefore you must cast away pitie, & not so much as thinke upon fauour, for the more stearne that you are, the more shall you please the King.

Will. Zownes sir, nere talke to vs of fauour, tis not the first that Iack and I haue gone about.

Ter. Well said, but the Kings pleasure is this, that he wil haue no blood shead in the deed doing, therefore let me heare your aduises?

For. Why then I thinke this maister Terrell, that as they sit at supper there should be two dags¹ readie charged, and so suddainly to shoote them both through.

Terrell. No, I like not that so well, what saiest thou Will, what is thy opinion?

Will. Tush, heeres more adoo then needes, I pray bring mee where they are, and ile take them by the heeles and beate their braines against the walles.

¹ Pistols.

Ter. Nay that I like not, for tis too tyrannous.

Dout. Then heare me maister Terrell, let Will take one, and ile take another, and by the life of Iack Douton wee le cut both their throates.

Ter. Nay sirs, then heare me, I will haue it done in this order, when they be both a bed and at rest, Myles Forest thou shalt bring them vp both, and betweene two feather beds smother them both.

For. Why this is verie good, but stand aside, for here comes the Princes, ile bring you word when the deed is done.

Exit Terrill.

Enter the Princes.

Yorke. How fares my noble Lord and louing brother?

King. A worthie brother, Richard Duke of *Yorke*, my cause of sorrow is not for my selfe, but this is it that addes my sorrow more, to see our vnckle whom our father left as our Protector in minoritie, should so digresse from dutie, loue and zeale, so vnkindly thus to keepe vs vp prisoners, and know no sufficient cause for it.

Yorke. Why brother comfort your selfe, for tho he detaine vs a while, he will not keepe vs long, but at last he will send vs to our louing mother againe: whither if it please God to send vs, I doubt not but our mother would keepe vs so safe, that all the Prelates in the worlde should not depriue her of vs againe: so much I assure myselfe of. But here comes Myles Forest, I prethy Mylos tell my kingly brother some mery storie to passe away the time, for thou seest he is melancholy.

King. No Myles, tell me no mery storie, but answere me to one question, what was he that walked with thee in the Gardeine, me thought he had the keyes?

For. My Lord, it was one that was appointed by the *King* to be an ayde to sir Thomas Brokenbury.

King. Did the King, why Myles Forest, am not I King?

For. I would have said my Lord your vnckle the Protector.¹

King. Nay my kingly vnckle I know he is now, but let him enioy both Crowne and kingdome, so my brother and I may but enjoy our liues and libertie. But tell me, is sir Robert Brokenbery cleane discharged?

For. No my Lord, he hath but charge for a night or two.

King. Nay then, new officers, new lawes, would we had kept the old still. But who are they whose gastly lookes doth present a dying feare to my liuing bodie. I prethee tell me Myles what are they?

For. One my Lord is called Iack Denten, the other is called Will Slawter. But why starts your grace?

King. Slawter, I pray God he come not to slaughter my brother and me, for from murther and slaughter, good Lord deliver vs. But tell me Myles is our lodging prepared?

For. I my Lord, if it please your brother & you to walke vp.

King. Then come brother, we will go to bed.

For. I will attend vpon your grace.

Yorke. Come Myles Forest beare vs company.

For. Sirs staie you two here, and when they are a sleep ile call you vp. *Exit.*

Dent. I promise thee Will, it greeues mee to see what mone these yong Princes make, I had rather then fortie pounds I had nere tane it in hand, tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes, I like it not.

Will. Why you base slaue, are you faint hearted, a little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee.

Dent. Nay go forward, for now I am resolute: but come, lets too it.

Will. I prethee staie, heele call vs vp anon. But sirrha

¹ See Shakespeare, act iv. scene 1.

Iacke, didst thou mark how the King started when he heard my name? What will he do when he feelles me?

For. But ho sirs, come softly, for now they are at rest.

Will. Come we are readie, by the masse they are a sleepe indeed.

For. I heare they sleep, and sleepe sweet Princes, neuer wake no more, for you haue scene the last light in this world.

Iack. Come presse them downe, it bootes not to cry againe, Iack vpon them so lustily. But maister Forest now they are dead what shall we do with them?

For. Why goe and bury them at the heape of stones at the staire foote, while I goe and tell maister Terrell that the deed is done.

Will. Well we will, farewell maister Forest.

Enter Terrell.

Ter. How now Myles Forest, is this deed dispatcht?

For. I sir, a bloodie deed we haue performed.

Ter. But tell me, what hast thou done with them?

For. I have conueyd them to the staires foote among a heape of stones, and anon ile carry them where they shall be no more founde againe, nor all the cronicles shall nere make mentiõ what shall become of them: yet good maister Terrell, tell the King my name, that he may but reward me with a kingly thanks.

Ter. I will go certifie the King with speed, that Myles Forest, Will. Lawter, and Iack Denton, they three haue done the deed. And so farewell. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the Duke of Buckingham with his dagger drawne.

Ban.¹ Ah good my Lord, saue my life.

Buc. Ah villaine, how canst thou aske for mercie, when thou hast so vniustly betrayed me?

¹ Banister.

Ban. I desire your grace but giue me leaue to speake.

Buc. I speake thy last villain, that those that heare it, may see how vniustly thou hast betraied me.

Ban. Then thus my Lord. First, the proclamation was death to him that harboured your grace.

Buc. Ah villaine, and a thousand crownes to him that could betraie me.

Ban. Ah my Lord, my obeysance to my Prince is more.

Buc. Ah villain, thou betraiedst me for lucre, and not for dutie to thy Prince, why Banister, a good seruant thinkes his life well spent, that spends it in the quarrel of his maister. But villain make thyself readie, and here receiue thy death.

Enter a Herald.

Herald. Henry Duke of Buckingham, I arest thee in King Richards name as a traytor.

Buc. Well Herald, I will obey thy rest. But am I arrested in King Richardes name, vsurping Richard, that insatiate blood succour, that traitor to God & man. Ah Richard, did I in Guild Hall pleade the Orator for thee, and held thee in all thy slie and wicked practises, and for my reward doest thou alot me death? Ah Buckingham, thou plaidst thy part and made him King, and put the lawfull heires besides: why then is Buckingham guiltie now of his death? yet had not the Bishop of *Ely* fled, I had escaped.

Enters sixe others to rescue the Duke.

All. Come, the Duke of Buckingham shall not die: We will take him away by force.

Herald. Why villaines, will you bee Traytours to your Prince?

Buckingham. Nay good my friends giue me leaue to speake, and let me intreate you to laie your weapons by. Then know this countrey men, the cause I am arested this, Is for bringing in your lawfull King, which is Henry Earle of Richmond now

in *Brittaine*,¹ and meanes ere long to land at *Milford Hauen* in Wales, where I doo know hee shall haue ayde of the cheefest of the Welch, hee is your lawfull King, and this a wrongfull vsurper. When you shall heare of him landed in that place, then take vp weapons and amaine to him, hee is the man must reauue you of this yoake, and send the vsurper headlesse to his home, and poore Buckingham praies upon his knees, to blesse good Richmond in his enterprise, and when the conquest shall be giuen to him, graunt he may match with Ladie Elizabeth, as promise hath to fore by him bene past, while² then my friendes, leaue mee alone to death, and let me take this punishment in peace. Ah Buckingham, was not thy meaning good in displacing the vsurper, to raise a lawfull king? Ah Buckingham it was too late, the lawfull heires were smothered in the Tower, sweet Edward and thy brother, I nere slept quiet thinking of their deaths. But vaunt Buckingham, thou wast altogether innocent of their deaths. But thou villain, whom of a child I nurst thee vp, and hast so vniustly betraied thy Lorde? Let the curse of Buckingham nere depart from thee. Let vengeance, mischiefes, tortures, light on thee and thine. And after death thou maist more torture feele, then when *Ezeon* turnes the restlesse wheele. And banne thy soule where ere thou seeme to rest. But come my friends, let me away.

Herald. My Lord we are sorie. But come laie handes on Banister. *Exeunt.*

Enter King *Richard*, sir *William Catesbie* and others.

King. The goale is got, and golden Crowne is wonne,
And well deseruest thou to weare the same,
That ventured hast thy bodie and thy soule,
But what bootes Richard, now the Diademe
Or kingdome got, by murther of his friends,
My fearefull shadow that still followes me,

¹ Bretagne.

² Till.

Hath summond me before the seuere iudge,
 My conscience wnesse of the blood I spilt,
 Accuseth me as guiltie of the fact,
 The fact a damned iudgement craues,
 Whereas impartiall iustice hath condemned.
 Meethinks the Crowne which I before did weare,
 Inchast with Pearle and costly Diamonds,
 It turned now into a fatall wreathe,
 Of fiery flames, and euer burning starres,
 And raging fiends hath past ther vgly shapes,
 In student¹ lakes, adrest to tend on me,
 If it be thus, what wilt thou do in this extremitie?
 Nay what canst thou do to purge thee of thy guilt?
 Euen repent, craue mercie for thy damned fact,
 Appeale for mercy to thy righteous God,
 Ha repent, not I, craue mercy they that list.
 My God, is none of mine. Then Richard be thus resolu'd,
 To pace thy soule in vallence with their blood,²
 Soule for soule, and bodie for bodie, yea mary Richard,
 Thats good, Catesbie.

Cat. You cald my Lord, I thinke?

King. It may be so. But what thinkst thou Catesbie?

Cat. Of what my Lord?

King. Why of all these troubles.

Cat. Why my Lord, I hope to see them happily ouercom'd.³

King. How villain, doest thou hope to see me happily ouercom'd?

¹ Mr. Boswell proposes *stygian* for this word; and he may be right.

² This line seems corrupt. Archdeacon Nares interprets *to valance*, to adorn with drapery, and quotes from Hamlet:—

“Thy face is valanc’d [bearded] since I saw thee last.”

Perhaps we should read *To place thy soul in balance?*

³ The ancient participle of *come* was *comed* or *comen*. Daniel has the latter, and the former is vulgar with the Scotch to this day.

“He would have well becom’d this place.”

Cymbeline, act v., sc. 5.

Cat. Who you my Lord?

King. Ay villaine, thou points at me, thou hopest to see me ouercom'd.

Cat. No my good Lord, your enemies or else not.

King. Ha ha, good Catesbie, but what hearest thou of the Duke of Buckingham?

Cat. Why he is dead my Lord, he was executed at *Salisbury* yesterday.

King. Why tis impossible, his friends hopes that he shall outliue me, to be my head.

Cat. Out-lieue you, Lord thats straunge.

King. No Catesbie, if a do, it must be in flames,¹
And since they hope he shall out liue me, to be my head,
He hops without his head, & rests among his fellow rebels.

Cat. Mary no force² my Lord.

King. But Catesbie, what hearest thou of Henry Earle of *Richmond*?

Cat. Not a word my Lord.

King. No: hearest thou not he liues in *Brittaine*,³
In fauour with the Duke.

Nay more, Lady Margaret his mother conspires against vs,
And perswades him that hee is lineally descended from Henry
The fourth, and that he hath right to the Crowne,
Therefore tell me what thinkst thou of the Earle?

Cat. My Lord, I thinke of the Earle as he doth deserue,
A most famous gentleman.

King. Villaine doest thou praise my foe, and commend him to my face?

Cat. Nay my Lord, I wish he were as good a friend as he is a foe, else the due deserts of a traytor.

King. Whats that?

Cat. Why my Lord, to loose his head.

King. Yea mary, I would twere off quickly, then.
But more to the strengthening of his title,

¹ Flames?

² No matter.

³ Bretagne.

She goes about to marry him to the Queenes eldest daughter,
Ladie Elizabeth.

Cat. Indeed my Lord that I heard was concluded,
By all the nobilitie of *Brittaine*.

King. Why then there it goes,
The great diuell of hell go with all.
A marriage begun in mischief, shall end in blood :
I thinke that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene,
Doth nothing but bewitch me, and hatcheth conspiracies,
And brings out perillous birds to wound
Their Countries weale,
The Earle is vp in Armes,
And with him many of the Nobilitie,
He hath ayde in *France*,
He is rescued in *Brittaine*,
And meaneth shortly to arriue in England :
But all this spites me not so much,
As his escape from *Landoyse* the Dukes Treasuror,
Who if he had bene prickt foorth for reuenge,
He had ended all by apprehending of our foe,
But now he is in disgrace with the Duke,
And we farther off our purpose then to fore,
But the Earle hath not so many byting dogs abroad,
As we haue sleeping cures at home here,
Readie for rescue.

Cat. But my Lord, I maruell how he should get aide there,
Considering he is no friend to *Brittaine*.

King. Ay so thou maist maruell how the Duke of *Brittaine*,
Durst wake such a foe as England against him,
But euill fare makes open warre.
But who comes there Catsbie?
Ha one of our spurres to reuenge :
The Lord Standley, father in law to Ladie Margaret,
His comming is to vs Catsbie,
Wert not that his life might serue,

For apprehension against our foe,
He should haue neither Iudge nor Iury,
But guiltie death without any more ado.
Now Lord Standley, what newes?
Haue you receiued any letters of your late embassage into
Brittaine? What answere have you receiued of your letters?

Enter Lord *Standley*, and his sonne *George*.

Stand. Why my Lord, for that I sent, I haue receiued.

King. And how doth your sonne then, is he in health?

Standley. For his health my Lord, I do not mistrust.

King. Faith tell vs, when meanes he to arriue in England?
And how many of our Nobilitie is with him?
And what power is with him?

Standley. And please your grace,
His power is unknowne to me,
Nor willingly would not I be priuy to such causes.

King. Oh good wordes Lord Standley, but giue
me leaue to gleane out of your golden field of eloquence, how
braue you pleade ignorance, as though you knew not of your
sonnes departure into *Brittaine* out of England.

Stand. Not I my Lord.

King. Why is not his mother thy wife, & dares he passe
ouer without the blessing of his mother, whose husband thou
art?

Stand. I desire your maiestie but giue me leaue to speake?

King. Yea speak Standley, no doubt some fine coloured tale.

Stand. And like your grace, wheras you mistrust that I
knew of my sonnes departure, out of England into *Brittaine*,
God I take to record it was vnknowne to me, nor know not yet
what his pretence is: for at his departure, was I one of the
priuy councill to your brother King Edward the fourth, and
that she was able to relieue him without my helpe: I hope her
sufficiencie is knowne to your grace. Therefore I humbly craue
pardon.

King. Well Standley, I feare it will be proued to the contrarie, that thou didst furnish him both with mony and munition, which if it be, then looke for no fauour at my hands, but the due deserts of a traitor: but let this passe. Whats your repaire to our presence?

Stan. Only this my Lord, that I may repaire from the court, to my house in the country.

King. Ay sir, that you might be in *Cheshire* and *Lancashire*, then should your Postes passe inuisible into *Brittaine*, and you to depart the realme at your pleasure, or else I to suffer an intollerable foe vnder me, which I will not. But Standley to be brief, thou shalt not go. But soft Richard, but that it were better to be alone then to haue noysome company, hee shall goe, leauing for his loyaltie a sufficient pledge. Come hither Standley, thou shalt goe, leauing me here thy sonne and heire George Standley for a pledge, that hee may perish for thy fault if neede should be, if thou likest this, goe, If not, answere me briefly, and say quickly no.¹

Stand. I am to aduise my selfe vppon a secret cause, and of a matter that concernes me neare: say that I leaue my sonne vnto the King, and that I should but aide Earle Richmond, my sonne George Standley dies, but if my faith be kept unto my Prince George Standley liues. Well I will except the Kings proffer.

And please your grace I am content, and will leaue my sonne to pledge.

King. Here come hither, and with thee take this lesson.

Thou art set free for our defence,

Thou shalt vpon thy pledge make this promise,

Not only to staie the hinderance of the Earle,

But to preuent his purpose with thy power.

Thou shalt not seeke by any meanes to aide or rescue him.

This done, of my life thy sonne doth liue:

¹ See Shakespeare, act iv., sc. 4.

But otherwise thy sonne dies and thou too, if I catch thee :
And it shall go hard but I will catch thee.

Stand. And you shall go apace, and yet go without me.
But I humbly take my leaue of your grace. Farewell George.

King. How now, what do you giue him letters ?

Stand. No my Lord I haue done :
The second sight is sweet, of such a sonne. *Erit.*

King. Carry George Standley to prison.

George. Alasse my Lord, shall I go to prison ?

King. Shall you go to prison, what a questions that ?
So picke the lambe, and wound the damme.
How likest thou this Catesbie ?

Cat. Oh my Lord so excellent, that you haue imprisoned his
some.

King. Nay now will we looke to the rest.
But I sent the Lord Louell to the mother Queene,
Concerning my sute to her daughter Elizabeth,
But see in good time here he is.

How now Louell, what newes ?
What saith the mother Queene to my sute ?

Enters Louell.

Lou. My Lord very strange she was at the first,
But when I had told her the cause, she gaue consent :
Desiring your maiestie to make the nobilitie priuie to it.

King. God haue mercy Louell, but what said Lady Elizabeth ?

Lou. Why my Lord, straunge, as women will be at the first,
But through intreatie of her mother, she quickly gaue consent.
And the Queene wild me to tel your grace, that she meanes to
leaue Sanctuary, and to come to the court with al her daughters.

King. I marry Louell let not that opportunitie slippe, looke
to it Catesbie, be carefull for it Louell, for thereby hangs such
a chance, that may enrich vs and our heires for euer. But sirs

hard ye nothing of the Scottish Nobles that met at *Nottingham*, to conferre about the marriage of my Neece.

Cat. Not a word my Lord.

Enters Messenger.

King. Gogs wounds who is that? search the villaine, has he any dags about him?

Mess. No my Lord I haue none.

King. From whence comes thou?

Mess. From the Peeres at *Nottingham* and *Scotland*, & they greete your Maiestie.

Lou. Sirrha is the marriage concluded betweene the Scottish Earle and the faire Lady *Rosa*?

Cat. Prethie tell vs, is it concluded?

Page. How saies thou, is it concluded?

King. Nay will you giue me leaue to tell you that? Why you villaines will you know the secrets of my letter by interrupting messengers that are sent to me? Away I say, begone, it is time to looke about: away I say, what here yet villaines?

Mess. My Lord, I haue some what to say besides?

King. Then speake it, what hast thou to say?

Mess. This my Lord, when the Peeres of England and *Scotland* met at *Nottingham* together, to confer about the marriage of your Neece, it was straight determined that she shuld be married with the Scottish Earle. And further my Lord, the Councel commanded me to deliuer vnto your grace the treasons of Captain Blunt, who had the Earle of *Oxford* in charge in *Hames* castle, now are they both fled, and purposeth to ayde the Earle of Richmond against your grace. Now my Lord I take my leaue.

King. Messenger staie, hath Blunt betrayed, doth Oxford rebell and aide the Earle Richmond, may this be true, what is our prison so weake, our friends so fickle, our Ports so ill lookt too, that they may passe and repasse the seas at their pleasures, then euerie one conspires, spoyles our Conflex, conquores our

Castles, and Armes themselues with their owne weapons vnresisted? O villaines, rebels, fugetives, theeues, how are we betrayd, when our owne swoordes shall beate vs, and our owne subiects seekes the subuersion of the state, the fall of their Prince, and sack of their country, of his,¹ nay neither must nor shall, for I will Army with my friends, and cut off my enemies, & beard them to their face that dares me, and but one, I one, one beyond the seas that troubles me: wel his power is weake, & we are strong, therefore I wil meet him with such melodie, that the singing of a bullet shal send him merily to his lōgest home. Come follow me.

Enter Earle *Rich.*² Earle *Oxford*, *P. Landoy*s, & captain *Blunt*.

Rich. Welcome deare friends and louing country-men
 Welcome I say to Englands blisfull Ile,
 Whose forwardnesse I cannot but commend,
 That thus do aide vs in our enterprise,
 My right it is, and sole inheritance,
 And Richard but vsurps in my authoritie,
 For in his tyrannie he slaughtered those
 That would not succour him in his attempts,
 Whose guiltlesse blood craues daily at Gods hands,
 Reuenge for outrage done to their harmlesse liues:
 Then courage countrymen, and neuer be dismayd,
 Our quarels good, and God will helpe the right,
 For we may know by dangers we haue past,
 That God no doubt will giue vs victorie.

Oxf. If loue of gold, or feare of many foes,
 Could once haue danted vs in our attempts,
 Thy foote had neuer toucht the English shoare,
 And here Earle Oxford plites his faith to thee,
 Neuer to leaue in what we haue vndertane,
 But follow still with resolution,

¹ There seems to be some corruption here.

² Richmond.

Till thou be crownd as conquerer in the field,
Or lose thy life in following of thy right :
Thy right braue Richmond, which we wil maintaine
Maugre the proudest bird of Richards brood.
Then cousin Richmond being resolued thus,
Let vs straight to Arms, & God and S. *George* for vs.

Blunt. As this braue Earle haue said, so say we all,
We will not leaue thee till the field be wonne,
Which if with fortunate successe we can performe,
Thinke then Earle Richmond that I followed thee,
And that shall be honour inough for mee.

Lan. So saith Landoyse that honors Richmond so
With loue vnfeined for his valure past,
That if your honour leade the way to death,
Peeter Landoyse hath sworne to follow thee.
For if Queen mother do but keepe her word,
And what the Peeres haue promised be performed,
Touching the marriage with Elizabeth,
Daughter to our King Edward the fourth,
And by this marriage ioyne in vnitie
Those famous Houses *Lancashire* and *Yorke*,
Then England shall no doubt haue cause to say,
Edwards coronation was a ioyfull day.
And this is all Landoyse desires to see.

Richm. Thanks Landoyse, and here Earle Richmonds vows,
If their kinde promises take but effect,
That as they haue promised I be made King,
I will so deale in gouerning the state,
Which now lies like a sauage shultred groue,
Where brambles, briars, and thornes, ouer-grow those sprigs,
Which if they might but spring to their effect,
And not be crost so by their contraries,
Making them subiect to these outrages,
Would proue such members of the Common-weale,
That England should in them be honoured,

As much as euer was the Romane state,
 When it was gouerned by the Councels rule,
 And I will draw my swoord braue country-men,
 And neuer leaue to follow my resolute,
 Till I haue mowed those brambles, briars and thornes
 That hinder those that long to do vs good.

Oxf. Why we haue scapt the dangeroust brunt of all,
 Which was his garrison at *Milford* Hauen,
 Shall we dismay, or dant our friends to come?
 Because he tooke the Duke of Buckingham?
 No worthie friends, and louing country-men,
 Oxford did neuer beare so base a minde,
 He will not winke at murthers secretly put vp,
 Nor suffer vpstarts to enioy our rightes,
 Nor liue in England vnder an vsurping king,
 And this is Oxfords resolution.

Rich. But Blunt, looke whose that knocks.

Blunt. My Lord, tis a messenger from the mother Queene,
 And the Ladie Standley your mother, with letters.

Rich. Admit him straight, now shall we heare some newes.

Enters *Messenger*.

Mess. Long liue Earle Richmond.
 The mother Queene doth greet your honour.

Rich. Welcome my friend, how fares our mother & the rest?

Mess. In health my Lord, and glad to hear of your ariual safe.

Rich. My friend, my mother hath written to me of certaine that are comming in our aide, the report of whose names are referd to thee to deliuer.

Mess. First, theirs the Lord Talbut, the Earle of Shreuesbury sonne and heire, with a braue band of his owne.

There is also the Lord Fitz Harbart, the Earle of Pembrookes sonne and heire.

Of the Gentlemen of the Welch, there is sir Prise vp Thomas and Sir Thomas vp Richard, and sir Owen Williams, braue gentlemen my Lord. These are the chiefe.

Rich. Are these the full number of all that come?

Mess. Only two more my Lord, which I haue left vnnamed, the one is sir Thomas Denis a Westernne gentleman, and ioyned with him one Arnoll Butler, a great many are willing, but dares not as yet.

Rich. Doth Arnoll Butler come, I can hardly brooke his trecherie, for hee it was that wrought my disgrace with the King.

Oxf. Well my Lord, wee are now to strengthen our selues with friends, and not to reape vp olde quarrels, say that *Arnoll Butler* did iniurie you in the time of peace, the mendes is twise made, if he stand with you in the time of warres.

Rich. Well my friend, take this for thy good newes,
And commend me to our mother and the rest.
Thus my Lords, you see God still prouides for vs :
But now my Lords touching the placing of our battell¹ best,
And how we may be least indangered,
Because I will be foremost in this fight,
To incounter with that bloodie murtherer,
My selfe wil lead the vaward of our troope,
My Lord of Oxford, you as our second selfe,
Shall haue the happie leading of the reare,
A place I know which you will well deserue,
And Captaine Blunt, Peter Landoyse and you,
Shall by² in quarters as our battells scowtes,
Prouided, thus your bow-men Captaine Blunt,
Must scatter here and there to gaull their horse,
As also when that our promised friends do come,
Then must you hold hard skirmish with our foes,
Till I by cast of a counter march,

¹ Army.

² Bide.

Haue ioynd our power with those that come to vs,
 Then casting close, as wings on either side,
 We will giue a new prauado on the foe,
 Therefore let vs towards *Aderstoe* amaine,
 Where we this night God-willing will incampe,
 From thence towards *Lichfield*, we will march next day,
 And neerer London, bid King Richard play. *Exit.*

Enters the *Page*.

Page. Where shall I finde a place to sigh my fill,
 And waile the grieve of our sore troubled King ?
 For now he hath obtaind the Diademe,
 But with such great discomfort to his minde,
 That he had better liued a priuate man, his lookes are gastly,
 Hidious to behold, and from the priuie sentire of his heart,
 There comes such deepe fetcht sighes and fearefull cries,
 That being with him in his chamber oft,
 He mooues me weepe and sigh for company,
 For if he heare one stirre he riseth vp,
 And claps his hand vpon his dagger straight,
 Readie to stab him, what so ere he be,
 But he must thinke this is the iust reuenge,
 The heauens haue powred vpon him for his sinnes,
 Those Peeres which he vnkindly murdered,
 Doth crie for iustice at the hands of God,
 And he in iustice sends continuall feare,
 For to affright him both at bed and boord,
 But staie, what noyse is this, who haue we here ?

Enters men to go to *Richmond*.

How now sirs, whither are you going so fast ?

Men. Why to Earle Richmonds Camp to serue with him,
 For we haue left to serue King Richard now.

Page. Why comes there any more ?

Men. A number more.

Exit.

Page. Why these are the villaines my Lord would haue put his life into their hands.

A Richard, now do my eyes witnesse that thy end is at hand, For thy commons make no more account of thee then of a priuate man, yet will I as dutie bindes, giue thee aduertisements of their vniust proceedings. My maister hath lifted out many, and yet hath left one to lift him out of all, not onely of his Crowne, but also of his life. But I will in, to tell my Lord of what is happened.

Enters Richmond, and Oxford.

Rich. Good my Lord depart, and leaue me to myselfe.

Oxf. I pray my Lord, let me go along with you.

Rich. My Lord it may not be, for I haue promised my father that none shall come but my selfe, therefore good my Lord depart.

Oxf. Good my Lord haue a care of your self, I like not these night walkes and scouting abroad in the euenings so disguised, for you must not now that you are in the vsurpers dominions, and you are the onely marke he aimes at, and your last nightes absence bred such amazement in our souldiers, that they like men wanting the power to follow Armes, were on a sodaine more liker to flie then to fight : therefore good my Lorde, if I may not stand neare, let me stand aloofe off.

Rich. Content thee good Oxford, and tho I confesse myself bound to thee for thy especiall care, yet at this time I pray thee hold me excused. But farewell my Lord, here comes my Lord and father.

Enters Standley and another.

Stan. Captaine I pray thee bring me word when thou doest discrie the enemy. And so farewell, and leaue me for a while.

Rich. How fares my gracious Lord and father?

Stan. In good health my sonne, & the better to see thee thus foreward in this laudable enterprise, but omitting vain cir-

cumstances, and to come briefly to the purpose, I am now in fewe words to deliuer much matter. For know this, when I came to craue leaue of the King to depart from the court, the king verie furiously began to charge me that I was both acquainted with thy practises and drifts, and that I knew of thy landing, and by no meanes would grant me leaue to go, till as pledge of my loyaltie and true dealing with the king, I should leaue my yoong sonne George Standley. Thus haue I left my son in the hands of a tyrant, onely of purpose to come and speake with thee.

Rich. But omitting this, I pray tell me, shall I looke for your helpe in the battell?

Stan. Sonne I cannot, for as I will not go to the vsurper, no more I will not come to thee.

Rich. Why then it is bootlesse for us to staie, for all we presumed vpon, was on your aide.

Stan. Why sonne, George Standlyes death would doo you no pleasure.

Rich. Why the time is too troublesome, for him to tend to follow execution.

Stan. O sonne, tyrants expect no time, and George Standley being yoong and a grissell, is the more easie to be made away.

Rich. This newes goes to my heart, but tis in vaine for mee to looke for victorie, when with a mole-hill, we shall encóunter with a mountaine.

Stand. Why sonne, see how contrarie you are, for I assure you, the chiefest of his company are liker to flie to thee, then to fight against thee: and for me, thinke me not so simple but that I can at my pleasure flie to thee, or being with them, fight so faintly, that the battell shall be wonne on thy part with small incountring. And note this besides, that the King is now come to *Lester*, and means to morrow to bid thee battel in *Bosworth*.

Enters Messenger.

Mess. Come my Lord, I do disery the enemy.

Stand. Why then sonne farewell, I can staie no longer.

Richm. Yet good father, one word more ere you depart,
What number do you thinke the kings power to be ?

Stand. Mary some twentie thousand. And so farewell.

Richm. And we hardly fise thousand, being beset with many enemies, hoping vpon a few friends, yet dispaire not Richmond, but remember thou fightest in right, to defende thy countrey from the tyrannie of an vsurping tyrant, therefore Richmond goe forward, the more dangerous the battell is in attein- ing, it prooues the more honourable being obtained. Then forward Richmond, God and Saint *George*, for me.

*Quisquam regna gaudit, ô fallax bonum.*¹

Enters the King, and the Lord *Louell*.

King. The hell of life that hangs vpon the Crowne,
The daily cares, the nightly dreames,
The wretched crewes, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloodie practise past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoeuer I do,
Meethinkes their ghoasts comes gaping for reuenge,
Whom I haue slaine in reaching for a Crowne.
Clarence complaines, and crieth for reuenge.
My Nephues bloods, Reuenge, reuenge, doth crie.
The headlesse Peeres come preasing for reuenge.
And euery one cries, let the tyrant die.
The Sunne by day shines hotely for reuenge.
The Moone by night eclipseth for reuenge.
The Stars are turnd to Comets for reuenge.
The Planets chaunge their courses for reuenge.
The birds sing not, but sorrow for reuenge.
The silly lambes sits bleating for reuenge.
The screeking Rauens sits croking for reuenge.

¹ Read, *Quisquam regno gaudet, ô fallax bonum!*

Whole heads of beasts comes bellowing for reuenge.
 And all, yea all the world I thinke,
 Cries for reuenge, and nothing but reuenge.
 But to conclude, I haue deserued reuenge.
 In company I dare not trust my friend,
 Being alone, I dread the secret foe :
 I doubt my foode, least poyson lurke therein.
 My bed is vncoth, rest refraines my head.
 Then such a life I count far worse to be,
 Then thousand deaths vnto a damned death :
 How wast death I said ? who dare attempt my death ?
 Nay who dare so much as once to thinke my death ?
 Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
 Yet shall they leaue a neuer dying minde.
 But you villaines, rebels, traitors as you are
 How came the foe in, preasing so neare ?
 Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat them back ?
 Where was our friends to intercept the foe ?
 All gone, quite fled, his loyaltie quite laid a bed ?
 Then vengeance, mischief, horror, with nischance,
 Wilde-fire, with whirlewinds, light upon your heads,
 That thus betrayd your Prince by your vntruth.

*King.*¹ Frantike man, what meanst thou by this mood ?
 Now he is come more need to beate him backe.

Lou. Sowre is his sweete that sauours thy delight, great is
 his power that threats thy ouerthrow.

King. The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much, as for to
 see my friends do flie in flocks from me.

Lou. May it please your grace to rest your selfe content, for
 you haue power inough to defend your land.

Kin. Dares Richmond set his foote on land with such a
 small power of stragling fugatiues ?

¹ This seems to be a continuation of the King's speech, but a change of his mood, from delirium to reason. Compare Richard's dream in Shakespeare, and the whole of our poet's act v. scene 3, with this scene.

Lou. May it please your grace to participate the cause that thus doth trouble you?

King. The cause Buzard, what cause should I participate to thee? My friends are gone away, and fled from me, keep silence villaine, least I by poste do send thy soule to hell, not one word more, if thou doest loue thy life. *Enters Catesbie.*

Cat. My Lord.

King. Yet againe vilaine, ô Catesbie is it thou? What comes the Lord Standley or no?

Cat. My Lord, he answeres no.

King. Why didst not tell him then, I would send his sonne George Standleys head to him.

Cat. My Lord I did so, & he answered, he had another sonne left to make Lord Standley.

King. O vilaine vilde, and breaker of his oath, the bastardes ghoast shall hant him at the heeles, and crie reuenge for his vild fathers wrongs, go Louell, Catesbie, fetch George Standly forth, him with these handes will I butcher for the dead, and send his headlesse bodie to his sire.

Catesbie. Leaue off executions now the foe is heere that threatens vs most cruelly of our liues.

King. Zownes, foe mee no foes, the fathers fact condemnes the sonne to die.

Lou. But guiltlesse blood will for reuengement crie.

King. Why was not he left for fathers loyaltie?

Lou. Therein his father greatly iniured him.

King. Did not your selues in presence, see the bondes sealde and assignde?

Lo. What tho my Lord, the vardits own, the titles doth resign.¹

King. The bond is broke and I will sue the fine, except you will hinder me, what will you haue it so?

Lou. In doing true iustice, else we answeres no.

¹ This passage is unintelligible.

King. His trecherous father hath neglect his word and done imparshall past by dint of sword,¹ therefore sirrha go fetch him. Zownes draw you cuts who shall go, I bid you go Catesby.¹ A Richard, now maist thou see thy end at hand, why sirs why fear you thus? why we are ten to one, if you seeke promotion, I am Kinge alreadie in possession, better able to performe then he. Louell, Catesby, lets ioyne louingly and deuoutly together, and I will diuide my whole kingdome amongst you.

Both. We will my Lord.

King. We will my Lord, a Catesbie, thou lookest like a dog, and thou Louell too, but you will runne away with them that be gone, and the diuel go with you all, God I hope, God, what talke I of God, that haue serued the diuell all this while. No, fortune and courage for mee, and ioyne England against mee with England, Ioyne Europe with Europe, come Christendome, and with Christendome the whole world, and yet I will neuer yeeld but by death onely. By death, no die, part not childishly from thy Crowne, but come the diuell to claime it, strike him down, & tho that Fortune hath decreed, to set reuenge with triumphs on my wretched head, yet death, sweete death, my latest friend, hath sworne to make a bargaine for my lasting fame, and this, I this verie day, I hope with this lame hand of mine, to rake out that hatefull heart of Richmond, and when I haue it, to eate it panting hote with salt, and drinke his blood luke warme, tho I be sure twil poyson me. Sirs you that be resolute follow me, the rest go hang your selues. *Exit.*

The battell enters, *Richard* wounded, with his Page.

King. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

Page. A flie my Lord, and saue your life.

King. Flie villaine, looke I as tho I would flie,² no first shall this dull and sencelesse ball of earth receiue my bodie cold and

¹ This passage is unintelligible.

² See Shakespeare, act iv., scene 4.

³ See Shakespeare, act v., scene 4.

void of sence, you watry heauens rowle on my gloomy day, and darksome cloudes close vp my cheerfull sownde, downe is thy sunne Richard, neuer to shine againe, the birdes whose feathers should adorne my head, houters aloft & dares not come in sight, yet faint not man, for this day if Fortune will, shall make thee King possesst with quiet Crowne, if Fates deny, this ground must be my graue, yet golden thoughts that reache for a Crowne, danted before by Fortunes cruell spight, are come as comforts to my drooping heart, and bids me keepe my Crowne and die a King. These are my last, what more I haue to say, ile make report among the damned soules. *Exit.*

Enters Richmond to battell againe, and kills Richard.

Enters Report and the Page.

Report. How may I know the certain true report of this victorious battell fought to day, my friend what ere thou beest, tel vnto mee the true report, which part hath wonne the victorie, whether the King or no?

Page. A no the King is slaine and he hath lost the day, and Richmond he hath wonne the field, and tryumphs like a valiant conquerer.

Report. But who is slaine besides our Lord and soueraigne?

Page. Slaine is the worthie duke of Northfolke he, & with him Sir Robart Brokenby, Lieftenant of the Tower, besides Louell, he made also a partner in this Tragedie.

Report. But wheres sir William Catsby?

Page. Hee is this day beheaded on a stage at *Lester*, because he tooke part with my Lord the King. But stay Report, & thou shalt heare me tell the brieue discourse. And how the battell fell then knowe Report, that Richard came to fielde mounted on horsback, with as high resolute as fierce *Achillis* mongst the sturdie Greekes, whom to encounter worthie Richmond, came accompanied with many followers, and then my Lord displayde his colours straight, and with the charge of

Trumpet, Drum and Fyfe, these braue batalians straight encountred, but in the skirmish which cōtinued long, my Lord gan faint, which Richmond straight perceiued, and presently did sound a fresh alarme, but worthie Richard that did neuer flie, but followed honour to the gates of death, straight spurd his horse to encounter with the Earle, in which encountrie Richmond did preuaile, & taking Richard at aduantage, then he threw his horse and him both to the ground, and there was woorthie Richard wounded, so that after that he nere recovered strength. But to be briefe, my maister would not yeeld, but with his losse of life he lost the field. Report farewell.

Enter Earle *Richmond*, Earle *Oxford*, *L. Standley*, and their traine, with the Crowne.

Rich. Now noble Peeres and woorthie country-men, since God hath giuen vs fortune of the day. let vs first giue thanks vnto his Deitie, & next with honors fitting your deserts, I must be gratefull to my country men, and woorthie Oxford for thy seruice showne in hote encountring of the enemy, Earle Richmond bindes himselfe in lasting bondes of faithfull loue and perfect vnitie. Sory I am for those that I haue lost by our so dangerous encountring with the foe, but sorrow cannot bring the dead to life: and therefore are my sorrows spent in vaine. Onely to those that liue, thus much I say, I will maintain them with a manuall paie. And louing father, lastly to your self, tho not the least in our expected aide, we giue more thanks for your vnlooked for aide, then we haue power on so-daine to declare, but for your thanks I hope it shall suffice that I in nature loue & honor you.

L. Stan. Well spoken sonne, and like a man of worth, whose resolutiō in this battell past, hath made thee famous mongst thy enemies. And thinke my son, I glory more to heare what praise the common people gaue of thee, then if the Peeres by general full consent had set me downe to weare the Diadem. Then liue my sonne thus loued of thy friends, and for thy foes prepare to combate them.

Oxf. And Oxford vowes perpetuall loue to thee, wishing as many honours to Earle Richmond, as *Cæsar* had in conquering the world, & I doubt not but if faire fortune follow thee, to see thee honoured mongst thy country men, as *Hector* was among the Lords of *Troy* or *Tulley* mongst the Romane Senators.

Rich. How fares our louely mother Queene?

Enters mother *Queene* and *Elizabeth*.

Queene. In health Earle Richmond, glad to heare the newes that God hath giuen thee fortune of the day. But tell me Lords, where is my sonne Lord Marquesse Dorset, that he is not here? what was he murdered in this Tragedie?

Rich. No louely Queene your sonne doth liue in *France*, for being distrest and driuen by force of tempest to that shore, and many of our men being sicke and dead, we were inforst to aske the King for aide, as well for men as for munition, which then the King did willingly supply, provided, that as hostage for those men, Lord Marquesse Dorset should be pledge with thē. But Madame now our troubled warre is done, Lord Marquesse Dorset shall come home againe.

Queene. Richmond, gramercies for thy kinde good newes, which is no little comfort to thy friends, to see how God hath beene thy happie guide in this late conquest of our enemies. And Richmond, as thou art returned with victorie, so we will keepe our words effectually.

Rich. Then Madame for our happie battelles victorie, first thanks to heauen, next to my foreward country-men, but Madame pardon me tho I make bold to charge you with a promise that you made, which was confirmed by diuerse of the Peeres, touching the marriage of Elizabeth, and hauing ended what I promised you, Madam, I looke and hope to haue my due.

Stand. Then know my sonne, the Peeres by full consent, in that thou hast freed them from a tyrants yoke, haue by election chosen thee as King, first in regard they account thee vertuous, next, for that they hope all forraine broyles shall seace,

and thou wilt guide and gouerne them in peace, then sit thou downe my sonne, and here receiue the Crowne of England as thy proper owne, sit downe.

Oxf. Henry the seuenth, by the grace of God, King of England, *France*, and Lord of *Ireland*, God saue the King.

All. Long liue Henry the seuenth, King of England.

Rich. Thanks louing friends and my kind country-men, and here I vow in presence of you all, to root abuses from this common welth, which now flowes faster then the furious tyde that ouerflowes beyond the bankes of *Nile*. And louing father, and my other friends, whose ready forwardnesse hath made me fortunate, Richmond will still in honourable loue count himselfe to be at your dispose, nor do I wish to enioy a longer life, then I shall liue to think vpon your loue. But what saith faire Elizabeth to vs? for now wee haue welcommed our other friends, I must bid you welcome Ladie amongst the rest, and in my welcome craue to be resolued, how you resolve touching my profered loue vnto you, here your mother and the Peeres agree, and all is ended, if you condescend.

Eliz. Then know my Lord, that if my mother please, I must in dutie yeeld to her command, for when our aged father left his life, he willed vs honour still our mothers age: and therefore as my dutie doth command, I do commit my self to her dispose.

Queene. Then here my Lord, receiue thy royall spouse, vertuous Elizabeth, for both the Peeres and Commons do agree that this faire Princesse shall be wife to thee. And we pray all, that faire Elizabeth may liue for aye, and neuer yeeld to death.

Rich. And so say I, thanks to you all my Lords, that thus haue honoured Richmond with a Crowne, and if I liue, then make account my Lords I will deserue this with more then common loue.

Stan. And now were but my sonne George Standley here,
How happie were our present meeting then,
But he is dead, nor shall I euer more see my sweete

Boy whom I do loue so deare, for well I know the vsurper
In his rage hath made a slaughter of my aged ioy.

Rich. Take comfort gentle father, for I hope my brother
George will turne in safe¹ to vs.

Stand. A no my sonne, for he that ioyes in blood, will worke
his furie on the innocent.

Enters two Messengers with *George Standley*.

Stan. But how now what noyse is this?

Mess. Behold Lord Standley we bring thy sonne, thy sonne
George Standley, whom with great danger we haue saued from
furie of a tyrants doome.

L. Stan. And liues George Standley? Then happie that I
am to see him freed thus from a tyrants rage. Welcome my
sonne, my sweete George welcome home.

George Stan. Thanks my good ffather, and George Standley
ioyes to see you ioynd in this assembly. And like a lambe
kept by a greedie Woolfe within the inclosed sentire of the
earth, expecting death without deliuerie, euen from this daunger
is George Standley come, to be a guest to Richmond & the
rest: for when the bloodie butcher heard your honour did re-
fuse to come to him, hee like a sauage tygre then iraged, com-
manded straight I should be murdered, & sent these two to
execute the deed, but they that knew how innocēt I was, did
post him off with many long delayes, allcaging reasons to alaie
his rage, but twas in vaine, for he like to a starued Lionesse
still called for blood, saying that I should die. But to be
briefe, when both the battels ioynd, these two and others,
shifted me away.

Rich. Now seeing that each thing turnes to our content,
I will it be proclaimed presently, that traytrous Richard
Be by our command, drawne through the streets of *Lester*,
Starke naked on a Colliers horse let him be laide,

¹ Return in safety.

For as of others paines he had no regard,
 So let him haue a traytors due reward.
 Now for our marriage and our nuptiall rytes,
 Our pleasure is they be solemnized
 In our Abby of Westminter, according to the ancient custom
 due,

The two and twentieth day of August next,
 Set forwards then my Lords towards London straight,
 There to take further order for the state.

Mess. Thus Gentles may you heere behold, the ioyning of these Houses both in one, by this braue Prince Henry the seauenth, who was for wit compared to *Saloman*, his gouernment was vertuous euery way, and God did wonderously increase his store, he did subdue a proud rebellious Lord, that did encounter him vpon blacke heath. He died when he had raigned full three and twentie yeares eight moneths, and some odde dayes, and lies buried in Westminster. He died & left behind a sonne.

Mess. A sonne he left, a Harry of that name, a worthie, valiant and victorious Prince, for on the fifth yeare of his happie raigne, hee entered *France*, and to the Frenchmens costs, hee wonne *Turcin* and *Turney*. The Emperor serued this King for common pay, and as a mersonary prince did follow him. Then after *Morle* and *Morles*, conquered he, and still did keepe the French men at a bay. And lastly in this Kings decreasing age he conquered *Bullen*, and after when he was turned home he died, when he had raigned full thirtie eight yeares, nine moneths and some odde dayes, and was buried in *Windsore*. He died and left three famous sprigs behinde him.

Edward the sixt, he did restore the Gospell to his light, and finished that his father left vndone. A wise yong Prince, giuen greatly to his booke. He brought the English seruice first in vse, and died when he had raigned six yeares, five moneths, & some odde dayes, and lieth buried in Westminster.

*Eliza.*¹ Next after him a Mary did succcede, which married Philip King of *Spaine*, she raigned fīue yeares, foure moneths and some odde dayes, and is buried in Westminster. When she was dead, her sister did succeed.

*Queene.*¹ Worthie Elizabeth, a mirrour in her age, by whose wise life and ciuill gouernment, her country was defended from the crueltie of famine, fire and swoord, warres fearefull messengers.

This is that Queene as writers truly say,
That God had marked downe to liue for aye.
Then happie England mongst thy neighbor Iles,
For peace and plentie still attends on thee :
And all the fauourable Planets smiles
To see thee liue in such prosperitie.
She is that lampe that keeps faire Englands light,
And through her faith her country liues in peace :
And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight,
And bene the meanes that ciuill wars did cease.
Then England kneele upon thy hairy knee,
And thanke that God that still prouides for thee.
The Turke admires to heare her gouernment,
And babies in *Iury*, sound her princely name,
All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent,
After her rule was rumord foorth by fame.
The Turke hath sworne neuer to lift his hand,
To wrong the Princesse of this blessed land.
Twere vaine to tell the care this Queene hath had,
In helping those that were opprest by warre :
And how her Maiestie hath stil bene glad,

¹ It is so absurd that the Queen and her daughter should take this Chorus out of the mouths of the two Messengers, that I at one time thought that the words *Eliza.*, *Queene*, were misplaced from a marginal note in the manuscript, calling the attention of the reader that *Queen Elizabeth* was now the subject of the Chorus, but that King Richard's two murderers should speak this Epilogue is perhaps equally preposterous.

When she hath heard of peace proclaim'd from far.
Ieneua, *France*, and *Flanders* hath set downe,
The good she hath done, since she came to the Crowne.
For which, if ere her life be tane away,
God grant her soule may liue in heauen for aye.
For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,
Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.

FINIS.

ADDITIONAL NOTE.

Page 17, line 20—and a rush stiffly knit, which if I could find a knot, I would give one halfe to the dogs and set fire on the other.] This looks like a proverbial expression; but I have not been able to find an instance of the last part of the phrase. *Nodum in scirpo quærere* was the Roman proverb for *to stumble on plain ground*, and in Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets there is an allusion to it:—

“O, this it is: the knotted straw is found.”

APPENDIX.

[For permission to print the following Latin play, the Members of the Shakespeare Society are indebted to the Rev. Dr. Archdall, Master, and the Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to the Library of which House belongs the manuscript. There is another copy in the University Library, and the existence of the piece has always been well known. The Emmanuel MS. is written in a tolerably fair engrossing hand of about the year 1640.

The University Library copy is also a transcript from some common original, in a still fairer scrivener's hand, and has supplied me with the few blanks left in the Emmanuel copy, although the former has in return some blanks which are filled up in the latter. It was not considered worth while to make a complete collation of the two copies; but the Emmanuel one is evidently transcribed by the better Latinist, though the inferior calligraphist. This manuscript also alone contains the names of the actors, the English marginal notes, and the orders of processions, the University manuscript having no English but the textual stage-directions in the last part. But the latter commences with the following title, which is omitted in the former :

Thomæ Legge legum doctoris
Collegii Caio-goneviliensis in
Academia Cantabrigiensi
magistri ac Rectoris.

Richardus tertius Tragedia trivespa
habita Collegii Divi Johnis
Evangeliste
Comitii Bacchelaureorum
Anno Domini 1579
Tragedia in tres actones divisa.

The work is alluded to by Sir John Harrington in his *Apologie of Poetry*, 1591, as follows: "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies,

that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of Richard III, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrefie all tyrannous-minded men;" and this observation is quoted by Thomas Heywood in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612, at p. 55 of the Society's reprint of that work. The play is also alluded to in Nash's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, as follows:—"or his fellow codshead, that in the Latine tragedie of King Richard cries *Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than *Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma*." Vid. post. p. 87.

The author of this play was Dr. Thomas Legge, who probably wrote it for the purpose of being performed before the Queen. In the year 1592, he was Vice Chancellor of the University, "and," says Mr. Collier,¹ "in a communication to Lord Burghley, he refers to some offence given to the Queen, probably by requirng, in answer to her wishes to see a play at Cambridge, time and the use of the Latin tongue; and mentions that the University had sent some of its body to Oxford, to witness the entertainment there given to Her Majesty, in order to be better prepared hereafter to obey her directions." Besides the play of *Richardus Tertius* now first printed, he wrote a tragedy called the *Destruction of Jerusalem*, and, to use Fuller's words,² "having at last refined it to the purity of the publique standard, some playeary filched it from him, just as it was to be acted." Fuller also informs us that Dr. Palmer, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, was the original performer of Richard, and very successful in Legge's other play. Dr. Legge died in 1607, and his monument and portrait are still existing at Caius College, of which he was appointed Master by the Founder.

Mr. Halliwell kindly informs me that, in 1586, Henry Lacey wrote a play under the same title, but that it is a poor imitation of Legge's. Of Lacey's play two copies will be found in the British Museum, MSS. Harl. 2412, 6926. That these "University men" had acquired some reputation by their theatrical performances, is proved by the well-known dialogue in Nash's *Return from Parnassus*, reprinted in Hawkins, in which Kemp and Burbage are seen in treaty with two of them, called *Philomusus* and *Studioso*, for engagements as actors, and in which one of them gives a taste of his quality, by reciting the opening speech of Shakespear's *Richard the Third*.]

¹ Hist. of Dram. Poet., i., 296.

² Fuller's Worthies, ii., 156.

RICHARDUS TERTIUS.

D. SHEPHARD, Elizabetha Regina.

Mr. FOX, Cardinalis, Archiepis: Cantu:

Mr. WHALEY, Nuntius.

L. W. HOWARD, Eduardus Rex quindecim annorū.

Mr. PALMAR, Richardus dux Glocest:

Mr. STRINGER, dux Buckingham:

Mr. WILKINSON, Riverius

Mr. BOOTH, Hastings

Mr. HODSON, Stanleus

Mr. HILL Sr. Howardus postea dux Norfolciensis.

Mr. BAYLY, Lovellus

Mr. STANTON, Episco: Eliensis

Ds. PILKINGTON, ancilla Reginae

Mr. ROBINSON, Catsbeius, Juris peritus

Mr. HILL Sr. Howardus, Equestris ordinis¹

Ds. PUNTER, servus ducis Glocestriae

Mr. KNOX, Hastings, miles calligatus

Ds. FRAUNCE, civis Londinensis

Ds. HOWLAND

Ds. HELOWE

Mr. KENDALL

chorus tumultuantium civium Satelles Becke
[Buck^e.]

Ds. REMER, Archiepisco: Eboracensis

Serviens ad arma

Prosecutor vulgo *pursevant*.

¹ Inserted twice.

| | | | |
|-------------|------------------------------------|---|------|
| RHODES med: | Richardus dux Eboracensis parvulus | } | Muti |
| Mr. BOWES, | Gravius heros adolescens | | |
| | Vaghanus | | |
| WOODCOCKE. | Conjux Shori | | |
| | Hawt | | |
| | Sacerdos | | |
| | Quinq filiae Elizabethae Reginae | | |

CHAPMAN, Argumentū primæ actionis.¹

Eduardus quartus, rex Anglorū mortem obiit

Hic duos reliquit filios. Eduardus maior princeps Walliæ annos habebat quindecim, alter Richardus dux Eborū undecimū vitæ annū egit. Richardus dux Glocestriæ, frater Eduardi defuncti, homo nimia ambitione elatus, cum nepotis adhuc tenerā ætatem videret, facile ad regnū aditū sibi patēre putat. Itaq primū reginæ p amicos psuadet ut Eduardus quintus iter nullo milite armaret, dum Londinū e Wallorū finib⁹ properaret. Interim ipse cum amicis clam cōmunicat, quantū inde periculū sibi crearetur si regis tenelli tutela solis reginæ propinquis demandaretur. Qui dū cæteris heroib⁹ inviderent, facile in eorum pnciem regis nomine abuti possent. Itaq Riveriū virū nobilem regis avunculū, et Grayū fratrem ejus uterinū à rege ipso avulsū in vincula conjicit. Qui nec ita multo post, Pontefracti capite plectuntur. Regem ipsū, tutor à senatu illustri declaratus, in suā tutelā accipit, porro a Regina, quæ tū ad asyllum metu confugerat, Ducem Eborū parvulū, p Cardinalem Archiepiscopū Eboracensem, nihil tum suspicantem, abstulit. Ubi Regios pueros in Arce tanquā in Carcere conclusisset, primū Hastingsū nobilem virū, quod nimis eū studere nepotibus suspicaretur, injustè damnatū morte afficit. Cardinalis, Episcopus Eliensis, Stanleus heros in carcerem detruduntur, ne quid inceptis suis obstarent, quod eorū fidem erga regulos pertimesceret. Postremò Shori conjux (quoniam morti eam damnare non poterat) tanquā meretrix infamiæ pœna afficitur.

¹ This line is written in red ink, and the name is perhaps that of the transcriber.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

ELIZABETHA REGINA, CARDINALIS,
NUNTIVS.

REGINA.

Quicumq̃ lætis credulus rebus nimis
confidit, et magna potens aula cupit
regnare, blandū quærit is malū, licet
magnū nihil sperare generosū genus
jubebat: Eduardi tamen Regis thoro
conjuncta sum, post quā tuos thalamos
mihi,

generose Gray, triste fatū sustulit.
dulci veneno gusticbam credula,
et rapuit altis inclytus titulis honor
donec meū spernebat abjectū genus
cognatus heros Regis, et tristem meis
Inimicus affinis parabat exitū.
Iliꝯ cura major, filii quod traditur,
et Regiū curat Nepotum avunculus.
volui meos Regi propinquos jungere
comites, ut annis altiꝯ primus amor
hæreat, tenera dū surgit ætas grandior.
nec tristis hæc contenta peste sors fuit
prius malū majoris est gradus mali
Exhalat ægrotum maritus spiritū,
et fata rumpunt regis impia manu
sævæ sorores, invident virū mihi
mortale fatis luditur genus. sibi
spondere quicquā non potest tam stabile
fortuna quod non versit anceps. sordida
manet domus tantūm beata, dum timet
virtus ruinas magna. Postquā duplici

mater sobole ditata sum Regis domū
petebat hæredem remota Wallia:
nec principe libenter suo gens Cambria
carebat: hinc iter properat huc filius
Brevis ordo cōiūctatū meorū, ut cin-
gerent

Regale diademate caput: Matrem
licet

gaudere læta sceptrā cogunt filii:
At gaudiū sperare promissū sibi
mens avida non audet, timet adeptū
bonū,

metūq̃ pturit semel natus metus,
multisq̃ curis pectus urit anxiū,
Sin filius externa vis adhuc nihil
minetur infidū, nec extortū sibi
Regnū, domus Lancastria Eduardo
incidet,

Et rapta quondam sceptrā victricis
manu

pati potest adhuc: tamen domesticus
premit timor, majusq̃ formidat nefas
animus malis assuetus, et vario tremor
mentem tumultu, spesq̃ laceram dis-
trahit,

Infustus ô Regni favor multis suā
conversus in pœnam ruit, postquā diu
falso viros splendore lusit credulos.

CARDINALIS.

Regina præcellens Elizabetha caput,
curas cur anxio revolvis pectore?
et publicū luctu tuo oneras gaudiū?
quin sperne mentis turbidæ ludibria

Matrisq̃ tristes læta deme spiritus,
dum filii caput corona cingitur.

REGINA.

Sacrū caput præstans honore Cardinis,
insignis Archipræsul atq̃ Cantii,
nescire quenquam miserias miserū
magis.

Quod tempus unquā lachrymis caruit
mihi ?

Non Regis Eduardi gemo durā luem,
odiū ne triste plango demens heroū
vetus hoc malū. Cum Walliā linquens
suā

stipato armatus rediret milite
ut regna patris jure possideat suo

Eduardus hæres : Sermo multorū
frequens

aures fatigat, nec monere desinit,
nullis ut armis sepiat princeps iter,
se subditis committeret nudū suis.
sin clauderet milite suo Regis latus
stipata regem sola Graiorū domus
timere tum mali nihil princeps potest :
Mox in suā armari necem tot milites
Procures putabunt : nup̃ extinctæ minæ
facile fidem dabunt, et vulnera recrui-

descere

sanata malè mox suspicantur. Ergo dum
sese timent objicere inermes hostib⁹.

Ferro simul vitam tuentur illico,
Belli furore totū inundavit solū,
Calcante tellus equite terrendū gemit
belli tumultu ardebit insana Anglia
statimq̃ amoris fœdus ictū frangitur.

Tum p̃fidū mulcabit authorem scelus
pœnasq̃ pendet lapsa Graiorū domus.
Primū p̃ artus gellidus excurrit metus

tandem suis tremebunda monitis animo
mox litteris edere cuncta fratrib⁹
ut milite nullo cingant filii latus,
pompaq̃ magna Regis exonerent iter.
ubi sola secreta sagax repeto metus,
nova cura mentem concutit formidine,
nec prædæ nudus offeratur hostibus,
Ingens domū nostram invidia premit,
furit

ambitio, nullā cœca dum maculam
timet

se modica non tuctur ætas filii.
fratri suo mortem intulit Glocestrius
Quomodo nepoti ambitio parceret potui.

CARD.

Cesset timere matris infelicitis amor,
Vanosq̃ desine falsa mentiri dolos
Injustus est rerū æstimator dolor,
Nunquid juvat terrere vano pectora
tremore ? pessimus augur in malis
timor,

semperq̃ sibi falsò minatur, et suā
vocat ruinā quamvis ignotā priūs.
Procures sepultis morte Regis litibus
longam quietem consecrarunt : nec
minas

veretur extinctas sanata Britannia.
Odia movebit nova rebellis qui timet
priora.

NUNTIUS.

Mediū Rex iter sospes tenet.

REGINA.

Quæ filiū nunc detinet fessū via ?

NUNTIUS.

Bis sera stellifero excidit cœlo dies
Northamptonū cum fessa membra tan-
gerent.

REGINA.

Et quanta turba Regiū claudit latus?

NUNT.

Ubi Wallia mutaret accellerans sedes,
frequens satelles sepiebat principem,
illiꝑ multos junxit assiduus labor.

Postquā tuas Riverius literas
cepisset, omni milite corpus principis
nudabat, unus cōmigrat Riverius,
suoꝑ junctus Graius heros patruo.

REGINA.

Dux obviā Glocestrius Regi fuit?

NUNT.

Is literis Regi salutem nuntiat,
regno suo precatur æternū decus,
multaqꝑ præce cōmune gaudiū beat.
Honore præstans dux Buckinghamiæ
affatur officus usdem Principem,
Regiꝑ promittunt brevi comites fore
Scribit frequens Riverio Glocestrius,
Invisit et Graiū nepotem literis
benigne pollicetur omnia nunciis
et pars fatigat magna nobiliū sunul.

REGINA.

Postquā favor flatu secundo vexerit
ratem procul: reliquit idem languidus
alto mari, multisꝑ jactat fluctibus.
Res prosperæ si quando latari jubent,
rursus revolvor in metus, nec desinit
animus pavere læta quamvis cerneret.

CARD.

Facilè sinistris credit auguriis timor.

REG.

Nihil sapit, quisquis parū doctus sapit.

CARD.

Hoc facilè credunt, qui nimis miseri
timent.

REG.

Quisquis cavet futura, torquetur minus.

CARD.

Sperare virtus magna, nunquā desinit.

REG.

Quò plura speras falsò, turbaris magis.

CARD.

Terrent adhuc sopita nobiliū mala?

REG.

Veterata non sanantur illico vulnera.

CARD.

Sancivit ista morte princeps fœdera.

REG.

Tum principe mori dubia quærunt fœ-
dera.

CARD.

Privata vincit odia cōmūnis salus.

REG.

Privata publicā quietem destruit
ambitio.

CARD.

Semp esse nū miserā juvat.

REG.

Timere didicit quisquis excelsus stetit,
rebusꝑ magnis alta clauditur quies.
Auro venenū bibitur ignotum casæ
humili malū, ventisꝑ cunctis cognita
superba suūmo, tecta nutant culmine.

ACTUS SECUNDUS

RICH. DUX GLOC. HEN. DUX BUCK-
INGHAMIÆ, RIVERUS HEROS, HAS-
TINGUS HEROS.

GLO.

Riverianæ splendor et decus domus,
custos pupilli regis, heros nobilis,

Qualis cruentæ matris eripiens minis
 Electra fratrem servat in regnū patris :
 Talis nepotem Wallicis tutans agris
 reddit suæ incolumem fidelis patriæ.
 Populus tam frequens fidem meritis sonat
 En gratus hic tibi labor Britanniæ
 Et nos pares psolvimus grates tibi
 castos labores Wallicæ norunt sedes
 curam parem regis fatetur longum iter,
 postquā suo Wallia carebat principe,
 at ubi suū mundo diem reparat coma
 radiante Tytan, et leves umbras fugat,
 cras principis jungemur et lateri simul
 qua ducitur recta Stonistratfordiam.
 Primo die celeri gradu properabimus,
 quod nunc locus proceres tot unus non
 capit.

RIVER.

O Claudiani Rector illustris soli,
 dux inclyte et generis propago Regii
 Præstare Regi jussit officiū meū,
 Fortuna quicquid nostra præclarū dedit,
 Ponenda bello est vita Regi debita,
 Si modo aliter nequeunt minæ frangi
 hostiū,
 Vestra quia mense patebant mihi dapes
 hac nocte, vobis jure multū debeo.
 Jam laxat artus languidos gratus sopor
 Lectoq fessa membra componi juvat,
 placidam quietem noctis opto proximæ.

GLOC.

Præclare dux est stella Buckinghamiæ
 cui servus olim nomen haud latens dedit,
 Et orte claro Hastingsæ patrū stemmate
 En sol vocata nocte frenos deserens
 sudore fumantes juvas mersit salo,
 Vacuū q cælū luna plustrat viris

silentiū imperans, nitida simul cohors
 comitatur, aspergens lumen vagū polo
 Porro locus omni liber arbitrio vacat
 secretas aures nullus exhibet comes
 Annon vides quam sit miser procerū
 status,
 diuq spreta ut nobilis virtus jacet
 Regi licet sanguine superbo jungimur,
 clarisq lucet inclytū titulis genus,
 aditus tamen mihi nullus ad regem patet,
 vetantq cum nepote patruū vivere
 Quò tanta matris cedit impudentia?
 jam femina succumbit Anglorū decus
 En nostra dubitatur fides, sepultus est
 debitus, honor, spretusq sanguis nobilis
 sordescit olim matris omnino suæ
 tutela Regis sacra cognatis datur.
 Illis quando honore tamen haud cedimus
 et in nepotem æqualis elucet fides,
 parū decebat matris abjectū genus,
 Regni thoros amor nisi quod impulit
 claros negare patruos Regi suos
 minusq nobili cōiūte circumdare
 Parum decorū principi aut nobis erit
 comes magis potentior tuebitur
 quod nos malū manet, si qui male
 nobis precantur, Regiūq claudant latus
 primosq prævenient amores principis,
 et illius favore consensescerent,
 quorū mens tenella flectetur statim,
 atq pueros fucata demulcent leves
 seris nec annis respuūt quicquid prius
 placet. In amores deliciasq pristinas
 ætas probat decursa, nec se corrigit
 Eduardus olim quartus (ætas plenior
 quamvis fuit, tempusq longū plurima
 scræ noverca disciplina evasserat)

hem multa quondam facta damnavit sua
lapsū priorem nec resuesit tardior

sensus: Quod heros sensit heu Claren-
tius

Ille, ille novit (heu nimis) frater meus
quam conjugī rex cessit olim credulus
nimis, heu nimis tum nostra suadebant
mala

quòd uxor horreat maritus quem colit
quòd dura nostras sors premebat res
diu

Regina quantū mihi creasset tum luem
perfida, malū mens nisi sagax auertit?
nos ille oclū qui sua torquet manu,
dirisq; flānis triste vindicat scelus,
fœlix potenti liberavit dextera.
Heu quot brevi frater furore concitus
dolīs eorū morte damnatos truci
perdidit, inani voce pulsantes Jovem?
Nunquā suo parcebat ira sanguini
stragi suorū una propinquos addidit
Sed vetera plangimus: novū imminet
malū.

Nam si tenello solus hæret principi
cōmunis hostis, atq; stipabit thronū
infesta nobis una Graiorū domus.

Mox hostiū vires caput nostrū luet,
dum principis sacrato abuti nomine
audebit ad nostrā ruinam atrox domus
Hoc Jupiter tam providus pater vetet
Quod morte sanxit sacra pacis fœdera
Eduardus, et veteri medetur vulneri
Quietis, atq; dexterās nos invicem
conjunximus, simulata pacis pignora
valuit potestas sacra Regis tū magis
quam pace ficta dubia procerū fœdera
pactūq; jussu principis percussimus

quemquamne tantus vexat insanū stu-
por?

huic credat ut demens repente qui novus
Ex hoste tam vetusto amicus sumitur?
firmius inhærebit brevis animi favor,
quàm longa multis invidia lustris ma-
nens?

nunc ergo maturare consiliū decet,
quò longius serpit malū, fieri solet
rubustius, vires semper colligit.

BUCKIN.

O Claudiane rector, atq; Regia
de stirpe princeps, turbido infelix quia
visa est tumultu ardere rursus Anglia,
et bella cœperunt fremere civilia
tuæ ut secreto instillet auri murmure
concepta jussi verba servulū meū,
tua signa Buckinghamiū sequi ducem
miscere præsens verba presenti diu
quærebā, ut hæc tecū loqui possem simul
Regina nobis insolens abutitur
statim premi scelus decet, majus nefas
parit semel motū malū, et nescit modū
sanare te regni luem tantā decet
quidvis ferent potius potens procerū
cohors

cruore quàm Regina nostro luderet,
Gnatūq; caput armaret in nostrū ferox.

GLOC.

Te patriæ dux ergo vindicem voco
et selere materno labantis Angliæ.
Te, te poli qui jura pcipitis Regis
Et vos corruscū testor agmen cœlitū
tantū Britonū pristinū quæro decus
Acris gravi medela confert vulneri
Regina nunc abest: suis afferre opem
captis nequit remove jam tutò licet

A Rege cunctas patriæ labes suæ
 Quin dormientem comprimere Riveriū,
 intraq̃ tecta claudere hospitem decet
 Sin fugerit, tū consciū probat metus
 mox famulæ illius petas claves domus
 qua nup̃ hospes se Riverius abdidit
 Sin abnuat, Regis imperiū urgeas
 nec ullus inde servus crumpat foras,
 sed sedulò claudantur intus singuli
 nostrisq̃ verbis advoce clā servulos
 (horreret admisso licet nondū die
 nox atra) nostrū sepiant corpus tamen
 quod luce prima nos nepotem adibimus.

BUCK.

Regis propinquos si coerces vinculis
 cæcoq̃ captos claudis audax carcere,
 Illico tumultū plebs ciebit mobilis
 Juditia dum non recta sortiris reis
 et criminis parū nocentes arguas.

GLOC.

En dignitatem principis lædunt sui,
 et nobilem violare sanguinem student
 lacerare querunt Angliā discordiis.
 Longa Britonū classe sulcavit mare
 Marchio Graiorū frater: in nostrā ne-
 cem
 tot milites armare crudelis potest?
 profundere atq̃ principū longas opes.

HASTING.

At vinculis si patruū premi suū
 Heros videbit Graius, is rapida manu
 Stipabit Eduardū: tremens Britannia
 parabit arma: seditio miscros trahet.
 Ardore belli conflagrabunt omnia
 nostraq̃ populus strage purgabit seclus.

GLOCEST.

Aditus viarū munit assiduis vigil,

Irrumpat hinc ut nemo Northampton-
 niam,
 nostrūq̃ prius ad regem iter pverteret,
 Post quā leves discussit umbras Lucifer,
 Nudamq̃ jubebit fugam Phœbea fax,
 nos statuimus Regem priores visere
 ut grata principi fides sic luceat.

BUCK.

Intende nervos viriū, vinci nequit
 generosus ardor, mentis et nullus labor
 curam fatigat anxiam suū ducis
 Nunquam fidem fallā.

HAST.

Polus tristi prius
 jungetur oreo, sydera natabunt aquis
 amicus ignis fluctib⁹ servus erit
 vincet diem nox: quam meam damnes
 fidem.

RIVER.

Nescio quid animus triste presagat malū,
 horrent timore membra cor pavet metu
 Demoror hi claves quid hospitū petant,
 qua tanta cecidit temporū mutatio
 Ultro prioris noctis onerabant dapes
 An jam retentū morte muletant im-
 proba?

Mihi sunt amici: non amet fucos fides
 Vacillat animus, hæret, haud placet sibi.
 Si fugio, nullus est fugæ tutus locus
 Si lateo, sceleris conscius demens ero
 en animus ullos innocens negat metus,
 manere certū est: quicquid evenit, se-
 ram.

Duces adibo: causa quæ sit audiam.

GLOCEST.

O Regis hostis, impiū atq̃ audax caput!
 tu nobiles muletare supplicii studes?

et insolentes seminas discordias

EDUARDUS.

tu principis nutum ad necem nr̄am vocas?
tuisq demens regna misces litibus.

Gnatus mihi conspectus est mi patrue
postquā sedes modò barbaras mutavimus

Praestabis istud credis nefandū nefas!

habeoq tantis gratiā vobis parem.

RIVER.

BUCK.

Præclare princeps, tale de me nil putes,
hoc absit (oro) crimen a nostra fide.

Tibi beatū firmet imperiū deus.

ED. REX.

GLOCEST.

Tuam simul laudo fidem, dux inclyte.

Tace scelestū Regis exitiū tui

GLOC.

patiemur ultro sanguinem nostrū peti?

Natura me tuis fidelem jussibus

perdes Britonū solus excelsū decus?

nescia resisti consecravit et dolos

at vos atro mulctate raptū carcere.

genus struere Regale me regi vetat

comitesq nostrū cæteri cingant latus.

cum cæteris cōmune psuadet fidem

RIVER.

officiū. Aquas inimicus ignis incolet.

Quo me trahitis. Quam jubet poenā
potens

sulcabit astra navis et sævo mari

fortuna? quæ nunc me manent miserū
mala?

ignota quercus surget, oblitū tui

si quando falsa corrumpat fides.

si morte mulctet, jure damnet publico

Vitā tuis ponā libens bellis, tuis

Nam quæ salutis spes relinquitur mihi?

infestus hostib⁹ mori cupio piè

Quæ te supbe Graie, vel fratrem tuū

EDUARD: REX DUX: BUCKING: DUX

ambitio tenet, et Riveriū patruū

GLOCE: SERVUS REGIS.

dum principem vobis studetis subdere

En pessimis miscetis Anglos litib⁹

EDUARD:

Florensq deridetur ortus sanguinis,

Amore captus patriæ preceps iter

Cur usq Dorsetti minatur Marchio

quanvis facio, dum Wallicas muto sedes

nobis, in arcem irrupit audax Belini

lubens tamen relinquo Stonistratfordiā

Prædatur inde Regis opes rapida manu

quod huc ferunt properare nunc Glo-
cestriū

Et classe longū oneravit ingenti salū.

ED REX.

quoniā tot unus non capit proceres locus.

Quid Marchio patravit uterinus mihi

BUCK.

nescio: fides suspecta avunculi mei

Cinctus suis Eduardus huc confert
gradū,

Graiīq fratris (crede mihi) nunquā fuit

GLO.

generosa quos beant avorū stēmata

Immo tuas tanti latant aures doli,

præite, plebei sequantur ordines.

Rex inclyte, secretū magis pugnat scelus.

GLOC.

Te pduellionis esse aio reum

Rex vivat æternū Britanus inclytus.

Sceleste Graie, teq sceleris consciū

Vahanne nuntio: proditorem patriæ

pfide voco Haute* simul: squalenti car-
cere

abdite statim, patriæ graves penas luant.

SERVUS.

Puerū miscellum, lachrymis rigat genas
tristia videns ad vincula correptū fratrem.

GLOC.

Te liberam⁹ serve famulatu tuo
nec te vollumus hærec lateri principis
tu principi fidelis stabis comes
Regisq te ppetuus adjunget labor.

SERVUS REGIS, SERVUS DUCIS GLOC.

SERVUS REGIS.

Regni paterni pondus imbellis puer
Non sustinet, suisque victus virib⁹
tandem ruit: tuetur hostes intimos
Munita nomine sacra majestas suo
parare dum tristem luem clam cogitat
ambitioq Regni pva suspecti fides
nec principem sinit anxī quiescere
Secreta solii pugna. qui loco stares
minore tutior. nec amissi premet
Sceptri metus, vel dissimilis avorū honor.
Qui clara torques sydera altitonans pater,
tuisq pingis ignibus cœli globos,
Britanniæ potens defende principem
ut jura verus reddat hæres Anglæ
Quis huc minister advolat celeri pede?
Quo nunc adeo generose pcipitas gradū?

SER. GLO.

Misit nepoti nobilis Riverius.

SER. REG.

Duci ne tu minister illi carceris.

SER. GLO.

Ego Claudianæ fidus astabā comes.

SER. REG.

Quorsū nepoti nuntius patrui venis.

SER. GLO.

Ubi mordet impransū fames Glocestriū
Ducis oncrabant lauta mensam prandia
Oculis perrat sedulus cunctas dapes,
misitq selectos cibos Riverio,
animoq jussit æquo ferre singula,
nil rebus illius case formidabile.

SER. REG.

Num respuit benigna demens munera.

SER. GLO.

Quem longus usus ferre psuasit malū
Fortuna quoties cura tristis intonat,
Vitæ cupit solamen afflicte minus,
ubi gratias pleno refundit pectore
Deferre Graio lauta jussit fercula
quem fregerat non cognitus prius dolor
nec asperos dedicit minor casus pati
ut blanda fractū verba confirmant ducis
et turbidā pmulceant mentem dapes,
At jussa me tanti viri decet exequi.

SER. REG.

An fronte simulatus latet blanda dolus
ut impitis alta figat vulnera?
An sorte nos mutata felici beat
Fortuna, miseros carceris solvens metu?
Faustus cadat tantis procellis exitus.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

ANCILLA REGINÆ, ARCHIEP. EBOR.

REGINA.

ANCILLA.

Qui vindices faces potens torques manu,
mitisq rebus collocas fessis opem,

* Sir Thomas Vaughan and Sir Richard Hawte.

miserere jactata Eboracensis domus.

Quis est malorū finis? heu! heu!

quamdiū

Regina victa luctibus diris gravat?

Quæ possidet ferox Erinnis Regiam.

Tortos vel angues Megara crudelis vi-
brans

Luctūq majorem prior luctus vocat

Et vix malis Regina tantis sufficit.

Quis me p auras turbo raptam devehet

ne tot misera tristes querelas audiam

mastæ domus luctusq matris lugubres.

ARCHIEP. EBOR.

Let his servants
be about him
wih hoods Nondum fugata nocte sol
reparat diem,

Nec deserit fratri vices

Phœbi soror

vel pulsa cælo contrahit lumen vagū

nox sera. Quorsū noctis umbris par-
cere

quæris, celerè solamen, m̄mensū malū

desiderat: ager non patitur animus
moras

Let yem bee
knocking in the
pallace as ro-
mooveinge. Mentem placare turbi-
dam matris para.

Sed quis tumultus? tur-
ba quanta Regia

Effare tanti nocte, strepitus quid velint.

ANCILIA.

Splendens honore antistes Eboracensiū

Diros tibi renovare me casus jubes

post quā Luna fessis suaserat,

et cæca nox horreret, amisso die

Increbuit aula, vinculis Riverium

duris premi et Graiū nepotem: tū locus

quis principem capiat, tenere neminem.

Postquā paterent tanta reginæ mala,

animus tremore concitus subito stupet,

Solvuntur (heu) labante membra spi-
ritu

Postquā trementes misera vires colligit,

en, talibus mox astra pulsat vocibus

O dura fata, parcite: heu quod voluitis

Quantū scelus spiratis? an pœnæ pla-
cent,

In hoc caput jaculare vindices faces

Irate pater: inocens quid admisit puer?

quid meruit parvus quid infans p̄ditur?

una ruina concutis totā domum

Non sustinet labante mox collo caput

Largo madescunt imbre profusæ genæ

cor triste magnis æstuat dolorib⁹.

cultū decorum regiæ vestis procul

removet, et eximii rubores muricis

Quieta nunquam constat, huc, illuc,
fugit,

tollī jubet iterūq poni corpora.

Et semp impatiens sui status, citō

mutatur, et cœlū quærelis verberat

nunc filiū gemit, suorū nunc luem,

cūramq serā, tanta sentiunt vulnera

dempti satellitis. [reclamat anxia]*

Mox illa asylo purpurā servos jubet

aurūq fulvū rapere, supellectilem

et quas habebat regia excelsas opes,

Et ne leves obsint moræ vehentib⁹.

hinc brevior ut pateret ad templū via

interna jussit pforari mœnia

Regis, quàm asylū clauditur patiū

Charūq demens filiū tenens sinu,

et quinq mater filias vocans fugit

sacras ad ædes. Interim tremens metu

* All bracketed words are supplied from the University Library MS.

qualis leonis faucibus vastis premi
fugiens timet, dum præda poscitur, fera.

REGINA.

A curtaine being
drawne, let the
queene appeare
in ye Sanctu-
ary, her 5
daughters and
maydes about
her, sittinge
on packs, far-
dells, chests,
cofers. The
queene sitting
on ye ground
wth fardells
about her.

Eboracensis urbis excel-
lens pater.

Ergo deesse quid malis
nostris potest?

aut fata vincere nostra
quis potuit miser?

Frustra timemus jam vi-
dere quæ horruit
magnæ domus (heu) reli-
quæ parvæ sumus.

tantūq̃ miseros templa tutantur sacra

Durū parant funus propinqui sangui-
nis:

nec quis tenet regem locus, servi sciunt

An non perimus: ulla spes manet
domus?

ARCHIEP. EBOR.

Metus remitte, pone curas anxias

Erroris istud omne quodcunq̃ est malū

Quicquāne gravis animos levat miseros
dolor?

Quin mitiūs de reb⁹ istis cogita.

Mihi nup̃ ubi suadet soporem cæca nox
me suscitāt somno sepultū nuntius

Hastingus heros misit, hic narrat mihi
traxisse Northamptoniæ moras duces,
ubi subditis stipatus hæret rex suis

Pectus mihi quisquā timore luderet,
nam cuncta tandem sorte felici cadent.

REGINA.

Ille, ille nostri durus hostis sanguinis

Hastingus, ille principi exitiū parat:

En, vindicæ mater deos supplex precor,
Dirū caput flammis nefandis obruant.

ARCHIEP. EBOR.

Laxa furentis turgidos animi motus,
et siste prudens impetus mentis graves
testor deorū numen, astra qui sua
torquent manu, si filiū præter tuū
quenquā coronant, proximo statim die
fratri huic suo decora regni insignia
trademus; en magnū sygillū nunc tibi,
quod mihi tuus quondam maritus de-
tulit,
reddam tuo quem nunc tueris filio.

ARCHIEP. SOLUS.

Rector potens Olympi, et altitonans
pater

Ergo placidam sana quietem patriæ,
ut tractet hæres sceptrā puerili manu

Ne dura regnū pæna victori cadet
belliq̃ spem fingunt novā Lancastriæ,
dum cade se litabat hostis impia.

Sed quid facis? quæ mentis oblitio capit?
Cuiquamne te magnū sygillū tradere?
cui detulisti? femine? quin semp fuit
invisa, tum fidem duces ludent tuā,
dum magna Regni cura temere pro-
ditur

Num feminæ credis? facile resistitur

Et in tuū vis sæviet solū caput

Nunc ego mittā qui sygillū clam petat,
ut non meam duces levem damnent
fidem.

SERVUS GLOC. CHORUS PROCERU⁹ TU-
MULTUANTIU⁹ CIVES, HASTING⁹ HE-
ROS, ARCHIEP. EBOR.

SERVUS GLOC.

Jam quamlibet defendit excubitor viā
totamq̃ densæ Thamecum sulcant rates,

ut nemo prumpat ad asylū profuga.
Nil Claudiane dux sacrū metuas fidem
Quin matris ad templa surripiunt
opes

Let artificers
come running
out with clubs
and staves.
Quos hic tumultus conci-
tatis improbi?
Quo pellit insanos Eliza-
bethæ furor?

PRIM⁹ PROC.

Urbs, urbs, Cives, ad arma, ad arma.

SERVUS.

En arma dolis vehuntur abdita
quib⁹ necem ducibus rebelles clam pa-
rant.

2⁹ PROCER.

Some armed, with
privy coates
with gownes
throwne over
Some unarmed
Quodnā malū tantus tu-
multus parturit?

3⁹ PROCER.

Onerata navigiis Tamesis
horrunt aqua.

4⁹ PROCER.

Regina fugiens arma multa simul ve-
hit?

5⁹ PROCER.

Quidnā parat regina crudelis malū?

6⁹ PROCER.

At arma feriant, si mimentur, non ve-
hant.

7⁹ PROCER.

Dii feminae tam triste vindicent nefas.

8⁹ PROCER.

At te deus pusille princeps, muniat.

ARCHIEP. EBOR.

Regni potcutis nobilis procerū cohors.

An rumor audax credulos ludit, metus
Spargens novos? vel crescit in luctus
vetus

malū? furensq̃ repetit agnitū priūs
Ambitio thronū? et poscit in prædā sibi?
Præceps moras tumultus haud patitur,
leves

Supplex ad aras sternitur mater tremens.
Regina regnū suspicatur filii
plures atro clauduntur heroes specu
Quorū fides regis tutelā meruit
Imbecillis regis ætas admittit nefas,
Scelusq̃ facile concitat timidū licet,
Sanū statim expedire consiliū decet,
Donec quis errat qui dolus patat magis
sed clarus huc Hastingsus heros advolat.

HASTINGUS.

Non vos latebat, chara civiū cohors,
Rex me quibus est amplexus amorib⁹.
Arctius et ejus colere chara pignora
cogunt benigni tanta regis munera.
Quorū nisi vitam mea luerem nece,
ingrata fedaret magis nulla nota
Lædi doleo rumore pacem futili,
varioq̃ turbari Britannos murmure :
Hospes video tumultuari subditos
per tota raptare volantes mænia.
Quorsū metu vexare vano pectora
juvat? Ora quicquid mentiuntur gar-
rula,
pspecta mihi fides Glocestria satis fuit,
En, ducit alacri Regulū pompa modo, ut
tenerū corona cingeret fulva caput.
At dura quos premit proceres custodia
Lacerare probris profidi Glocestriū
quærunť ducem: cæcoq̃ frigent carcere
litem sacratus dū senatus poneret
Unū precor supplex (patres) sententia
ne nostra mentem posterā perverteret,
ne publico lites vigerent funere

Ad arma ne nos vir rebellis concitet
Justissima licet bella suadere queant.

Horū feretur causa semp justior.

Armīs suis quicunq claudant prin-
cipem

dum mœnib⁹ Regalis adventat puer,
urbs principi pacata gratuletur suo.

REX EDUARDUS, PRÆTOR LONDINENSIS.
EDUARDUS.

Ubi barbaras sedes mutavimus feræ
gentis, revertor sospes ad patrios lares
Urbis supbæ clarus hic pollet nitor,
Regniq splendet majus inclyti decus.
Urbs chara, salve tanta : nunquā gaudia
post tot ruinas Asiæ Argivis nunquā
Optata patriæ regna et Argolicas opes
cum bella post tam longa primū vise-
rent.

Vix hospiti tot lustra tam lætū tibi
redditū licet tantis miser naufragus
ereptus cœces, dux Cephæberū parant
Quam cressit amissæ voluptas patriæ
hospes diu postquā carebas, et suos
negant aspectus longam iter mihi.

PRÆTOR LOND.

Illustre patriæ decus rex inclyte
en læta profudit cohors se civiū
ut gratuletur principi multū suo
sol nostro ut alter luceas fœlix polo
hæresq patris jura Britannis dares
cives deū pulsabit anxius prece.

DUX GLOC.

The King going Eduardus en rex vester,
about the stage. o cives mei,

honore fulgens regio, en potens puer
chare Britannis principem vides tuū,
virtute præstantem fidelis abdite.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

HASTINGUS HEROS.

Regina in ædibus squalens sacris sedet
Duris propinqui comprimuntur vinculis
Tutorq declaratus Angliæ modo
suffragiis Glocestrius nostris fuit.

Magnū sygillū præsuli Eborū demitur
Hunc Claudianus jure potens vulnerat,
quod prodidit levi sigillū fœminæ
Fœlix beabit cuncta sors, hostes jacent
et Pontefracti, jam manent tristem
necem

Properate fato, mox graves pœnas
luant.

Sed quid cesso sacrū senatū viscere.

DUX GLOCEST. DUX BUCK CARD.
EBOR. EPISC. ELIENS. STANLEIUS
HASTING⁹ HOWARDUS, LOVELLUS,
BARONES.

GLOCEST.

Illustris o procerū cohors, quos Anglia
gens nobilis peperit, nil tandem movet
tam triste reginæ scelus? tantam pati
infamiam generosa mens adhuc potest?
Malitia tam diu latebit fœminæ?
En, gnatū asylo inimica captivū tenet,
ut querulo rebellis agitet murmure
proceres Britanniae, atque duris vulnere
verbis, tumultu turba concito. Quasi
fides

incerta tutorū sit, anxius quibus
senatus Eborū ducis curam dedit
Nec parvulū hostis amotus procul
solū tenetur, aut bene notatus cibus :
Trahunt magis moderata puerū ludicra

Aetas suis æquata deliciis placet.
 Nunquā seni colludet iūnistus puer,
 fratrisq; ludo frater instabit magis.
 Solere parvis magna sæpe crescere
 Quis nescit? ingens regis esset dedecus
 Nostramq; damnet non levis fidem labes,
 Dum fama Gallis profuga obgannit,
 sacras

quòd fugit ad aras principis frater metu.
 Citius nihil volare maledicto potest:

Opinio firmata nec statim perit.
 Ergo viri mittantur assensa sacro
 quorū dubia nunquam fide regi fuit,
 Matri minus suspecta, cognita patriæ
 satis,

ut filiū sacro solutū carcere, fratri suo
 restituat. At tuam fidem
 tantū negotiū requirit (Cardinis
 honore præstans Archipræsul inclyte)
 Præstare si tua non gravetur sanctitas.
 Hoc regis ingens flagitat solatiū,
 salusq; fratris, certa patriæ quies.
 Sin detinet regina gnatū pertinax,
 nec matris infælix amor morem gerit:
 Suprema regis jussa luctantem premant
 Malitia constabit, odiū, protervia
 Quæ mentis est opinio nostræ, lubens
 audi (favente namq; spiritū deo)
 Nunquā meos urgebo sensus pertinax,
 sed facile flectet sævior sententia.

DUX. BUCKIN.

Quem solitudo principis non commovet,
 procerūq; deflectens honor, aut patriæ
 Salus diu jactata? dū claustris sacris
 gnatū premit vesana mater, dedecus
 Ingens puer sejunctus affert principi
 Nec tutū erit carere fratre parvulo,

Vulgus probris futile lacescit improbis,
 quasi nulla regis cura magnates tenet,
 Non solū prolis mater ortū vendicat
 suisq; tantū stulta delitiis putet
 nasci: vocat regni decus: patriam statim
 curare dulcis matris oblitū jubet.
 Quòd melius hæc suadere Cardinis pater
 Antistes excellens potest, assentior
 Sin pavida amoris mater ignorat modū,
 vi filiū sibi jubebit eripi.

HASTIN. HEROS.

Quorsum sacris hæreret ulnis parvulus?
 fratri triumphū Regis aut cur invidet?
 Sin filii tremebunda periculū tremit,
 At hic paternū sepiet frequens genus
 Ille à sacro jussus senatu tutor est,
 Regisq; curabunt amantes subditi.
 Tum mutuū fratrum vocat solatiū
 proterva mater sin recusat mittere
 Cardinis illū præsul ereptū avehat.

CARD.

Ut fratris aula frater oblectet simul,
 aut gratus Angliæ meus prosit labor,
 meisq; recuso æquale viribus nihil.
 Gnatū sacra sin mater æde continet,
 solusq; fratrem rex suū non impetrat:
 promissa templo jura nunquā rumpere
 tamen decet, sanxisse quem divū Petrum
 primū ferunt, mox prisca firmavit fides,
 et longus ordo principū pepigit: bonis
 multis sacra pepcisse pacta constitit,
 nec ullus Isther audet Alanis feris
 præbens fugam violare, nec rigens nive
 tellus perenni hircana, vel sparsus
 Scythæ
 Nemo sacrilegus diis datam rumpit
 fidem.

At Regulo fratrem dabit matris sinus,
nec filii invidet parens solatio
Sin fratris aula fratre ppetuò vacet,
et filiū mater sacro carcere tenet,
Nihil meus damnabitur castus labor,
solusq matris impedit cæcus amor.

DUX BUCKIN.

Quin matris impedit magis protervia
Audebo vitam pignori deponere
nullam timoris vel sibi causā putet
vel filio, nemo lubens cum fœmina
pugnabit: optarem propinquis mulic-
brem

sexū simul: perturbat Angliā minus.
Quibus odiū peperit scelus tantū suū,
Non quod genus suo trahunt de san-
guine,

Sin chara nec regina nobis, aut sui
essent propinqui: Regis at fratrem tamen
odisse quid juvat? genus enim nobile
juxit propinquos: at nisi inuisus sibi
Honor esset, et minetur infamem notam
Nolis, suū nunquā negaret filiū,
Suspecta enim nunquam fides procerū
fuit

Suū sibi proceres relinquent filium,
Sibi si loco mater decoro [manscrit]

[DUX GLOC.]

Nunc ergo vobis filiū si deneget,
quorū fides sibi satis est cognita:
Inanis hæc erit protervia fœminæ,
Non frigida mentis pavor. Sin adhuc
timet

Infausta mater, quæ timere umbrā
potest,

tantò magis cavere matris amor jubet
Suspecta ne furtū sacrū guatū suū

ad exteros regina mittat. Millies
promissa templo jura præstat frangere,
tantū senatus dedecus quam perferat.
Aliiq nostrū luderent pulcrū caput
spectare qui fratrem cadentem principis
possumus: ergo filiū matri suū
Templo solutum vi decebit eripi,
ne jure simus exteris ludibrio.
Nec ego fidem lubens asyli laderem,
cui robur ætas longa struxit plurimū;
Nec primus olim privilegiū suū
Templis dedissem, Arisve nunc paci-
ferer,

Si pertinax in delatores creditor
sæviet et illis vincula minetur horridus,
adversa quos fortuna damnavit sibi
oppressit ære aut prodigū alieno mare
ut corpus ereptū ara tueatur piū
sane inipus et civibus, vel furibus
quos nullus unquā continere metus
potest

Sicariūq parere, an non impiū
Sin pacta asylo jura tantū protegent
Iniqua quos fortuna vexat: furibus
cur sacra? cur sicariis? cur civibus
Nequā patent? abundat (heu) malis
sacrū

Nunquid deus patronus impiis erit?
Num jura Petrus ista pepigit furibus?
Aliena prodigos rapere pius locus
moverit sibi q rapta furto credere
onusta spoliis deserit conjux virū:
Ludens maritū furta templo condidit
Erumpit hinc cædi frequens sicarius,
tutūq patrato locū sceleri putat
Ergo benigna sacra demū furibus
nec jus asyli violet, et gratū deo

Sanctūq̄ erit, quod pontifex mitis nimis
princeps ne pactus est misericors nescio
quis, non satis prudens tamen, quod
laderent

nunquā supstitione ducti posteri,
Sed sua sacris promissa servemus, nihil
Ducem tamen tuentur inclusū sacra
Injusta damna, jus vetat, natura, lex,
Nec principem moramur aut Episcopū
Contraq̄ vini quisquis locus tutus satis
Indulta sacra leges impediunt minus
si dura veniam suaserit necessitas
At quæ premit tristis ducem necessitas?
Regi fidelem Regiū probat genus,
psuadet insontem mali ætas nescia.
Cur impetret dux innocens sacrā fidem?
Alius sacrū infanti lavaerū postulat
At pacta sacris jura quisquis impetrat,
Imploret ipse mentis impulsu suæ
Quid innocens poscat puer? quid
meruit?

Matura nunquā ferret ætas carcerem:
Horreret aras illico iratus puer
Aliena si prædatus huc quis advolat,
corpus tuentur sacra si cedit bonis,
hæc pontifex transferre, vel princeps
nequit.

EPISC. ELIENS.

U't pacta templo jura, creditorib⁹
crepta servant debitorū corpora
acerba quos latere forsā sors jubet,
divina lex psuasit: indulgent simul
decreta pontificū sacra miseris fugā
Aliena cedent æra creditoribus
tantū: labore rursus ut crescat suo,
curaq̄ damnū reparet assidua prius
Carcere solutus debitor excussis bonis

In nuda quis sæviret atrox tergora?

DUX BUCKINGH.

probabitur hæc sane mihi sententia
Uxor virū linquens ad aras si fugeret:
non pace Petri hæc eripi templo Petri
potest? puer lascivus exosus scholæ
hæret sacris: hunc pedagogus nunc
sinet?

at is tremet virgam, timebat hic nihil.
Indulta novi sacra vires pueris nihil
sit ara consiliis patrona dum lubet.
huic sacra denegantur pacta, debile
quòd nescit ingeniū petere nec integra
merere vita patitur, aut tutus malis
princeps egere potuit, haud lædit sacra
Is quisquis ut prodesse possit, eximet.

STANL. HEROS.

Quòd expedit Regi, Britannis Angliæ,
ut fratris aula frater una luderet,
hære posthac mens dubia non potest.
Mulcere mentem matris opto mollis:
hunc fortè sano ducta consilio dabit,
Sin filiū proterva mater detinet,
sacrisq̄ deneget parere jussibus,
suo ducem fratri satelles liberet,
ludoq̄ puerū armata restituet manus.

HOWARD HEROS.

Concessa matri filii incunabula
ætasq̄ fluxit ludicra deliciis suis
Nunc chara reliquos poscit annos patria
questus graves Matris nihil moror
si filium negat solutū carcere
sacro, fratri illū liberabunt milites.

DUX GLOCEST.

Uno senatus ore matri nuntiū
te poscit antistes, sacrū jussū expedi
Te præsuli comitem dux Buckinghamiæ

Jungas, et Howarde præstans stemmate
Amoris at si mater haud ponit modū
natūq nobis surripere demens studet:
Mox eriment robusti asylo milites,

frustra q prolem planget
ereptam sibi

After they see
come downe
from the
seates.

Nunc te negotiū grave
antistes vocat

Responsa matris proximi
morabimur.

ELIZABETHA REGINA, ARCH. EBOR.

HOWARDUS HEROS DUX.

ARCHIEP. EBOR.

Mater potens illustre regina caput
nunc ore quamvis verba dicantur meo,
non esse credas nostra decrevit frequens
procerū senatus, et Glocestrius simul
Protector, ut suadente natura licet
hæreret uno matris amplexu puer,
ætasq prima cum parente promptius
versetur: haud sinit tamen regni decus
Maculas honorem filii demens tui
Denuo suis turbata sedibus pax ruit
Britannia falso dum metu pavida sedes
squalens asylo, si tenetur carcere
conclusus unā frater alter principis,
dulci sui fratris carens solatio.
Odium fratrum plebs suspicatur illicò,
Sacras ad aedes quod fugit metu puer.
Ergo tuū reddes solutū carcere
Gnatū, tuos e vinculis sic liberās
et principi magnū creas solatiū
et gestiet secunda Nobiliū cohors.

REGINA.

Summo galeri honore præcellens pater,
Quod fratris in domo simul fratrem decet
manere, non repugno quamvis tutius

uterq dulci matris hæreret sinu,
Quorū tenera adhuc timere ætas jubet.
Et cum minus tuetur ætas junior,
tum morbus hunc premebat infestus diu
curamq matris grande periculū vocat
Tantò magis minatur ægroto tabes
recidiva, nec vulnus secundū fortiter
Natura prius oppressa fert nec se satis
potest tueri. Quam frequens operam
dabit

Matrona scio, quæ filiū curet meū
sedulò, mihi tamen meū decet magis
Gnatum relinqui cū melius illū scio
nutrire, cuius semp ulnis parvulus
hæsit, nec illū mollius quispiā potest
fovere, quā quæ ventre mater sustulit.

ARCHI EBOR

Negare demens nemo regina alii potest,
quoniam filius melius tuæ relinquitur
custodiæ nunc matris amplexu puer
ut vivat, hæroū mela optaret cohors
simul decoro si maneres in loco,
utriq sin natura vitam consecras
sacris tuā, et posthac puer studet preci
devota mens; at fratris aula luderet
frater, puer, templo solutus, nec sacro
carcere piū matris suæ furtū hæreat.
Prudenter matris ulnis eripitur puer,
nec usq matris garriet petulans sinu
Infans ut alat sæva regem Wallia,
et barbaros luceret inter filius
nup fuit contenta majestas tua.

REGINA.

Contenta nunquam: cura non eadem
tamen
tenebat utriusq matrem filii
Jussit nihil timere regis tunc salus

Huic membra multo lassa morbo desident.

O vix labantis tollit artus corporis
Quæ tanta gnati cura patruū tenet?
Si filiū imatura fata absorbent,
et fila chara avidæ sorores amputent
Suspecta mors ducem tamen Gloces-
triū

reum arguet, nec fraudis effugiet notam.
An lædi honorem regis aut suū putet,
hoc si loco morabitur tutissimo?
Suspecta nulli fuit asyhi fides.
hic incolere cum matre filiū sinant.
latère templo tuta decrevi magis,
quàm cum meis diri timere carceris
pœnas; asylo quos latère nunc malim,
quàm vinculis dedisse vestris dexterā.

HOWARD.

Hos aliquid ergo patrasse nosti conscia?

REGINA.

Patrasse nec quicquā scio, nec vincula
quorsū premant. sed non levistimor fuit,
ut qui colorem non mirantur carceris
hi mortis omnem negligant causā simul.

CARD.

Movetur ira: de suis posthac nihil.
Parcet tuis agitata causa judici,
nec tibi minatur aliquis heroū metus.

REGINA.

Imò, timere quid vetat manus pius,
cum vita non tuctur inocens meas
An hostibus Regina chara sim magis,
tristis malorum causa quæ fui meis?
Matrivi parcet juncta Regi chara stirps?
Meos propinquū non minus laudat genus
cum frater hic sit Regis, ille avunculus
Quin filius mecum morabitur simul,

Mens nisi aliud solertior psuaserit
Nam suspicor procerum magis tristem
fidem
quod absq̃ causa filiū avidè flagitent.

CARD.

Hoc suspicantur matris at sinū magis,
ne forte gelidus corda pstringens metus
ad externos relegare cogat filiū.
Sin patruo negare filiū juvet,
Manus tibi violentas exprimet,
seroq̃ justis pulsa viribus dabis,
Non hunc asylo pacta jura muniunt,
quæ nec dedit imbellis ætas poscere,
et vita nil timere jussit integra.
Lædi fidem promissam asylo non putant,
si filiū sacris solutū liberant,
sacramq̃ vim minatur vitæ tibi
Est talis amor erga nepotem patruī
ut principis turpem fugā tremesceret.

REGINA.

Amore sic teneri nepotis patruus
ardebat amens, nil ut horreret magis,
quàm ne suas pusillus evadat manus
nepos. fugam suadere matrem filio
putat, tabes cui longa discessum negat.
Aut quis tueri filium locus magis
potest asylo? quod Caucasus nunquā
ferox

Immanis aut violavit olim Thracia.

At sacra merere innoceus nescit puer
Nunc ergo frustra parvulus templū
petit.

Præclara Tutoris consulit carū caput
Furem tuentur sacra nequaquā piū
at parvulus non indiget puer sacris
Cuius timere vita prohibet integra,
metūq̃ vacuū jussit esse nescia

ætas mali: faxit deus tandem præcor
 ut corde pellat jure conceptū metū
 Hæreret templo turpiter gnatū putat.
 Protector (at protector horū sit precor,
 nec in suos crudelis hostis seruiat)
 An frater unā fratris ut ludat domo?
 Lucisse morbus jam vetat tristis diu
 pestisq; languens: an deesse parvulo
 possunt, quibuscū prima gestit ludere
 ætas, pares honore nisi dentur modo
 Regum supbo junctus atq; sanguine?
 quorū minū concors ea esse ætas solet,
 falsò sibi promittit illustris cohors
 Fratrum duorū mutuū solatiū
 Ludit sui secura juris æmula
 Natura dū fraterna fingeret odia
 pueris lites magis placent domesticæ
 binumq; vulnus sentiunt statim fratrū
 turbata pectora, atq; se minus posti
 possunt: magis lusore quovis gestiet
 quam frater cognatus puer, et statim
 admissa sordescit voluptas, nec diu
 domesticæ placere delitiæ possunt
 At sacra non posebat nescius puer?
 Quis ista sibi secrata dixit nuntius?
 Tu quære, quærat Claudianus, audiet
 At non negasse finge: suæ parvulū
 non posse, sine ardore asylū linquere
 Manebit invitus tamen: templū mihi
 si posco solū, bona tuebitur simul.
 Nemo Caballū sacrilega sacris eripit;
 templo puer latere securus nequit?
 Quin filiū matri pupillū detulit
 Britania lex, poscens si nulli bona
 accepta referat: jura matri suū
 mandent pupillū: quæ suos vis sacris
 Inimica tutrici pupillos auferet

cum matre virtus fugeret hostilis manus?
 Eduardus inimicis suis linquens miser
 extorta manib⁹ sceptrā, ad aras mox sa-
 cras
 fugi gravida, rex ortus in lucem ibi fuit,
 primosq; natales sacros nactus puer.
 Fuit timor non parvus hostibus patria,
 Dubiūq; fecit pacis incertæ fidem
 utriq; asylum præbuit tutā sedem,
 donec patris gnatum reversi amplexibus
 Templū relinquens læta traderem, fides
 tam certa regni sit utinā suæ.
 Quæ sit timoris causa nec quisquā roget
 mecum sacris manebit adibus puer
 Quicunq; pacta jura asylo rumperet
 precor sacra fruatur impius fuga
 nec invidio duris opem hostib⁹ sacrā.

CARD.

Quid agimus? ira cecā mentem vellicat
 et pungit interdū ferox Gloucestriū
 non flectitur precī pectus iratū levi
 pugnare verbus non juvat, jussus sacros
 suū senatus differo, quibus times
 parere frustra, grande suspicionis est
 tormentū acriter errore torquetur suo
 decepta. Si regina charū patruo
 mandas nepotem, et ceteris quos Anglia
 proceres suos gens nobilis jactat diu.
 Charā mihi vitā tibi pro filio
 Nunquā timebo pignori deponere
 Sin filiū nobis tuum mater negas,
 rursus tibi persuasor haud posthac ero,
 et filiū coacta deseres tamen.

Tremescit anceps cogitationū: Vincin?

REGINA.

Concussit artus nostros horridus timor,
 torquetq; victus frigidus sanguis metu

Quid agimus, animū distrahit dubius
pavor

Hinc natus urget, fortius illinc patruus
Testor deū verū, atq' quicquid possident
Caeli beatū conjugis manes mei,
Non aliud Eduarde in meo nato mihi
jam quæro, quam tua sceptrā regali po-
tens

gestaret aula, jura Britannis daret,
Regisq' latū vivat æternū genus
Quid fluctuaris? ergo prodis filiū?
et sponte quæsītū neci mater dabis
An non tuorū injussa terrent vincula?
Sin cogitet protector Anglorū decus
En, possidet natū priorem principis,
contentus illo sit: non poscit istū
patria

Is quærīt unū, utrunq' mater postulo
unum dari rogo, duos cui debuit
At hujus horescis nihil demens minas?
procerūq' vim tantū feris? natū tamen
amittis, et tuo perire vulnere
vides tuos, properare Cardinus pater
matris quærela, nec moras parvas facit
statim viennā vim minatur patruus
promissa asylo jura nec prolem tegunt
Nunquā fugæ miles viam celeri dabit
Armatus omnes occupat hostis locos.
Aut quæ capit fidelis amotū sedes?
Obscura Cardinalis haud fides fuit
sempq' sancti autoritas erat patris
Huic filiū manda tuū, Quin eripi
sinu videre filiū mater potes?
patrisq' funus ultimum regis domus.
Horrenda fulminet ferox Glocestrius
potius, feram, patiar, maneat gnatus
modo!

Erras, utrosq' pdis et gnatū simul
tuosq' ferre nec Glocestrensem potes.

CARD.

Dum cæca vires ira colligit, in tuā
præceps ruinā armatur infelix amor.
Cur patruo charam nepotem denegas,
cui cura major Angliæ cōmittitur?
meritō nos inertis damnas simul,
et esse stultos arguis, quando nihil
horum timemus, quale tu demens times.
Cū nos tamen Glocestrio junxit duci
assidua regni cura, nec magis fuit
pæspecta cuiquā vita Richardi ducis.

REGINA.

Tam stulta nunquā, mentis aut inops fui,
vos, esse stultos ut reor cunctos, fidem
vestrāmq' suspitione læderem mea.
Acumen ergo desidero simul et fidem,
quorū alterum si desit, in nostrū caput
ruet luemq' patria magnam parit,
nil sacra naturæ moratur fœdera
Regni cupido insana: nobilis furit
Ambitio fratrū cæde, nec maculā timet?
Veterū parū mentita psuasit fides
Romana fraterno madebant sanguine
mœnia: suo sin regna fratri parcere
haud

verentur; an frustra nepos patrū timet.
Si regi diversa fratres incolant,
erit salus utriq' servemus alterū,
utrumq' servabis: duos defendere
unius in vita potes: nec tutū erit
adibus iisdem vivere ambobus simul
Merces non ponit una singulas
Mercator in navi, procella quem frequens
jubet timere, nec marari turbines
rabidi solent frustra: licet mihi conscie

recti, loco servare sancto filiū
 me posse sperem, dura quamvis intonet
 crudelis horrendūq patruus fulminet,
 En filium vestris tamen manib⁹ simul
 vobis in illo mando fratrem, quos pie
 servare vos decebit. à vobis ego
 tum mater illū denuo repetam, caro
 quando omnis suū ante iudicis thronū
 posthac simul clangente sistetur tuba.
 Tremebunda scio quæ vestra splendescit
 fides, spatiosa quam sit dexteræ potentia,
 testata tot rebus simul prudentia,
 Nihil ut meis deesse tutandis queat
 suspecta sin vobis potestas vestra erit,
 Illum mihi vos p deos relinquit
 p regis Eduardi throni castam fidem
 Quantoq me nimis timere dicitis
 Tantū timere vos minū, decet parū
 O dulce pignus, alterū regni decus,
 spes vana matris, cui patris laudes ego
 demens precabar frustra, avi longas dies
 tibi patronus adsit tot procellis arbiter
 mundi deus, tutoq portu collocet
 impulsa vela, mæstæ matris accipe
 infixæ labris oscula infelix tuis.
 Is novit unus rerū habenas qui tenet,
 quando dies lucebit altera, tuis denuo
 cum nostra labris imprimentur oscula
 Jam quod timebis id genus dedit tuū
 Si vulnus haud statis miser, matris tuæ
 imitare luctus: sin negat lachrymas tibi
 generosus animus; at suos planct⁹ tamen
 concede matri, flere novimus prius
 En, sume fletus matris, è misero patris
 quicquid relictū funere: an quicquid
 potest
 febilis esse regis Eduardi necc?

at alter Eduardus tamen erat, qui po-
 tens
 supba regni sceptræ gestaret patris,
 hic finxit ora gnatus Eduardi minor
 Dicendus at magis meo ex utero meus
 Tum turma suffulsit meorū nobilis,
 nec morte fatum fregit una singulos
 Nunc dira fratrem Carceris custodia
 avulsit: ipsum possidet regem fides
 metuenda Richardi: reliquias en patris
 solas: in hoc fuit una spes lapsæ domus,
 in quo simul nunc auferentur omnia.
 Quis te manet fili exitus tristis? quib⁹
 heu fluctil⁹ una innoceus exponitur?
 si dura parvū fata querunt, ultimū
 domus tuæ funus, petam mater simul
 viventis oculos ad mea claudū manu,
 et matris in sinu puer pereas. vale
 fili vale, matris vale solatiū.
 Qualis remota matre crudelis leo
 prædam minorem moribus vastis pre-
 mens
 raptavit ore; talis sinu meo
 crudelis avulsit nepotem patruus.

HOWARD.

En candidas profusa lachrymis genas
 variis tenellos filii artus implicet,
 amplexibus suprema spargens oscula,
 nec plura singultus sinit anhelans loqui.
 Hæsitq medio rapta gutture egredi
 vox jussa, nec reperit iam infelix amor.
 Quid matris adeò chara vexas pectora?
 post terga discedens relinquit filiū.

CARD.

Noli timere nobilis princeps, simul
 cum fratre colludes tuo; regis domū
 nil suspicare matris orbatus sinu.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

CATESBEIUS, DUX BUCK.

CATES.

Plagis tenère lætus imbelles feras
 Glocestrius triumphat: in manus suas
 optata cæcidit præda; tuta fraus loco
 versatur; obscuro tenetur carcere
 nepos uterq; decora regni jam libet
 spondere sibi, solumq; fratris mortui.
 Qualis feras odore longo sentiens
 sagax canis, postquã vicinã prædã pcepit,
 cervice celeri pugnat, et presso vias,
 scrutatur ore talis omnib⁹ modis
 optare dextris sceptrâ fratris dimicat,
 regnoq; sperato prope Britanniae inhiat.
 Regni futuri jacta jam sunt semina:
 procerũ cohors irata Reginae nequit
 pferre stirpem poscit ad pœnã ferox
 dum lite pugnant anxu, clã pdere
 dum cogitat, quicunq; cœptis obstrepant
 Duce absq; Buckinghamio, sed nectere
 dolos suos veretur, et fraudes timet.
 Jussit ducis mentem supbã incendere
 Et concitare prohis odiũ regiae,
 ut sceptrâ parvis excedant infantib⁹,
 patruiq; Buckinghamius fraudes juvet,
 Regnumq; dux insensus acquirit sibi.
 Ut suspicentur interim procures nihil,
 hi de creando rege jussi consulunt.
 Catesbei, quid cessas parere duci thronũ
 Huc ferre Buckinghamiũ video gradũ:
 animo tumet supbus: huic nectam dolos.
 Flos Angliæ, præclara progenies Jovis,
 Et maximũ quassæ Britanniæ decus;
 Quid otii securus alis, iĩmemor

propriæ salutis? quale vulnus accipit
 collapsus imperii status, si concitus
 temere furor juvenilis opprimat insciũ
 Ætatis haud mulcetur ira fervidæ.

DUX BUCKING.

At si quis excelsa potens aula, levis
 Iĩmuni imperio deæ suæ potest
 jactare foelicem statũ haud fragill loco,
 Excelsus id Buckinghamus heros potest
 Quodnam sed omen istud ambiguus
 jactis

Dubio ore carceris nigri lecto specu
 an hostis in nostrum caput frustra ruit.

CATES.

Locus sed omni liber arbitrio tacet.

BUCK.

Nudate turba servuli vestra latus.

CATES.

Nũl timet generosa magnanimi indoles,
 Se posse vinci, magna virtus dum negat
 præmia ferunt fastus sui Riverius
 heros, Grausq; primus hic gradus mali
 Rex sceptrâ puerili manu quassans
 furit,

Minatur olim non multas fore suas
 injurias, nec dura fratris vincula,
 nec avunculi tulit sui; mater comam
 lacerata vindictam petit, minor genu
 quicquid propinquus sit, sibi fieri putat
 Nunc ergo prudens ista tecum cogita:
 Nam si pepersit hostib⁹ manus tuis,
 et traxerunt matris propinqui spiritũ,
 Nunquã tuas cessabit in pœnas furor
 At si timori spiritũ evomant tuo,
 iramq; justam sanguine extinguant suo
 Regem timebis, scelere dum vincet scelus
 domusq; cognatæ fremat diram luem.

BUCK.

Furor brevis pueri statim restinguitur.

CATES.

At ira præceps est magis pueri levis.

BUCK.

Minuet dies, vehemens quod est ruct
illo.

CATES.

Nunquam sinit parentis im̄ensus dolor.
mori: incitant matrem suorū vincula
Et filiū matris quærelæ.

BUCK.

Criminis

pars istius Glocestrius fuit.

CATES.

Furor

satiatur ultione. Sontem negligit
punit scelus

BUCK.

Ducis potest autoritas
ferociam pueri minuire.

CATES.

Dum puer

est.

BUCK.

At suū semp timebit patrum.

CATES.

Quenquam timere nescit imperii decus.

BUCK.

Quod nos tueri salubre consilium potest

CATES.

Quod principi necem vestram solum
vetat.

BUCK.

Pulsabit usq matris ira filium.

CATES.

Nocere mortuus nihil gnatus potest.

BUCK.

Mali medela sola tollere principem.

CATES.

Vinci nisi scelere novo scelus nequit
Quoddam scelus honestum necessitas
facitPlagis tenetur capta dispositis fera
Quasi vinculis uterq servatur nepos
levi peribunt Claudū nutu ducis
periere jam jam, si tibi nunc consulas
Glocestrium munit satelles clam ducere
mores notat secretos excubitor tuos
qualem tuorum nimmè falsam putes,
adver-us illum fortè si quicquam pares
Nihil timendū si vides, time tamen
incerta multorū fides: constans nihil
Inimica crede cuncta: turbatus solet
simulare multa vultus, et finget dolos
Fratri Thyestes liberos credens suos,
mistum suorum sanguinem genitor bibit.

[BUCK.]

Quid nunc, cur hæres quodne consiliū diu
Vesane torques. Carceri hæreas datos
an pernitebit? hoc inertis est viri.Hinc regis ita terret: an puerū times?
An feminā? nam fata cognatos premunt.Versantur illinc odia splendidi Ducis
cujus potestas suūa, quem cuncti tre-
muntQuæris salutem? tutus hinc eris magis
confide suūus, et fidem præsta Duci.

CATES.

Properata Regem fata si vita eximant
parabit hæres sceptræ Richardus sibi
Tu sola jactatæ columnis patriæ
ambire regnū ope dux tua Glocestrius
facile potest: utriq vitam munies.

BUCK.

Nunquā meo ludet cruore regius puer
Cujus minas satiabit ereptū caput
Jactura parva principis, vitam suā
servare si posses. parum pueros decent
decora regni: matris hoc regnū invidæ
haud regis esset, cujus impulsu in necem
solū suorū armatur iratus puer.

DUX BUCK. DUX GLOCEST. CATES-
BEIUS.

BUCK.

O Claudiane rector, Ebori domus
 spes una, nec non periculi consors mei
 nobis graveni tuus parat necem nepos.
 Casus suorū maestus Eduardo satus
 plangit, minasq̃ fletib⁹ miscet graves
 Abdenda vinculis opaci carceris
 infausta proles Regis, an ūra nece
 suæ domus litabit ultrices deos.

GLOC.

Horrere vindicis potentiæ faces
 cogunt truceq̃ regis irati minæ
 salubre præcipitare consiliū jubet
 Quò longius serpit malū robustius
 fieri solet, brevisq̃ consiliis mora
 datur.

BUCK.

Medela tristis ingenti malo
 paratur: en facilè scelus vinci nequit
 Sempq̃ minatur ira cæca principis:
 vindicta sceptro armata pugnat acerimè.
 Testor deum verū, summūq̃ cælorū
 decus,

quodcunq̃ consulas, sequor vitæ ducem.

GLOC.

Tremulos p̃ artus horror excurrit vagus

Juvenile novi regis, ingeniū, ferox
 indocile, flecti non potest? frangi potest.
 Si patiamur, exitiū parat nobis grave.
 redimere vitam vinculis regis licet,
 At heu pudet fraterna regna demere
 undiq̃ frequens ridet Lancastriū genus,
 lapsamq̃ gaudebit domū æmuli sui.
 Consulere sed vitæ quia proprie juvat,
 nec patriā decet onerare luctib⁹:
 fraterna posco sceptra jure sanguinis,
 vestraq̃ fautores salutis vos voco.
 Cœptis tuā si spondeas nostris fidem,
 Juro supremos qui tonant cælum deos,
 natus meus solamen unicū, tuā
 gnatum maritus uxorem ducet sibi.
 Quod vendicas Herfordiensis eris comes,
 aquis carebit Thamesis, æquor piscibus
 partes prius quàm pfidus linquā tuas.

CATES.

Nunc ergo cœpta vota demens pfice,
 primūq̃ Regulos ad arcem transferas
 famulosq̃ substituas novos nepotibus,
 dicto tuo quos audientes autumas;
 Et nulla deinceps ad Regem pateat via
 populi strepitū ad tuos transfer lares,
 et subditorum averte regi lumina,
 calcentq̃ tua posthac clientes limina.

GLOC.

Quin Angliæ proceres latère fraudem
 convenit
 dum rapta nostris sceptra manib⁹ cade-
 rent.

CATES.

Adhuc corona regiū cingi caput
 non posse dimissi docebunt nuntii:
 tuoq̃ jussu confluat procerū cohors
 ut magna celebrentur comitia Britanniae

dum cogitabundi suū capiunt iter,
et urbe nudati manebunt virib⁹,
et arma meditantes priusquā jungerent,
Incerta cū sit invicem fides sibi,
erepta puero sceptrā tutus posside.

BUCKING.

At nobilem non fallēt Hastingū dolos
Stanleius heros urbe quoq̄ confidet,
Antistes Eliensis astum intelligent.
Si clam coire sepatim senserint.

GLOC.

De reb⁹ Angliæ gravissimis ut consu-
lant

coire proceres singuli jussu meo,
ne nostra cœpta intentus anim⁹ occupet.

BUCKING.

At quis tui simul comes consilii erit
Res magna paucis expediri non potest.

GLOC.

Quem non metu posessa sceptrā com-
primēt

Deesse nostro authoritas voto nequit.

BUCK.

Pervince multis præmiis vulgus leve
donisq̄ cumula plurimis, qui partib⁹
ut hæreant tuis facilè duci queant.
vincere pecunia quos nequit, coget
timor.

CATES.

Difficile procerū animos statim cognos-
cere.

GLOC.

Quasi publicis de reb⁹ anxius nimis
quos suspicor sollicitus usq̄ consulā
dum multa proponā dubius, et volvimus
secreta regni, mens patebit abdita
Hastingus unus principi palā studet,

et debitos differt honores regulis :
hic gratus Anglis et potens multū mea
juvare sceptrā, vel mori prius decet.

CATES.

Is principi favebat Eduardo nimis
nunquā potest promissa convelli fides.

GLOC.

Tentare perversam decet mentem magis
Forsan virū frangas reluctantem metu,
ego interim rebus Britanniiis consulā.

CATES.

Quid nunc agis Catesbeie? quin tibi
consulas :

nunc avoca astus animi, nunc fraudes,
dolos,

Totum Catesbeii. Thronū si particeps
fraudis Ducis procuret Hastingus : fidem
tibi derogas, minusq̄ posthac creditur
si spiritū pemitus inimicus exprimat,
quasi ptinax amor colat pueros natus :
præesse solus tu potes Lecestriæ
successor Hastingi : duces credent
magis :

bene est : pereat, ut nostra crescat
gloria

Infesta dirus rumpat ensis viscera.

Studere fingam Regulis durū nimis,
flecti nec ulla ptinax posset prece.

STANLEIUS, HASTINGUS.

STAN.

Pectus stupet, dubiq̄ pculsū metu
agitatur, huc illuc rotatur, nec potest
se evolvere : ominatur aliquod mens
malū

divulsa quid consilia sibi locis volunt?
dum pars in arce, pars alia prætorio

deliberat: novit tonans pater ille quid
disjunctus heros mente versat callidè.
Nervos vel imperio inhiare, vel necem
nobis, vel insidias struere regi quæat,
Hoc quicquid est metuo nimis.

HAST.

Ponas metū

Illustre Stanlei genus, nec torqueat
suspicio mentem vana: nihil in nos grave
patrare possunt, quamdiu meus simul
Catesbeius adsit (inde qui nunquam solet
abesse) quod velut ore prolatum suo
absens licet non audio.

STANL.

fides et adultera

non rarò tecta fronte blanda abscon-
duntur.

Virtutis umbra turpe pugnat vitii,
falsumq; vultū haud expriment pauci
dies.

HAST.

Cumulata meritis firma constitit fides.
Jussu meo Lecestri summe colunt,
Multūq; Northamtoniis potens valet.
rerū mearū summa in illo colloco.

STAN.

Serū est cavendi tempus in mediis malis,
libido regni circa nullā vim timet,
Imbellis ætas regis obruitur statim,
In nosq; secretū nefas post sæviet,
quoscunq; participes timet sceleris sui,
in nuda præda pfidis sumus hostib⁹.
repetamus at patrios lares celeri gradu
ubi sepiat suis clientes viribus.
Incepta fortè pfidus metuet furor.

HAST.

Frustra timemus prosperam sortem satis

verbis benignis alloqui, blandi Duces
solent, mihiq; plurimum semp student:
Et ipse populi vota, rumores, metus
cōmunicavi Catesbeio dudū meo
Torquebit alios cura magna principis
quærunť ducem cives, nepotem neg-
ligunt.

Quòd ista me celavit, haud æque fero
fugare lubet? nos arguet reos fuga,
atq; revocatos ira pderet magis.
Tutos manentes vita servat inocens.
Sin nos malū maneret, alterius velim
scelestas mens, non nostra damnaret fuga.
Fraus ista (crede) nulla quam demens
times.

Rude prius in cœlū chaos mutabitur,
prius astra terris hæcant, flamine salū,
quam fallat astrinctam fidem Catesbeius.

STAN.

Mox exitus tantis malis fidem dabit.

DUX GLOC. CATSBEIUS, HOWARD:
EQUESTRIS ORDINIS.

DUX GLOC.

Spes concutit mentem metusq; turbidā,
trepidumq; gemino pectus eventu labat.
Imago regni semp errat ante oculos
mihi,
et usq; dubium impellit ambitio gravis
turbatq; pectus: flamma regni concita
nescit quiescere: sceptras nunc tantū
placent.

Non desinā, dum summa votorū attigi
Multum exagitat incerta nobiliū fides
cui nostra certus consilia credam haud
scio:

Nec sunt loco tuto sitæ fraudes mææ.

HOWARD.

Quid pectus anxîū tumultu verberas?
nescit timere quisquis audet magna:
jam
regnū petis; fortuna fortes adjuvat.
ars prima regni posse te cives metu
retinere: qui cives timet, rebelles excitat.
Audebit omnia quisquis imperio regit
et dura tractat sceptrā regali manu.

GLOC.

Pectus nihil pturbat ignavus metus
Excede pietas, mente si nostra lates.
Tuetur ensis quicquid invitū tenes.
Aperire nunc ferro decet fraudi viā,
mactetur hostis, quisquis obstat mihi.

HOWARD.

Quid Pontefracti vinculis captos tenes
matris propinquos, nec mori tandem
jubes?

Indulta vita cæteris animos dabit,
et ultro pœnas mite supplitiū vocat
Ferro perempti spiritum infestū ex-
primant
firmes amicos, cæteri metu labant.

GLOC.

Hostes simul perire præsentēs volo,
obstare quos sceptris meis novi sagax,
et unus omnes occupet pariter metus.
Quorū dubia studio resistit mens levi,
Illos prement mox dura captos vincula.
Quo flectit Hastings animū.

CATSB.

Tantū in tuū

caput.

GLOC.

Meis adjutor esse ptibus
renuit.

CATSB.

Prius profundat arcus Ithiciū
fretū et rapax consistet aqua Siculi maris,
Noxq atra terris ante splendorem dabit.
Fraudes abominatur ferox quassans
caput,
Et semp Eduardū fidelem filiis
fore spondet, hostem regis hostib⁹ gravē.

GLOC.

Quid arma possunt regis irati, sciet,
iramq nostram sanguine extinguet suo.
Discant parere principi metu sui,
At qua via mactabo vesanū caput?

CATSB.

Conjugis amore captus insanit Shori,
Flammās libido nec furentes continet.
Hanc arguas capiti veneficiis tuo
mortem struere: causam suæ sin pellicis
amore cæcus, et furore fervidus
tuetur infelix patronus; consciū
sceleris nefandi suspiceris illico,
et proditorem patriæ incusa suæ:
mox amputet securis infaustum caput.

GLOC.

Proceres in arcem confluunt jussu meo
statim favere quos Regi scio
palam opprimam, reumq criminis arguā
satelles abscondet bipenni mox caput
nec sentiet senatus insidias stupens.

CATSB.

Sin abstinet sacris cōitiis callidus
heros, novus quærendus est fraudi
modus.

GLOC.

At illico invise inclytum Howarde
caput,
blandisq vocibus morantem concita

sacris abesse comitiis noli pati.

CATSB.

Solumne poscis diræ Hastingū neci?

GLOC.

Stanleius heros, atq Cardineus pater,
Præsul Eliensis comprimentur vinculis,
animum ut fidelem carceris donet specus.
Sin impotenti ptinax animo abnuat
quisquam nec Hastingi monet tristes

lucs:

ferrū secabit triste noxiū caput:
Infida strictus ensis eruct viscera.
Res et profecto stulta nequitæ modus.

HASTINGUS HEROS, HOWARDUS, HASTING⁹ MILES CALLIGATUS.

HAST. HEROS.

Miror quid huc eunti equus humi turpiter

prosteruntur, deus omen avertet malū
sed vana sortis quid movent ludibria?
Et dura Stanleius tremebat somnia.
visū sibi aprū nuntiat somno caput,
lacerare dente, mox fuit humeris cruor,
mihiq demens consulit, turpem fugam
Lasciva nos fortuna gestit ludere
ridetq turbatos levi casu viros,
quibus tamen nihil minatur invida.

HOWARD.

propere nobile Hastinge caput, celera
gradū.

HAST. HÆ.

Fœlix ades tandem sacrate diis pater,
secretas aures accomoda paululū mihi.

HOWARD.

Omitte tandem: quid sacerdotem diu
affare? confessore nil adhuc opus,

nihil sui securus infœlix videt

mox quàm sibi sacerdote damnato opus
erit.

HAST. HER.

Hastinge, nunquā excidit menti dies
olim nefanda, tristes et nimis, istius
quando sub arcis mœnib⁹ totus tremens
diræ metu necis, ultimò te viderim?

HAST. MILES CALLIGATUS.

O nominis decus unicū tibi, et genus
illustre, nunquā tam gravis casus mihi
aut tristis excidit: tibi nullū tamen
(Diis gratia) malū tum necis lucrū fuit
Æquata sors utrisq fuit.

HAST. HER.

Imo magis

hoc diceres, secreta mentis nostræ si
cognosces: quod singuli posthac scient,
At nemo adhuc. Oh Hastinge nunquā
quod sciem
vitæ magis dubius fui quam illo die
Nunc temporū mutata series. ad
necem

hostes trahuntur Pontefracti isto die
nostram cruore suo quietem sanciant.
Nunquā magis securus ex animo meo
Hastinge, vixi, nec metu magis vacat
jactata nullis fluctib⁹ vita.

HAST. MILES.

Id deus

faxit.

HAST. HER.

Quid hæres.

HAST ML.

Id precor.

HAST. HER.

Scio satis.

HOWARD.

Quin rumpas heros nobilis segnes
moras :

Nam te diu senatus expectat sagax.

De reb⁹ ut tot consulant nobile caput.

Descendit: heu nescit miser tristem sibi
luem parari. Ah quid nimis pueris
favet ?

Te te fefellit falsa Catsbei fides,

captusq; plagis præda retineris miser.

DUX GLOC. DUX BUCK. HAST. HER.

EPISC. ELIENS. SATELLES.

DUX BUCK.

Quam magna regni cura tutorem premit,

Ducemq; vexat Claudianū, quis patres

Ignorat, hunc solum intuetur Anglia,

Suisq; reb⁹ poscit authorem ducem.

Vestrā seorsim selegit prudentiā

quorū fidele consultant canū caput

Et ut procuret anxius negotia

celebrare comitia regis anxius studet :

Quò regiū diademate caput cingeret,

ut gratus esse mortuo fratri queat,

cujus sepulti filiū exornat piè.

GLOC.

Veneranda o patrū cohors, et maximū

Potentis imperii decus: faustū deus

indulgeat nunc rebus istis exitū.

Nec somniator ego nimis tardus fui,

qui tam frequenti serus adsū curiæ,

Somnus negotiis consultor est gravis
meis.

Tantumne mane lectulo elapsus senex

Eliensis antistes venis? senem quies,

Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortū tuū

decora fragra plurimū producere.

EPISCOP. ELIENS.

Nil tibi claudetur, hortus quod meus
producit: esset lautius vellem mihi,
quò sim tibi gratus.

GLOC.

Quid imperii status,

Salusq; regni poscat, et patriæ decus;

vestris adhuc jactate consiliis patres:

Abesse cogunt paululū negotia :

nec sit molestus fortè discussus, pcor.

HAST. HER.

Operam navare maximam, patres, decet,

ut dum gerit rex sceptrā puerili manu,

pellamus omnem fortiter discordiā,

quæ scissa nup regna diu exerceuit,

Hoc flagitat secura patriæ salus,

clariq; poscit mollis ætas principis,

et ultimo fides sacramento data

Regi sepulto: majus hoc nullū fuit

Regni satellitiū. Ergo proceres
invicē

consentiant, floruit hoc regnū diu:

Sin invicem dissentiant brevi ruet.

Purgare tandem patriam macula decet,

et scelere nosmet liberare pessimo.

Sed ecce retro dux venit dubio gradu:

quassans caput torvo supelilio furit.

Duro labellū dente comprimit ferox,

et pectore irato tegit dirū malū.

GLOC.

Quas destinatis his patres poenas, suis

Qui nunc veneficiis mihi exitū parant,

qui sum supbo regis ortus sanguine,

Tutorq; declaratus hujus insulæ.

HAST. HER.

Quas patriæ pferre debet proditor

Nec moror honorem, nec excuso decus.

GLOC.

Sensus mihi omnes fratris uxor fascinat.

HAST.

Verbis stupentes triste dimittunt caput
Justas luat regina pœnas pessima.
parū tamen placet, quod aures hæc meas
adhuc latebant: fraude captivi mea
erant propinqui matris: hodie jam meis
hi Pontefracti capite plectuntur dolis.

GLOC.

Comitata modò regina Shori conjuge
Suis venifica cantibus me prodidit:
Fluit tabo corpus, oculi somnū negant,
Stomacho invidet lentū tibi fastidiū,
Venas hiantes deserit pulsus cruor,
exangue brachiū exaruit, officiū negat.

HAST.

Heu, frigido cor palpitat tremulū metu.
Num pulcra destinatur morti pallaca?
pereunt amores: concubinā conjugis
Regina nunquā consuleret usquā sui.
Timent loqui. Securus alloquar ducem
Si fecerint gravissimas pœnas luant.

GLOC.

Si fecerint? itane mihi? si fecerint?
quū dico factū: quod tuū luet caput,
Scelestes proditor.

Let ye Protee
for give a blow on
ye counsel table,
and let one of ym
of ye gard break
in thereat with
his halbt and
strike ye L. Stan-
ley ou ye head.

SATELL.

proditi, proditio.

GLOC.

Te perduellionis esse aio
reū.

EPISC. ELIENS.

Percussit (hic) clarū Satelles Stanleū
An occidit, stillans rigat genas cruor.

GLOC.

Vos pduellem date neci, servi, statim,

Sacra morituro mox sacerdos finiet

Juro sacrū Paulū, prius non prandeo,
Pœnas quàm mihi pendat abscissum
caput.

Patremq Cardineū, Eliensem præselem,
Dominum Stanleium coerce vinculis:
Sceleris pœnas Shora pellex impudens
damnata psolvēt, jubente iudice.

HAST.

Quis nostra digne conqueri potest mala?
heu, quas miser voces dabo? quæ lachri-
mis

nostris Aedon exhibet luctus graves?
O machinator fraudis et diri artifex
sceleris; meorū prodidit fallax amor,
blanda q tectū fronte secretū malū,
cur invident severa fata vitam: in mea
quid morte tam potens erit versutia?
suūq cumulat gaudiū luctu meo?
Sed parce demens lachrymis. Testor
sacrū

heu numen adversum mihi: simul voco
quocunq defugistis intus inferi
terris opacis inocens morti trahor;
Simplex fides non intrat aulā nec pie
Dedit supba pompa vivere, in meā
statim

Fortuna pœnā mutat inimicas dotes.

GLOC.

An luctus attonitos muliebris comōvet?
tantas moras suadere lachrymæ queant?
non abripitis hunc? impio ferro caput
auferte. Quid cunctamini istū perdere.

HAST.

Gaudet dolor sua fata multis spargere
nec solus in pœnam placet: vestras colos
sævæ sorores impetrat: ludunt genus

mortale cæca fata : præmonstrant malū
vitare, quod vetant tamen. Perteritus
somno nihil Stanleus hæros comovet.
Heu visus est lacerare caput utriq̃ aper
frendens cruento dente, longus defluit
cruor p humeros : insignia dederunt apri
nomen Glocestrio : ter lapsus insidenti

equus
cecidit, senatū dum nefandū viserem.

GLOC.

Isti malū sibi quærunt satellites
qui dum moras faciunt inanes fletib⁹
demetere cessant impiū ferro caput.

HAST.

Hei mihi ; salutis nulla spes ? nunc ad
necem

trahite, quib⁹ fortuna jus in nos dedit.
quid lachrimis miser moror ? pio manus
cruore spargite. Ultimū solis vale
cœleste jubar proditum reparans diem.
Vale cohorte nobilis nitida soror
Phœbi quieta : longa jam nox obruet.

DUX GLOC. CIVES LONDINENS.

NUNTIVS.

GLOC.

Cives propere : hic adestis prope licet,
Serò nimis nobis, in arce quos modo
Hastings impiūq̃ consortes sui
sceleris pemissent, Deus si non opem
tulisset idq̃ licet diu celaverint
astu : ante decimā solis (ut sit) istius
pcepimus metuq̃ subito pcciti
quæcunq̃ casus arma dedit (ut cernitis)
miseri induimus, ipsiq̃ jam opprimuntur
aut

Virtute nostra, gratia vel Cœlitū.

magis doli hujus principis in pessimos
ac sceleris autores redundabit malū.
Nunc ergo vos jussu vocati estis meo,
iñane quia constaret omnibus nefas,
p vos ut inotesceret quærentib⁹.

CIVES.

Jussus fideles exequemur sedulò
O ptinax scelus mendacio cædem tegens
blanda q̃ tantū fronte contentū malū ?
quis nescit iñanes dolos sævi ducis,
dubitatq̃ captū fraude nobilem virū ?
suū scelus plerunq̃ in authorem redit,
prius in alios postquā crudelis sæviit.

NUNT.

Coruscus Hastingsi hausit ensis spiritū.

CIVES.

Ut gesta res est, quæso paucis expedi.

NUNT.

Postquā ad locū durus satelles traxcrit,
ad astra tollit heros lumina :
Ex ore casto concipit Deo preces
Quæcunq̃ nostra contumax supbia
supplia meruit (inquit) ô numen
sacrū,

utinam meo jam jam luatur sanguine.

Vix ultimas moratur carnifex preces

quin solvit illico ense corporis obicem.

CIVES.

Extinguit Hastingsū suorū ingens favor,
animusq̃ lætis credulus rebus nimis,
nec triste suspicatur integer scelus,
authore donec miserè amico plectitur.
Sed hic gradum confert ad arma
serviens,

Quid civib⁹ clamare quærit publicè.

SERVIENS AD ARMA.

Cœptis nefandis hic scelestus proditor

Hastings, horrendi caput primū mali
Et turba p̄juro gerens morem duci,
struxere tectos principis Glocestrii
vitæ dolos, altiꝓ Buckinghamii,
Ultriꝓ dum sacro senatu considēt:
Ut sic ruinosæ pemptis Angliæ
Rectorib⁹, sedis supremæ culmina
Scandant supbi suūna, celso vertice.
quamvis inepti, qui ruentis maxima
Regni gubernarent Britanni pondera.
Quis nescit Hastingsum parentem prin-
cipis

traxisse secū? turpiter quis regiū
nescit malis fœdassee nomen morib⁹?
Splendore vel spoliasset regnū pristino
dictis suis, factis suis, turpem virū?
Quis nescit Hastingsi libido p̄dita
quot virginū passim pudorem p̄didit?
Leetiꝓ rupit conjugalīs fœdera,
amplexus infames adulter pellicea.
Nam Shora pellex nota scortū nobile,
hujusq; cordis p̄ticeps et conscia,
Hunc nocte polluto suprema lectulo
accepit amplexu parū castè suo
Ut morte pœnas jure pendat maximas,
turpem gravi qui scelere vitam pol-
luit.

Nec si diu dilata damnati foret
mors traditoris, marte funesto suū
jurata poscat turba demens principem
Quæ pœna festinata fallet singulis,
Diosq; in tantū tumultus comprimet.

CIVES.

Præcep̄s agendi magna p̄turbat modus
fœtumq; festinans parit serū canis.

CIVIS ALTER.

Hæc scripta sunt alto prophetæ spiritu

Nam tantulo quī tanta possent tem-
pore
vel cogitari dicta, vel sic exprimi
Pulcræ mihi sanè videntur literæ,
pulcrèq; depingi videtur chartula,
et pulcra postremò loquendi formula,
Illud tamen mirū videtur maximè,
tam pulchra tam p̄vo parari tempe.

CIVIS.

En Shora tremulū cereum gerens manu,
Induta pœnas linteo infames luit,
Regum inclyta meretrix tyranno dat
duci
pœnas, pater descende Jupiter, et thoro
tam grata pignora nunc tuo rape: nam
tuā

Lædam vel Europā, puta deserere polū,
Oh misera, me miseret tui, piget, pudet:
(Licet impudica mulier, et minus
proba)

Privare vita dum nequit Dux Claudius
spoliare forma quærit iratus tibi.

PROCESSIO SOLENNIS.

CHORUS.

Preces Deo fundamus ore supplices,
Nec sit nota polluta mens adultera.

1. Fidem tuere conjugū
Lectum probro libera
Defende privatos thoros
Furtiva ne lædat Venus.

2. Quemcunq; facti pœnitet
Purga solum crimine
Exempla sanent posteros
Furtiva ne fœdet Venus.

EPILOGUS.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| Quas dirus admovit Richardus machi- | Freudent aper, regni lues, Glocestris, |
| nas, | Illustris Hastingsi cruor defunditur, |
| quantisq; regnandi libido luctibus | quòd regulis vivus faverat pvulis |
| affecit afflictam videtis patriam, | Regno repugnantcs novo Riverius, |
| Ut celsa regni scandat altus culmina | Vahanus et Graius repressi carceris |
| | horrore, læthali præmuntur vulnere. |

THE SHEWE OF THE PROCESSION.

A Tipstaffe
 Shore's Wife in her petticoate, haveinge a taper
 burninge in her hand.
 The Verger
 Choristers
 Singinge men
 Præbendaries
 The Bishope of London
 Citizens.

FINIS.

ACTIO SECUNDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | | | |
|---------------|---|---|-------|
| Mr. PALMAR, | Dux Glocestrensis | | |
| Mr. STRINGER, | Dux Buckinghamiæ | | |
| Mr. BAYLY, | Lovellus Heros | | |
| Mr. ALMY, | Prætor Londinensis | | |
| Mr. WEBSTER, | Fitz Williâ, Recorder London, ut vulgo loquûtur | | |
| | Civis amicus Shawi | | |
| Mr. CLAYTON, | Doctor Shawe | | |
| Ds. MORRELL, | Civis prim ⁹ | | |
| Ds. FRAUNCE, | Civis secundus | | |
| Mr. SMITH, | Hospes | | |
| | Nobilis | | |
| | Servus unus et alter Buck. | | |
| | Foggs | } | Muti. |
| | Fagge | | |
| Ds. REMER | } Duo Epis. | } | |
| Ds. METHEN | | | |

ARGUMENTUM.

Postquã hos omnes in potestatem suã Richardus dux Glocestrensis rede-
gisset, quorũ erga regem fidem metuebat: quorum Hastingũ nobilem morte
affecit, cæteros in carcerem coniecisset, in id studiũ sedulò incumbit, ut citò
sui in Regni injustam possessionem veniat. Itaq ut Londinenses fraude
induceret, ut ultro cum cæteris nobilibus regnũ sibi deferant, Regis ortũ,
fratrisq sui ducis Eboracensis parvuli damnavit, Regem Eduardum fratrem,
non ita multò antè defunctũ, adulterii p ducem Bucking: in Curia Prætoris
accusavit, neq sui ipsius matri Ducissæ quondã Eboracensi pepercit. Tandem
delatam sibi Majestatem, quam tantopere inhiebat, ægre ut videbatur assu-
mens solenibus comitiis coronatur.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

DUX GLOC. DUX BUCK. LOVELLUS

HEROS.

GLOC.

Illustris heroū propago, Ducū genus
insigne Buckinghamiorū, particeps
nostriq̃ consiliū Lovelle nobilis:
Quin rumpimus segnes moras strenuū
deceat

fore, magna quisquis cogitat, res nihil
habet

Isthæc periculi · audire deceat · haud
amplius

quis influentis dona sortis respuit?
Regem potest creare Buckinghamius
honor ducis erat semp hic amplissimi ·
virtute te natura firma roborat,
et corporis vestivit anxia dotibus.

Tibi rursus aciem inclusit ingenii pa-
rem,

Nec te magis Minerva quinquā lumi-
nat.

Sequi deceat, natura quo præstans vocat:
tantū potest excelsa Buckinghamius
Tolluntur hostes ecce suspecti mihi,
omnesq̃ diri carceris vincula premunt,
Regis favor quos armat in regnum
meū

Jubere cunctos voce licet una mori
Hastings interemptus heros occidit:
Stanleus heros continetur vinculis

Et Eliensem Episcopū carcer domat.
reliqui jacent, tetra specu clausi, meis
quicunq̃ coëptis impii favent parū.

BUCK.

Puerum levem regnare? fortune jocus
lasciva ridens sceptrā miscet litibus.
Virtus suo succumbet infans ponderi
Tuo cogita quosnā struis regno dolos:
Nunquā tuos jussus relinquā ptinax.
res expedire magnas nescit illico.

GLOC.

En ipsa temporum jubet securitas
audacter aggredi prius quæ consulis,
anunis oportet prævidere singula,
res arduas nec aggredi temere deceat.
Quis exitus rerum futurus cogitat
Sapiens prius. [Gerenda cuncta providè.]

LOVELL.

Quicquid timendū, juncta consilia ex-
plicent

En temporis nimium premunt angus-
tiæ,

quo regiū caput corona cingeret ·
Nunc ergo cunctis impandū publicè,
Ut non sacris statim cōiūtiis confluant
Regni moras p̃suadet occasio gravis
ne cingat antè caput corona Reguli,
quam luceat secunda Novembris dies
Ilic destinatus est dies solennibus
dum cogitant mora tarda quid velint
sibi ·

Patrios larces procul relinquentes suis.
dum viribus nudati adessent, Nobiles

Incerta dū dubios opinio torqueat,
mutuāq̃ suspicentur incerti fidem,
agitata mente consilia nec digerant
suam priusquā vim rebelles jungerent
tu rapta pueris sceptrā tutus posside
Mox nomini devicta succumbet tuo
invidia, dū ferro repellat principem.

BUCK.

Ferat licet decepta nobiliū cohors
animusq̃ prudens ferro tentaret nihil.
ad arma junget ptinax populi furor,
motuq̃ cæco rapitur, in præceps ruit,
quocunq̃ fertur verba convenient feris
injustè factis: victance cedit metu
concepta rabies temere, qualis
ferro Mæander funditur rapicens, pati
Neque scit resistantem sibi, et dirū fre-
mit.

LOVELL.

Mulcere blandis plebis ingeniū ferox
deceat, sequitur lubens, et ultro pellitur
At quem suorū civiū favor beat
inter suos, nec parva imicat authoritas,
tractare molliū rudem mentem potest,
tuū psuaderi regnū civibus,
Urbs Angliæ præclara Londinū tuis.
Inducta votis si faveret, vicinus:
errore capti cæteri cedent pari:
Possessa regna facilè ferro munies,
At quis color regni probetur civibus,
ne decepi captos sagaces senserint?
irata se plebs graviter illudi feret.

BUCK.

Infausta gens tot lassa vincitur malis:
stragemq̃ majorem minantur parvuli
Lasciva regna Anglia novas lites ti-
met:

et matris haud cessabit in poenas furor.
Tua regna luctus auferent teterrimos,
qui natus es regū supbo sanguine,
tantamq̃ regni sustines molem sagax.

LOVELL.

Istum facile plebs sentiet callida dolū,
causamq̃ regni credet injustam fore.

GLOC.

Quidni dolis facilis patet nostris via
Palā fratris damnentur infames thori
pudica sceptrā non ferunt probrū:
spurijs vetant regnare jura filios.
Amore postquam rex flagraret Luciae
ætate tam calcante dum notas prius
iterum Venus furtiva delicias petat
et libido sævis nec modū flāmīs dedit,
temere spondit Luciae regni thoros,
illāq̃ participem sui regni vocat.
Experta sæpe Venus parit fastidiū
sordent amores Luciae tū principi,
Nec furta lecto quærit obscuro impro-
bus.

Decepit animū conjugī obstrictū suæ,
et possidet Regina promissos thoros.
Tum Lucia locū pulsa pellici dedit,
adhuc rapaces nil timens fati minas
Hinc filios generi suo infames pater
genuit adulter (vulnus Angliæ grave)
Nec adhuc thronus maculā tulit solū
patris:

Lectū priorem lusit impudens amor.
Nostri parentis Eboracensis ducis
Thalamis duciissæ turpe mentiti viri
Vestigiū secretus invenit comes,
Coitus nefandos nec dolus tegere po-
test
Socium tædæ sciunt, pudetq̃ criminis

foedæq; matris fœda proles rex fuit,
 Eduardus, ignoto deceptus filio
 incesta sceptrâ detulit falsus pater
 Diversa fratris ora patrem denegant,
 moresq; degeneres fratri meus pater
 vultus habebat, talis aspectu fuit,
 Imago dissimilis fratris stuprû docet:
 Amoris hæres turpis, haud regni fuit.

BUCK.

Et jure vendicas: dolos quid quæri-
 mus?

fatetur æquitatis istud plurimû.

Iter patet cœptis: Quid utendû arti-
 bus?

quomodo ista turbæ verba constabunt
 levi?

aut cujus in tantis dolis sequêris fidem?

GLOC.

Nil frigidus cor torqueat tremulû me-
 tus.

Quæ non secreto vincitur prælio fides?
 Civem potentem facile Londinû dabit,
 Et qui dolos tegere sagax nostros po-
 test,

animosq; blandus cômovere civiû,
 Multisq; vincere Londinenses premis
 Inter suos Prætor valet plurimûm
 vanos honores ambit et fluxas opes,
 multûq; avaræ mentis instigat furor
 Reddet fidelem spes honoris improba
 et pellit usq; longa nummôrû sitis:

LOVELL.

Falsis sacris nihil fallacius fuit.
 plebem facillè mentita ludunt numina
 Animus statim devotus impetum dabit.
 Si præco scripturæ fidelis, dū sacra
 inculpât aurib⁹ piis oracula,

divina vel præcepta populo psonet,
 Cômement olim fraude deceptos thro-
 nos

Lectiq; probrû, vulnus et claræ domus.

BUCK.

Vir literis insignis est Doctor Shaue
 Prætori eadem matre conjunctus frater
 Hunc laude ditantur frequentes literæ:
 Fucata cives sanctitas mirè allicit,
 cujus tamen menti facillè labes sedet,
 hoc munus exequi fidele qui potest.

GLOC.

Alquis meorû accersat urbis Londini
 Prætozem, honore inter suos magno
 virû,

sumûsq; tinctû literis fratrem Shaurû.

Ubi Prætor animos civiû demulcerit,

Et nostra regna civib⁹ psuaserit:

hos convenit pleno senatu te alloqui

Miratur illustrem ducē vulgus rude

Fulгоре populus captus attonitus stu-
 pet,

lapsûq; calitus deû putat sibi.

Vultu tuo plebs victa succumbit statim

dulci veneno mox stupentes opprime,

ut filios pari insequantur et odio,

Promitte libertatis alta præmia,

urbem hæbit lecta civiû quies,

et sine nullo crescet immensû decus,

si vindicent lecti stupro infamem domû,

et sceptrâ nobis jure reddant sanguinis.

LOVELL.

Dum predicet coitus nefandos et fra-
 tris

novos amores, matris et probrû tuæ,

domusq; regis dedecus sanctus pater,

donec tuarû præco laudum maximis

virtutib⁹ decorat intentus Shaus
Quasi cœlitus repente lapsus advola.
Te principem divinitus crearier
populus levis putabit, atq̃ spiritu
ductū sacro, dictasse te Regē Shaū
credet levemq̃ distrahet mentē stupor.

DUX GLOC. PRÆTOR LOND. DOCT.
SHAA.

DUX GLOC.

Præclare prætor urbis illustrissimæ,
et sancte præco, diisq̃ sacratū caput.
cœ, magna molimur futura cōmōda,
et maximā regno quietem quærim⁹
Hujusq̃ laudis magna vobis pars erit
quos novimus regno precari prospera,
uterq̃ votis anxius si pareat
Nunc ergo vestrā posco secretā fidem,
tam magna quib⁹ arcana regni pan-
dim⁹
Honorib⁹ magnis fidem pensabim⁹
largisq̃ fidos præmiis ditabimus.

PRÆTOR.

Protector illustris, propago splendida
Regis, tibi lubens fidem conservo meā.
Quod impas, fidele munus exequar.

GLOC.

Contrita mutuis cœdib⁹ Britannia
heu terret, et majora suadent vulnera
infirmi pueri sceptrā, matris et furor.
sceleri mederi quis facile demens po-
test ?

deponat animo justa qui Regis timet,
et malè parebit regis imperio pudor,
viro potenti vera laus non contigit
Fortuna quos impellit, invitos malè
vetatq̃ sæpe facere quod cupiunt piè,

Justus facile erit, cui vacat pectus
metu.

Suadent mihi decora regni nobiles,
regnare quem regalia jubent stemmata.
Vos civiū suadere mentib⁹ velim
in urbe, quorum fama tanta splendide
celebratur, ut mihi sceptrā regni de-
ferant.

PRÆT.

Quo jure tu Regnū nepotis vendicas ?
ne temere plebs irata turbas concitet,
ubi senserint spoliātū honore princi-
pem.

GLOC.

Talia tuis clam sparge Prætor civib⁹.
Lecti stuprati natus incestus fuit
Eduardus olim frater, alienos thoros
dum matris amor avarus admisit, ducis
atq̃ soboli falsos nepotes miscuit.
Facti probri pudibundus invenit comes,
stuprūq̃ secretū fatentur famuli
Imago dissimilis patris nothū vocant
moresq̃ degeneres fratris: me filiū
legitimè imago nota psuasa ducis,
iidemq̃ mores patris et voces pares
neq̃ tulit hanc solū labem infelix
genus

Majore dedecore domū infamem gravat
matrem secutus frater Eduardus suū
Nam conjugali Lucie junctus fide,
repudia sponsæ nunciat amator novus,
thalamisq̃ primis ludit injunctā fidem
Elizabetha serò regali face
uxor secunda, juncta principi fuit.
Possidet iniqua mater alienos thoros,
fœdosq̃ patri filios pellex tulit.
Dum populus ista cogitat secū, statim

in curia cives tum dux inclytus
 corā docebit ista Buckinghamius
 Procerūq; quæ sit omnīū sententia
 Splendore populus raptus insignis viri,
 me fortē principem suis suffragiis
 clamabat, et regem vocabat Angliæ
 Hæc cruce Pauli sacra fundens dog-
 mata

populo simul divine præco edissere
 Sed turpe probū matris invitus quasi
 pstringe nostrā cautus offensā gravem
 metuisse fingens; laudib⁹ ubi nos tuis
 copiosus ornabis; subito quasi cœlitus
 Princeps datus Britanniae, laudes meas
 Stipante pompa intercipiā, miraculū
 dum creduli meditantur, illico nominis
 spes falsa seducit facilē, nunc exequi
 vos expedit fideliter quod jussimus.

DR. SHAW.

Mox tua fidelis impata psequar.
 nunquā meā damnabis incertā fidem.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

CIVIS PRIMUS. CIVIS SECUNDUS.

CIVIS 1^{us}.

Quodisne scinditur Britannia litib⁹
 Luctusq; cumulat luctib⁹ fatum grave?
 dirum premit recens malū? penc
 modū

severa fata nesciunt. Nunquā domus
 Irata plena cœdib⁹ pacabitur?
 hæcve nullus sceptra impune geret?
 At jam nihil stirpem timent Lancas-
 triā

Erepta ferro regna: jam novū scelus
 infausta sibi domus parat, quantā luem

præagit assuetis malis animus? fides
 Est nulla regni, nec suis parcere potest
 ambitio demens. Glocestrīū ducem
 ambire regnū murmurat secreta plebs
 Patruī nefas crudele, tetrū, parvuli
 latent in obscuro nepotes carcere,
 en Cōmītiis de certo ascriptus dies.
 Glocestrii tantū ducis frequens Cliens
 attrita pulsat limina: illic emicat
 illustris aulæ splendor, istuc confluunt
 mitiora quisquis supplici implorat
 prece.

Quicunq; Regis nuda calcat limina
 Et principis servus fidelis viseret
 illū minū edocta vulnerat cohors.

CIVIS 2^{us}.

Charū caput, duræq; sortis p̄iceps
 fidelis, heu, quā nos premūt casus
 graves?

fessam repetit en turbo sævus Angliā,
 viresq; triste reparat amissas malū.

CIVIS 1^{us}.

Effare quæ cives manent lassos mala.

CIVIS 2^{us}.

Brevi scelus complectar horrens impiū,
 dum reb⁹ otiosus intentus novis
 vagarer, et cōmune regni gaudiū
 revolve præceps ecce fertur impetu
 insana plebs, cæco frequens cursu ruit
 Denso statim miscebar agmini stupens:
 Ad templa rapimur: dubias aures por-
 rigo:

Expecto sacra: cogitabundus steti
 Divinus ecce præco scandit pulpitiū,
 quem literis lucere clarū jactitant,
 sordere fœdis moribus, doctor Shaa.
 Mox è sacris sic orsus est oraculis.

SEMEN BEATUM THORUS ADULTER DE-
NEGAT

PROLES NEC ALTAS SPURIA RADICES
DABIT.

Postquā diu regni decus quān vulnerat
Lecti probrū præmonstrat, et falsæ
faces:

thorī fidem quantū beabunt numina:
Lectiq̃ decepti scelestos filios
peccata testantes patris quantū horreant:
bona falsus hæres quamvis occupat pa-
tris:

furtū tamen mox prodit ignotū deus,
suoq̃ restituit sua hæredi bona.

Qui possidebat regis infandos thoros
fidemq̃ lusit conjugalē pelluca
Elizabetha falsa mater, impio

declamat ore quodq̃ primū Lucie
promissus olim lectus Eduardi fuit

Ergo thoros hæc possidebat Lucie

Injusta mater Elizabetha, liberos

et polluit macula suos adultera.

nec filios mentita fœdabat fides

solū regis patris; polluta mater arguit

spureosq̃ natales, suis dum liberis

adulteros furtiva miscuit Venus.

summi ducia, falsūq̃ patris filiū

diversa suadent ora solus exprimit

Richardus effigiem patris: regem vocat

vultus ducis: Nunc ergo jure vendicat

amissa patris regna. Mox Glocestriū

ad astra laudibus ferebat: Regis

quod splendor hic lucebat, hic verus

nitet,

vultus patris, virtus frequens quantū

beat

hunc intueri jussit, hunc solū colī
omnes stupent vultumq̃ demittunt, fre-
munt,

mox intuentur invicem, venit Glocestrius
suas laudes serus amittit: comes
stipabat ingens. Ubi ducem vidit Shaus,
Rex Angliæ, quasi lapsus esset cœlitus,
En (inquit) en chari Britanni, en prin-
cipem

hunc intueri rursus, hunc colī jubet
Periisse quasi frustra blanditias pudet
jam tum priores, dux prius cū abfuit
hæc vera imago patris, hic vultus ducis,
Nescit mori pater Richardo sospitus.
Stipante pompa, spiritus altos gerens,
p̃ densa pumpens virorū, civib⁹
spectanda præbet ora dux, alto sedet.

CIVIS 1M⁹.

Quis hujus at sermonis eventus fuit.

CIVIS 2D⁹.

Postquam Shaus periisse laudes cerne-
ret,

populū nec acclamare lætis vocib⁹

Rex vivat æternū Richardus: (nam stu-
pet

tum populus, admiratur infandū nefas)

coepti pudet, seroq̃ cognovit scelus:

reparare vires quærit amissus pudor

frustra prius spretāq̃ virtutem timet:

En civiū vultus miser fugiens, domū
subducit ipse se clam. At hic quid vult

sibi

in curia corona tanta civiū.

CIVIS 1.

Coire cives prætor hic jussit suos.

de rebus ut nos consulat gravissimis

Propago Buckinghamiorū nobilis.

CIVIS SEC.

Avertet omen triste propitius Deus.

DUX BUCK. PRÆTOR LOND. NOBILIS,
SERVUS UNUS ET ALTER BUCKING-
HAMIL.

DUX BUCK.

Amore vestro ductus (ô cives mei)
de reb⁹ alloquar hodie gravissimis.
Sunt ista patriæ decora maximè,
vobis nec auditu seorsim tristia,
Quos nunc beat fortuna lætos undiq
Quæ namq vestris expetita sæpiùs
votis, diuq frustra defessis erant
sperata tempora, prætio quæ maximo
parasse, vel laborc summo non piget,
oblata vobis gratis adsunt omnia!
Si tanta, tamq optata quæ sunt quæ-
ritis,
tranquillitas sæcuræ vitæ, liberū
dulcis tutela, salusq conjugū.
heu quis priùs tot explicatis sæculis
vos peulit metus gravis? Nam p deos
cælumq quicquid possidet, quis tot dolis
tantisq tutò pfrui suis rebus
potuit? quis esse liberis solatio?
quis in suis regnare solus ædib⁹?
Mens horret illam psequi tyrannidem,
p ima quæ grassata regni viscera
exhausit aedes neq pestis invida
insontibus novit pœere. Quid explicem
exacta quanta sunt tributa sæpius?
extorta vi, quanta via luxui?
Nec grande civis ferre vectigal potest
Exhaustus, mulcta crevit imensum levis,
pœnaq gravis peussit offensū brevem.
meminisse Burdetti arbitror (cives mei)

cui, quod jocatus est lepidè, demi caput
Rex jussit indignè, nefas iudex licet
horreret nefandū, locusq nobilis
urbis senator qui diu vestræ fuit,
heu quam graves ppressus est pœnas
miser,

viris quòd illis ipse multa debuit
quos intimè rex invidebat impius?
Non est necesse ut psequar
adesse pene neminem vestrū puto
qui tam cruenti tempis non sit memor,
metusq non sit ipse conscius sui,
quem vel nefandus regis iniecit furor,
vel civiū tot improborū ingens favor,
Rex namq ferro nactus imperiū grave:
hunc victor iratus decora lædere
regni putabat impiè, qui sanguine
affinis esset aut amoris vinculo
conjunctus his princeps, prius quos oderat
At huic malo quem majus accessit malū
vitæ dubius hærebat, haud belli exitus
Qui vexat incertus modo sed (quod
fœdus)

urget tumultus civiū esse maximus
qui tum solet, cum nobiles odio invicem
tacito ardeant, nec optimates acriùs
se maximis exulcerabūt litib⁹
Quam, sceptra cū gestaret infesta
manu

Eduardus, intestina tandem prælia
sic æstuebant undiq? ut tristi nece
pars interiret maxima civiū,
hæc, hæc fuit tam fœda strages omniū,
qualem vidit devicta nunqu Gallia:
Hæc præpotens exhaustit Anglorū genus
hæc pristinis spoliabat illos virib⁹
Sumant tot urbes tanta clades omniū

dubia minatur pax pares bello minas
Nuñnos luunt domini, atq agros quis-
quis tenet

Mactatur, irā principis quisnā fugit?
Jam nemo non timore languebat miser,
nec ulla non plena periculis erant templa
At at quis illi charus esse creditur,
cui frater odio erat suus? confidere
quib⁹ potest, cui frater esse pfidus
videtur? aut quib⁹ pepercit mitior,
fratri suo qui toties damnū intulit?
At quos colebat intimus, nihil moror:
honore vel quales decoro pinxerat.
quis nescit uña plus potuisse pellicem,
regni viros quā totius primarios?

Invitus ista sanè vobis affero:
Sed nota quæ singulis quid attinet
tacere, quo non impulit libidinis
iūmanis æstus, amoris et cæcus furor?
Quæ virgo paulo pulchrior? quæ femina
plus cæteris decora, matris è sinu.
quam non mariti vel rapuit amplexib⁹?
ubivis at licet tyrannis ingruat:

hujus tamen quæ cæteris sensit minas
urbs nostra, cujus potius ornasset decus,
quòd prima regni sedes est, et præmia
defensus olim sæpe princeps debuit.
Majora benefacta vivus spreverat,
nec mortuus referre gratiā potest.

Alter en eodem restat ortus sanguine,
rex grator suis futurus subditis,
quiq meritis referre vestris debita,
votisq respondere possit affatim.
Nec animus illa (credo) vestris excidant,
doctus sacrorū præco quæ sparsit prius.
Nunquam fidem fefellit interpret dei:
patruū sacerdos fratris ad regnū vocat,

Glocestrū regnare quia jussit deus
nec sceptrā patris tractat impurus
nepos,

aut polluat regni decus lecti probrū
Richardus hæres fratris unicus fuit:
huic civiū decrevit et procerū cohors
magnanima, supplex ut rogaret patruū,
Regni velit decus tueri principis,
sumeret onus pollentis hæres insulæ.
facturus est agrè, scio: regni labor
deterret ingens, certat invidiæ rapax:
Ingrata pacem sceptrā nequaquā colunt.
Quantis cietur fluctib⁹ fallax decor?
mihi crede (cives) non potest tantū
puer

onus tueri: pulsat aures vox sacra,
Infausta regna levis quib⁹ puer præest.
Felix acumen invidū decet thronū,
ætāsque plena, patrā qualem vides,
Si chara vobis ergo civiū salus,
aut si juvent optata pacis fœdera;
tam fausta procerū vota laudetis simul.
uno creetur ore rex Glocestrius:
tantum laborem promptus assumet
magis,

Si vox fatiget vestra nolentem prius,
mens ergo quæ sit vestra, palā dicite
Altū quid hoc silentiū? plebs cur
tacet?

PRÆTOR.

Vix forte populus aure dicta concipit.

BUCK.

affabor illos ergo rursus altiūs,
Elapee sunt iniqua (cives) templa:
pax alma tandem sorte felici viget,
Nisi suo demens quis invideat bono,
Aut nescit uti, dū premebat Angliā

Eduardus atrox sæviens vultu truci,
 Insula quib⁹ jactatur usq fluctib⁹?
 Non vita tuta civiū, nunquā bona
 sunt clausa cuiq, dissipatq singula
 luxus, nefandi tum libido principis
 Quæ virgo fuit intacta? Quæ conjux
 labe

carebat injusta? licet quicquid lubet,
 misera fuit cunctis potestas civib⁹
 sed Londinensib⁹ longè miserrima,
 illis licet benigna psuasit locus.

Sed unus est, pericula qui tot vindicet,
 Dux ipse regio creatus stemmate,
 quem singuli colunt, Glocestriæ decus:
 Regnare quem leges jubebant patriæ,
 hæresq solus Regiæ manet domus.

furtiva proles matris injustæ, patris
 frustra sibi vendicat thronos adulteri
 Vir nup ista vos docebat optimus
 dum sacra vobis præco fundit dogmata
 divina nullus ora damnabit pius.

Hinc nobilis comōta Magnatū cohors
 et magna civiū corona, supplices
 Orare statuunt patruū, ut hæres suū
 capessat imperiū, decus nec patriæ
 falsus nepos corrumpat. Id faciet lu-
 bens

si sponte id vos exoptare senserit.

Clamore mentem publico ergo effun-
 dit

Ye Mayor and Quid hoc? adhuc tacet?
 others going
 to ye Duke. Mirū nimis.

PRÆTOR.

Unus solebat ore jussus publico
 De rebus alloqui cives magnis suos
 Hinc forsitan responsa quærenti dabunt
 Effare cives, urbis interpres tuæ.

FITZWIL. RECOR.

Quàm sorte felici cadant magis omnia
 quàm fratre quondā rege, quis demens
 negat?

Mihi nec est necesse singula psequi
 memoravit hæc dux omniū clarissimus.
 Estis duorū facile testes temporū.

Quantū prior premebat ætas, postera
 quam grata lucet, quem latet? cupit
 magnanimus heros ergo nunc cognos-
 cere,

regnare num Glocestriū placet ducem.
 Quod singulos statuissc constat ordines,
 Regemq procures Angliæ verū vocant.
 Vir ille quis, quantusve sit, quis ves-
 ciat?

Quo jure poscat hæres imperii decus,
 Admonuit omnes doctus interpres dei
 et arte qui pandit polū, doctor Shaa:
 Edatis ergo voce mentem Rounding the
Mayor in ye
care.
 publica.

DUX BUCK.

Est ptinax nimis istud silentiū
 de rebus his (amici) longè maximis
 vos alloqui, non jure queror concitus,
 Amore sed comōtus, ignotū bonū
 vobis adhuc referre quòd cupio lubens.
 Hoc singulis erit salubre civib⁹.
 manifesta mentis signa precor edite sta-
 tim.

SERVUS UNUS ET ALTER.

Rex vivat æternū Richardus.

PRÆTOR.

Aula levi tota susurrit murmure,
 Cives tacent, spectant retro quæ vox
 fuit
 mirantur, acclamant nihil regnū duci.

DUX BUCK.

Vox hercule læta, clamor atq; maxi-
mus,
dum nemo voce contrà quicquā mur-
muret.

Vox ergo civiū una cum sit omniū
pariter mihi comites (precor) cras jun-
gite

Præcemur una supplices ducem, velit
Nomen deinde sustinere principis.

NOBILIS.

Heu quid genas fletu rigas miser, do-
los

Weeping behind juvato nefandos plan-
ye Duke tourn- gere haud pcis tibi.
ing his face to-
wards y^e wall.

Furtū piū si lachrymarū,
sed tamen

læthale. Solus fata mundi qui vides
tremende pater, insontib⁹ miseris ne-
cem

averte, tristem sed sequor comes ducē.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

DUX BUCK. CIVES.

BUCK.

Let ye Mayor Veneranda civiū cohors,
come first ac- quos affatim
companyed with
citizens, then
the Duke with
other nobles;
they assemble
at Bernharde's
Castle. Urbs possidet præclara
Londinū, en sua
jam quisq; sponte contu-
lit faustū gradū,

et quilibet confluit ordo civiū,
ut dempta sceptrâ Adulteris nepo-
tib⁹

Glocestrio gerenda reddant patruo
Ne regiâ mentita proles inquinet.

Sed tu prius nostri ducem adventus
mone

Ne tantus anxiū tumultus illico
pturbet, Illū supplices cives petunt
quos Angliæ torquent graves casus,
sui

dignetur aditū subditis fidelibus,
de rebus illū maximis dum consulunt
Ingens onus regni labor, nec allicit
Statim bonos blandū venenū, quos fa-
vor

vexabit intestinus æternis minis
En delicatas eligunt fraudes domos,
et nulla cingunt tela principem satis,
cantūq; licet, at sermo popularis pre-
mit.

Sed ista quorsū psequor? Quod si piū
onus coronæ cura comēdat gravis
nihilq; suspectū facit illū fides
at illū metuo deterreat, nepotib⁹
vivis adhuc, infame regnū patruī.
honore plenus est: latere dux cupit
a turbidis semotus invidiæ

malis
Aditum negat Protector
(o cives mei)

His servant re-
tourneth and
secretly report-
eth to ye Duke
whome he send-
eth againe.

Tantāq; turbā suspicatur, nisi prius
Adventus hujus causa quæ sit, audiat.
Quod magna procerū turba supplex
consulit

cinctusq; multo cive prætor, nuncia.
Domesticū torquet malū, quod aurib⁹
tantū suis sollicita mandabit cohors.

At nos Glocestriū rogemus supplices
Rogamus [inani] reluctantē prece
Ut sceptrâ regni justus hæres occupet
Sed nunc duob⁹ cinctus esse Episcopis,

apparet in summa domo princeps pius:
ah, sola dux divina foelix cogitat.

CIVES.

O fraude pugnas pjurax audacia
colore dum ludet alieno, nil timet
secura: sed nescire cæteros putat
tectum malum, sibi blanditur nefas.

DUX BUCK. DUX GLOC. CHORUS
CIVITUM.

BUCK.

Te civiū profusa flagitat cohors
excelsæ præses, ut tuâ de re gravi
præsentia alloqui liceret. Afferunt
ignota regno bona, decus magnū tibi
Non audet eloqui jussus pios tamen,
Id nisi licere voce testaris tua.

GLOC.

Quicumq; mens jussit, licebit dicere
publica juvat decreta scire civiū.

BUCK.

Diu nimis ppressa plebs tyrannidē,
lætatur hæc luxisse tandem tempa,
se pristino quib⁹ timore solveret,
vitaq; grata sit sua securitas.
De rebus ergo dū coiret publicis
statumq; regni plena civium cohors
tractaret, hæres unicus, regni decus
ut vendicca, sanxere sacris jussib⁹:
nec sceptrâ prolem fratris impurâ fe-
runt,

injusta quam matris Venus suæ pre-
mit,

Nunc ergo turba civiū frequens adest,
ut voce supplex publica multū petat,
ut pristino cives timore liberae,
regnum et sagaci debitū tractes manu.

GLOC.

Quam vera cives sanxerint, licet scia;
fratris tamen manes veneror olim mei,
nec in meos ferox nepotes patruus
demens ero, verbisq; nec populus feris
pulsabit iratus, thronū quod ambiā
Fratris mei, nec exterae probris simul
gentes lacescent, si dolis patruus meis
Nepotib⁹ regnum scelestus auferā,
aut sceptrâ tollam dubia cognati laris
Potius latebo tutus invidiæ malis,
nec cæcus animū pulsat ambitus meū.
satis premunt sceptri propinqui mu-
nera,

vos attamen mihi dixisse non piget.
Cogit potius amor referre gratiam
Nec vos nepotem obsecro colatis nunc
minus

cujus magis privatus imperiū ferā,
Regnare qui puer licet novit parū
Laborib⁹ meis adjutus is tamen,
Regni decus puer satis tuebitur:
Viguisse quod nup magis nemo negat
tutela postquā tanta regni traditur
veterata cessat ira, franguntur minæ
bonoq; languent pulsa consilio odia
partim, Dei sed maximi nutu magis
Nil sceptrâ damnes regis (ô civis
probe)

debet mihi nomen placere subditi.

BUCK.

Da pauca rursus alloqui (ô dux in-
clyt)

regnare non sinant nepotes subditi:
summi vetant procures: vetat vulgus
rude

Regnū student purgare adultera labe

sin justa regni scepra spernas ptinax.
At posse flecti nobilem sperant prece,
qui regio splendore cultu gaudeat.
de rebus hisce quid ergo statuas, au-
diant.

GLOC.

Quod invident regnū paternū liberis,
doleo, fratris qui honoro manes mortui
Utinam queant nepotis imperiū pati !
Sed regere populū nullus invisum po-
test

Hæc quia video statuuisse consensu pari,
regnumq̃ spuriis auferunt nepotib⁹
Cum jura regni solus hæres vendicem
quod filius relictus unus sum patris,
cum sit necesse civibus cedere meis :
Vota sequar : en, regna posco debita :
votis creari subditorū principem
Magis reor. Curā Angliæ accipimus,
simul

Et Galliæ rex gemina regna vendico
Sanctiūs habēnas Angliæ princeps regū
Magis pacata civiū quies monet.
Tum nostra discet fræna victa Gallia :
hæc Angliæ subacta ditabit genus
Cujus miser si gloriā non quærerem
utinam sorores filum rumpant pfidæ.

CHORUS.

The Duke and no-
blemen go in to
the Kings, the
Major and Ci-
tizens departe
away.

Richardus rex, Rich-
ardus rex, Rich-
ardus rex.

CIVIS.

Quærit colorem triste virtutis scelus
pudet sui deforme vultus vitiū.
Heu quis secretos nescit ignarus dolos ?
Et mille patruī machinas ? quis sibi
prius

Promissa fratris regna fraude non vi-
det ?

Dolis petitū publicè regnū negat.
Inventa damnat scepra ficta sanctitas,
Qualis negat bis consecrari pontifex.
qui sacra tamen ambit colenda forsitan.
Talis sua rex sponte compulsus gerit
erepta pueris scepra. Sed decet magis
Spectare tantas plæbeos tragedias,
Quicquid libet, regi licet, nec legibus
Semp̃ piis nec vota metitur sua
Crebro juvat nescire, quod scias tamen.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

DR. SHAWE, CIVIS AMICUS.

CIVIS.

Cur sic pigro miser gradu moues stu-
pens,
Dubiusq̃ sese pes in incerto tenet ?
corpus cupis referre progressū licet ?
Hæret animus, ponisq̃ nolentem pedem
Quid triste consiliū diu torques ? modū
Nec invenis ? quid civiū vultus fugis
Insane ? vince quicquid obstitit, expedi
Mentem tuā, teq̃ restituas tibi.

DOCT. SHAW.

Heu mihi animus semet scelere plenus
fugit.
vetat quæ scire pectus oneratū malis,
mentisq̃ consciæ pavor, dolor æstuat,
animus non potest venenū expellere.
Scelerisq̃ mordet sæva conscientia
Quis, quis coëgit dæmon adversus mihi,
fœdare stupro regis Eduardi thoros ?
heu mihi tuos Eduarde natos prodidi,
et ore nuntio nefando adulteros :

tuā coronā possidet jussu meo

Richardus; hei mihi, voce fœdavi mea
natos tuos: mendatiis sacra miscui
et ore scripturas iūmani pollui.

CIVIS.

Cur triste poenis gravib⁹ infestus
graves?

nutritus alias colligit dolor faces,
renovatq durū molle sanari malū,

Frēnos capit prudens dolor, et ex-
tinguitur,

vincit dolorem, quisquis eximere cupit,
et pfidū sanare conatur malū.

DOCT. SHA.

Præceps monentem mens fugit, redit
statim

concepta frustra concilia repetens, sequi
cogit scelus priora, virtutem timet,
Accendit ipse semet infestus dolor,
lapsasq vires integrat, nunquā meas
cessabit in penas scelus, nunquā quies
nocturna curis solvit, alit altus sopor.
Noctu diem voco, repeto noctem dic,
semp memet fugio, non possū scelus.

CIVIS.

Malū nequis sanare.

D. SHA.

Si possim mori.

CIVIS.

At dedecus demi licet magnū potest.

DR. SHA.

Nisi turpis hæret usq vestigiū labis.

CIVIS.

Mors sola maculā demere infandā po-
test.

DR. SHA.

Fœdata nescit vita crimen ponere.

CIVIS.

At poenitenti sera parcunt Numina.

DR. SHA.

Sceleris novi mater prius natū scelus.

CIVIS.

Sanare cessas, qui nimis vulnus times?

DR. SHA.

Sanare non potes facilè vulnus grave.

CIVIS.

Nulli parcat quisquis haud parcat sibi.

DR. SHA.

Prius ipse crimen solus accusa tuū.

CIVIS.

Absolve te quem judicas ultus satis.

DR. SHA.

Nemo satis ulcisci scelus dirū potest.

CIVIS.

Crimen nimis iudex acerbus vendicas.

DR. SHA.

Nisi mordet acre, fœda sordent vulnera.

CIVIS.

Dum cogitas severa, nil curas reū.

DR. SHA.

Dolor doloris est medela: nescit peccare
cælū crimen vidit nefandū conscia
tanti fuit dedecoris et tellus vaga.

Ruina mentis fœda tam me disparem
fecit mihi, ut memet nil fugiam magis,
et factus infœlix mei sum pfuga,
animusq scrū corporis divortiū:
precatur anxius, necat quisquis jubet
vivere: quisquis mori jubet vitam dedit.
tantū potest placere quicquid dis-
plicet.

de me viri quid loquuntur fuitiles?

CIVIS.

Te sceleris arguunt nefandi consciū.

DR. SHA.

Sed quid tumultus civiū istuc convolat ?

CIVIS.

Ubi civium regnare jussu cœperat
 princeps Glocestrius: loco primū studet
 rex prius ab illo subditis fari suis,
 Ubi voce lex Anglis loqui viva solet.
 Nunc ergo ad aulā cōmigrat Westmin-
 steri.

Rex ut prius legū peritis imperet:
 Ne prava mens legū minas adulteret,
 discescit infœlix, pati nec civiū
 vultus potest: huic verba pandā principis.

DUX GLOCEST.

Juvabat Astreæ locatū sedibus,
 et hoc tribunali tremendo Minois,
 auro caput sepire primū fulgido,
 Justaq cives lege regere patriæ
 Rex providere debet id potissimū
 ut urbiū columna lex firmissima
 in curia dominetur æquali potens.
 vestrū domare pectus haud metū decet,
 quorū superbū claruit titulis genus:
 Non cæca regnat ira vinci nescia
 Nunc ense fessum miles exonerat latus:
 Omnes amoris vinculo jungere juvat,
 contempta nec patrū jacebūt stemmata;
 Vos laudo patres jure doctos patrio,
 qui continetis legibus rempublicā,
 ne jurgiis lacerata mutuis Anglia
 languescat: amplo vos honore psequar,
 et mente cives gaudeāt lassæ licet,
 e sordidis qui nutriuntur artibꝫ,
 nec causa vos agitata judici premet,
 nec fera clangor bella pstrepat tubæ:
 Nam concidunt res prosperæ discordiis:
 Hinc falsa mens vultu minatur integro:

Hinc omne fluxit civitatibꝫ malū.

Sedabit hos fluctus amor, pietas, fides:
 his vinculis fœlix coheret Anglia,
 quæ nec furor contundet domesticus,
 Nec robur hostiū potest infringere
 Odii recentis pereat omnis memoria.
 Statim mihi Foggū satelles liberet,
 supplex asylo qui metu nostro latet.
 Sit finis iræ, nec minas jactet furor,
 Summo laborat impetu mens impia
 à subditis vultu benigno conspici.
 Heu quàm velim fides vigeret aurea,
 tantū vetustis nota quondā sæculis,
 aut quæ fucos experta virtus non fuit.
 Mox sit deorū numen adversū mihi,
 si lingua mentis fallat interpret suse.
 Noli timere (Fogge) concedas propè
 sociemus animos: pignus hoc fidei
 cape,
 conjunge dextram, et me vicissim delige.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

HOSPES, CIVIS.

HOSPES.

Domesticum narras malū, tetrū, grave
 Imensa regni moles invidiæ capax
 quantis cietur fluctibꝫ? victū licet,
 potuisse vinci non sibi credit tamen.
 Graves procellas concitat regni fames,
 Dum cæca quassavit libido principis
 Quot urbiū projecta sunt cadavera?
 Qualem maris salsi secantem gurgitem
 puppim benignam turbo concussit gravis
 et volvit horrens concitū flatu fretū,
 dum latera scindit, et geminat minas:
 Talis premit vehemens statim mutatio.

Affare (quæso) cur frequens huc con-
volat

populus, notatq proximos oculis locos?
Theatra stupidus spectat usq splendida
et singulis sternuntur omnia fulgidis,
regale spendat atq soliū principis.

CIVIS.

Hospes fidelis mihi, coronā cingitur
Rex Angliæ Richardus: assensu pari
cujusvis hæres approbatur ordinis.

HOSPES.

Hoc sparsit olim rumor ambigu⁹.

CIVIS.

Locus

Hic maximis datur cōmīitiis, imminet
hora.

HOSP.

Bona dū pius creatur rex: mala,
Si nequior: rex si bonus sit, civiū
salus:

rex si malus sit, civitatis pestis est.

CIVIS.

Qui regio natus supbo steminate,
duos nepotes principes tutor suā
suscepit in fidem patruus: en Angliæ
rex ipse conventu creatur maximo.

HOSP.

Ubi reguli duo? nefas regere patruū
hi dum supaint.

CIVIS.

Hoc facit regni sitis:
in arce regni carceris cæci luem
patiuntur.

HOSP.

O scelus!

CIVIS.

Sed principis tamen.

HOSP.

Magis hoc nefandū.

CIVIS.

Propter imperiū simul.

HOSP.

Pietas decet regem, nec impio licet
parare regnum pretio.

CIVIS.

Semp tamen
imperia constant pretio bene quolibet.

HOSP.

Nunquam diu male pta succedunt.

CIVIS.

Satis

semel est regere.

HOSP.

Statim labi duplex malū

felicitas brevis labor regni gravis.

CIVIS.

Prout lubet, regendo minuitur labor.

HOSP.

Crescit magis odiū.

CIVIS.

Hoc metu restinguitur.

HOSP.

Potius fide.

CIVIS.

Quin deme tantos spiritus
Lacerare dictis principem diris grave
est,

statimq suspectos sibi mori jubent.

Jam parce dictis: tempori decet obsequi
nuper nimis blande salutat obvios:

abjicere se cogit mens mali conscia,

regemq vultus pene servilis docet.

Hinc liberavit Cardinalem vinculis,

Et Stanleium emisit solutū carcere.

Hujus timebat filiū Lancastriæ,
Ne sæva patris vindicaret vincula.
At Eliensem præsulem clausū domi
retinere Buckinghamiū jussit Ducem.
Sed regis adventū sonat clangor tubæ
Comites, Ducesq, Marchiones, Præsides,
præire torquibus mirantes cernimus.

HOSP.

Effare (civis) nitida quid calcaria
aurata signant, quæ comes manu gerit.

CIVIS.

Sunt Bellicæ virtutis hæc insignia.

HOSP.

Baculū quid.

CIVIS.

Eduardi fuit regis pii
id illius nunc memoria pferant.

HOSP.

Sed absq cuspide gladius, quem fert
caput
nudus, quid indicat?

CIVIS.

Clementiā.

HOSP.

Aure⁹

Clavus, quid?

CIVIS.

Officiū Comestabilis Angliæ
Equitum magister publico hunc cœtu
gerit.

HOSP.

Enses quid à dextris feruntur prin-
cipis
et à sinistris fulgidi duo simul?

CIVIS.

Sunt arma justitiæ : scelus cleri
simul

Laiciq puniunt salubri vulnere.

HOSP.

Nudi duo feruntur enses cuspidē
nullo.

CIVIS.

[*Hiant Codices.*]

HOSP.

Quidnā loquuntur sceptra?

CIVIS.

Pacē.

HOSP.

Quid Globus,

Cujus sup crux elevatur verticem?

CIVIS.

Monarchiam.

HOSP.

Ecce alius vagina conditū
et arte summa fulgidū gladiū gerit
itemq magnū.

CIVIS.

Summa dignitatis est
honore summo spatha.

HOSP.

Quis locū

splendore mediū maximo, radiis quasi
nitidis micans, rubroq tinctus murice
tenet.

CIVIS.

Iste fecialis est sui ordinis
primus atq regis ipse nomine.

HOSP.

Virgula quid alba præ se fert ducis?

CIVIS.

Hanc summus Angliæ Archichamerinus
gerit.

HOSP.

Quid alba Reginæ columba denotat?

CIVIS.

Notat avis innocentia nihil nocens.

THE SHEWE OF THE CORONATION.

Trumpetts

Choristers

Singing-men

Præbendaries

Bishoppes

Cardinall

Heralds

Aldermen of London

Esquires, Knights, Noblemen.

Gilt spurrs borne by the Earle of Huntingdon

S^t Edward's stafe, Earle of Bedford

The point of y^e sword naked. E. of Nor-
thumberland

The great mace. Lord Stanly.

Two naked swordes, E. of Kent. L. Lovell

The grete scepter. Duke of Suffolke

The ball wth the crosse. E. of Lincolne

The sword of estate. E. of Surrey

Three together. The Kinge of heralds

The Maior of London with a mace

On the right hand the gentleman usher
on the left hand,

The King's crowne. Duke of Norfolke

The Kinge under a canopy betwixt two
Bishops.

The Duke of Buckingham wth a white staffe
caringe up the King's traine

Noblemen

The Queen's scepter

The white dove wth a white rod

The Queene's crowne

The Queene wth a circlet on her head
under a Canopie

The Lady Margaret bearinge up the
Queene's traine.

A Troupe of Ladies
Knights and Esquires
Northren Souldiers well armed.

Duringe the solemnity of the Coronation
lett this songe followinge be songe wth
instruments.

Festū diem colamus assensu pari
quo principis caput corona cingitur.

Decora Regni possidet
Regis propago nobilis
Illustre principis caput
fulva corona cingitur.
Nunc voce læti consona
cantū canamus principem.
Regnū premebat dedicus
Libido Regis polluit.

TERTIA ACTIO.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. PALMER, Richardus Rex
 Mr. STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamius
 D. SHEPARD, Elizabetha Regina
 D. TITLEY, Filia Eduardi regis major.
 D. PILKINGTON, Ancilla.
 Mr. STANTON, Epis. Eliensis
 Mr. FOXCROFT, Brakenburius præfectus arcis.
 Mr. SNELL, Tyrellus generosus
 Mr. ROBSON, Ludovicus medicus
 Mr. GARGRAVE, Anna Regina uxor Richardi
 Mr. SEDWICK, Nuntius primus
 D. HILL, Nuntius secundus.
 HOULT, Nuntius tertius.
 Mr. BAYLY, Lovellus heros
 Mr. ROBINSON, Catesbeius.
 Ds. MORRELL, Nuntius quartus
 Nuntius quintus
 Mr. HICKMAN, Henricus comes Richmondia,
 Mr. DIGBY, Comes Oxonii
 Mr. HILL sc: Dux Norfolciensis.
 Mr. LINSELL, Rhesus Thomæ Wallicus
 Ds. HARRIS, Nuntius
 Mulier
 Alia mulier
 Anus
 D. HARRISON Hungerford
 Mr. ROBINSON Burchier
 Miles } equestris ordinis
 Mr. HODSON, Stanleius heros
 Mr. CONSTABLE, Gent. Filius Stanlei Dominus
 Strange.
 Centurio
 Bras servus comitisæ Richmond.

REDFERNE, Dighton carnifex, a big sloven.

Mr. DUCKET, Comes Northumbriæ

MUTES.

The yonge kinge and his brother lyinge dead on a bed.

Foure daughters of King Edward.

Souldiers unarmed and armed.

[ARGUMENTUM]

FUROR.

Quorsum furor secreta volvis pectora
 minasq; spiras intimas, nec expedis
 faces tuas ? scelus expleas Glocestriū :
 Glocestrios invise rex olim tuos :
 et sceptrā jactes, prætiū sane necis,
 dubiosq; regni volve fraterni metus.
 Decora spectant ora Eboracū stupens
 miretur excelsū decus vulgus leve.
 Quorsū moras trahis lenes ? totus miser
 fias, magisq; sæviat nefas breve.
 Aude scelus mens quicquid atrox cogitat,
 Regnūq; verset ultimū Regis scelus.
 Nondū madebant cæde cognata manu :
 nondū nepotes suffocantur Regii
 et frustra poscas neptis incestos thoros :
 imple scelere domū patris tui : illico
 discat furor sævire Buckinghamius :
 macta tyrannū, deme sceptrā si potes :
 sed non potes : pænasq; dignas pferes
 tanti tumultus. En venit Richmondius,
 exul venit, promissa regna vendicat,
 regniq; juratos prius thoros : age,
 stringantur enses, odia misce, funera
 dirāq; stragem : impone finem litibus
 En regnet exul, rex nec auxiliū impetret,
 tuaq; cadat (Henrice) Richardus manu.
 Actum est satis : parcam furor Britanniae
 posthac, novasq; jam mihi quæram sedes.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

BRAKENB. ORDINIS EQUESTRIIS, TI-
RELLUS.

BRAC.

O rector alme cœlitum et terræ decus,
quisquis gubernas, parce Brakenburio
Clemens furorem siste duri principis,
pœnaq̃ certam libera gravi fidem
Horere nunquā cessat imperii situs,
curis nec usquā solvitur ægra ambitio
Regni metu Richardus restuat ferox,
injusta sceptrâ possidet trepida manu,
novasq̃ suspicatur insidias sibi.
Stipante dum magna caterva rex suâ
inviseret Glocestriâ, famam occupans
incerta sortis cogitans ludibria,
quâmq̃ facili injusta ruit impetu po-
tentia,

regniq̃ ludibriû nimis statû tremens,
dum spiritu vescatur ætherio nepos
mox ut suo reddat dolori spiritû
geminus nepos, et sanguine extinguant
suo
Regni metû pueri, ferox patruus studet
Nuper Johannes Greefius intento sacris
Mihi, traditas à rege literas dedit
Parare tristem Regulis jubet necem.
Et principib⁹ adferre crudeles manus
quos vinculis præfectus arcis comprimo.
Solutus potest mactare Brakenburius
natos tuos Eduarde? solus p̃dere

stirpem tuâ? mandata regis exequar.
Lubens tibi Richarde promptus servio.
Necare stirpem fratris, ah, pietas vetat.
Intus jacent squalente miseri carcere,
Solutusq̃ captivis ministrat carnifex.
O principis dirû nefas, ietrû, ferox.
Inter metû animus spemq̃ dubius vol-
vitur,
mentemq̃ distractû tumultus verberat.
Nunc regis horreo minas notus mihi
animus satis vetat timere conscius
nihil mihi, quò fata vellicant, sequor.
Quid in tuû Richarde subditû paras?
crudele quid spiras? quid atrox cogitas?
Plus fui cruore regem pollui
nunquâ manus meas quid incusas?
fidem
tuebar ulcisci bonû m̃iensû paras.
Testor deorû numen innocens eram
insons eram Solenne regnû non ti-
met
maculâ? quid aulâ ptinax fugis pudor
humilemq̃ casâ quærîs? aulâ deserat
quisquis piè vivet mœans splendor ni-
mis
Sortis beatæ lumen impedit piû,
Et turpiter collusa mens impingitur
sin fata me morentur, adveniâ lubens
tibi de tuorû cæde tristis nuntius
Eduarde, pulsus miser ferro simul
A rege sed Tirellus huc quid advolat?
an non perimus? heu metu cor pal-
pitat

Quā, quā parant pœnā gravē fido mihi?

Ferrē libenter quicquid est, ruā licet.

TYRELL.

Ignaya mens, quid jussa regis exequi

dubitas? inanes et metus fingis tibi?

Haud leve timebit, tristis quisquis co-
gitat.

Quid principi Tirelle gratari times?

rex imperat: erit iñocens necessitas.

magna anxiū cura Richardū liberas,

et longa te regis beabunt præmia.

Principe suo Eborū domus contenta
erit,

prolesq; regiæ spiritū inimicū expuant
pro mortuis pugnare quis stultè cupit?

aut principum demens tueri cogitat
exangue corpus? quicquid est auden-
dū erit.

malus minister regis anxius pudor

Equestris ordinis decus Brakenburi,

regis parentis adulterū vivit genus?

BRAK.

Tantū moratur ultimū vitæ diem.

TYRELL.

Nihil horrescis tremendā principis?

BRAK.

Sequar lubens, quocunq; fata me vo-
cant.

TYRELL.

An non decet mandata Regis exequi?

BRAK.

Nunquam decet jubere regem pessima.

TYRELL.

Fas est eos vivere, quos princeps ode-
rit?

BRAK.

Nefas eos odiasse quos omnes amant.

TYRELL.

Regni metu angi Principem nū sequi
putas?

BRAK.

Scelere mederi vulnere scelus reor.

TYRELL.

Constare regnū illis nequit viventibus.

BRAK.

Illis mortuis invisum erit.

TYRELL.

Ars prima sceptri posse te invidiā pati.

BRAK.

Quem sepè casus transit, aliquando op-
primit.

TYRELL.

Regnare non vult esse qui invisus timet.

BRAK.

Invisa nunquam imperia retinentur diu.

TYRELL.

Tua interest vivat puer vel occidat.

BRAK.

Parū nisi ut occisore me non occidat.

TYRELL.

Tua ecquid imbelles timet pueros ma-
nus?

BRAK.

Qui castra non timeo, scelus tamen
horreo.

TYRELL.

Hanc inñemor regi reponis gratiā.

BRAK.

Quod in scelere nullā repono gratiā.

TYRELL.

Nil sævientis principis iram times?

BRAK.

Generosa mens terrore nunquā con-
cidit.

TIRELL.

At multa rex tibi minatur horridus
En serus alto jungitur Phœbus salo,
Nudumq̃ lustrandū sorori deserit
cœlu? ergo sume regis ad te literas,
claves ut arcis illico mandes mihi,
hac nocte regis exequi jussa ut quæ.

BRAKENB. TYRELL, JOHAN :
DIGHTON.

BRAK.

O cæca regnandi libido, ô scelus
Regis furentis triste nimis, ô patruī
Nefanda sceptrā, quæ suorū sanguine
madent. Propinquæ vos manus heu de-
struunt,

ô nobiles pueri, pupillos opprimunt
Hostemq̃ dare genus vestrum potest.
Amīssa postquā regna cognovit puer,
et possidere rapta sceptrā patruū:
Sic fatur infelix lachrymis genas ri-
gans

ab imo pectore trahens suspiria,
Regnū nihil moror: precor vitā mihi
hanc patruus ne demat. Heu quis
Caucasus

lachrymis potest, aut decus Indus
pcere?

Nunquā deinde ornare se miserū ju-
vat:

Nulla solutæ vestes diffluunt nodo.
Imago semp̃ exat ante oculos mihi
tristis gementis principia, nec desinit
pulsare mœstum animū quærela Reguli.
Sed huc refert Tirellus infaustū gradū.

TIRELL.

Cædis fidele munus intus occupant

Vastusq̃ Dighton, et Forestus carni-
fex.

Mortem morabor principū dū pferant.

BRAK.

Uterq̃ fato cessit inimico puer?

TIRELL.

Vivunt adhuc, illis tamen necem pa-
rant.

BRAK.

Aliter placari regis ira non potest?

TIRELL.

Regem metus non ira crudelem facit.

BRAK.

Effare quo rex ore responsū tulit
quod ense nunquā caderent meo.

TIRELL.

U't ista primū novit, ingenti statim
stupore torpet, sanguis ora deserit,
totusq̃ cineri similis expallet simul
suspiria imis efflat è pœcordis,
lævaq̃ cordi proximū feriens latus,
regale subito deserit solū, furens
graditur citatis passibus, quassans ca-
put,

tacitoq̃ secum dirus iūiungit sinu,
ubi sanguis è fornace veluti denuo
proruit adustus, fervidis torret genas
rubetq̃ totus, puniceo velut mari
iūmersus, aut minio fuisset plitus.
Oculi scintillant flammæ obtuitu truci
velutiq̃ setis horret erectis coma.

His tanquā Orestes accensus facib⁹ fui
Nam de suorū cæde convellunt pares
utrumq̃ furie: discrepant uno tamen.
Agitatur umbra matris ille mortuæ:
gravi nepotū ast ille vivorū metu.
Et graviter in te exarsit ira turbida,

responsa rex qua nocte pcepit tua:

Coram tacendæ functionis assecla
ingemuit et in hos mæstus erupit sonos.

Proh, cui quis ullā sanus adjunget
fidem?

Ubi gratus animus, quove pietas ex-
ulat?

Terras relinquens scelere pollutas latet
Viris nec ullis jam licet confidere.

Quos ego velut gnatos parens enutrio
si quando tristis urgeat necessitas:

Illi me pentem deserunt, violant fidem,
meoq jussu prorsus audebunt nihil.

Respondet illico principi astans assecla,
At proximo stratus cubili vir jacet

(audacter istud audio nunc dicere)
id esset arduū nimis, quod is neget

unquā subire, placeat modò tibi.

Quū rex ab illo tū quis esset quæreret,
me dixit: ad cubile rapitur illico,

ibi me fratremq offendit in lectū datos.

Rex tū jocose, Tam citò (inquit) vos
thoro

componere juvat? tū seorsim me vocat

panditq mentis triste consiliū suæ
de Regulorū celeri et occulta nece.

Ego quis moneret intuens, qualis simul
ipse fuerim, lamentata nec regis ferens,

meā ultro regi tū lubens opem tuli:

Quocerca primo mane mihi literas de-
dit

ad te notatas, quas mea ferrē manu:

Jussitq claves turris excelsæ mihi
ut traderes, quò Regis exequar

Fidele mandatū nocte commissū mihi.

DIGHTON.

Uterq suffocatur exanguis puer.

BRÆK.

Hei mihi, p artus horror excurrit va-
gus.

TIRELL.

Quo sunt perempti genere læthi par-
vuli?

DIGHTON.

Cū triste cœlū stella lustraret vaga,
serasq gallus cecinit umbras pvgil:
en, dum nepos uterq lecto sternitur,
dulcesq somnos caperet geminus puer:
cubile nos intramus occulto pede,
fratresq subito stragulis convolvimus,
suūm volutos virib⁹ depressimus,
Ubi plumea clauduntur ora culcitra,
vocemq prohibent pressa pulvinaria:
mox suffocantur adempto uterq spiritu,
quia perviū spirantibus non est iter,
En, ambo casi lectulo strati jacent.

BRÆK.

Videone corpora Regulorū livida?
funestus heu jā cæde puerili thorax
Quis lachrymas durus malis vultus ne-
gat?

Ilei mihi, perempti fraude patruī ja-
cent.

Quis Colchus hæc? quæ Caspiū tangens
mare
gens audet? Atq sedis incertæ Scy-
tha.

Nunquā tuas Busiris asperat ferox
puerilis aras sanguis, aut gregibus suis
epulanda parva membra Diomedes de-
dit.

TIRELL.

Bene est: fratris Richarde nunc solū
tene

securus, et decora regni posside,
 Sepelite tetri carceris gradu infimo :
 satis profunda fossa fratres contegat,
 et saxeo mox obruuntur aggere,
 de morte passim sparge rumores vagos,
 quod fata sponte trina condulsit soror,
 Periisse subita morte finge regulos.
 Sunt Regis hæc mandata, cura sedulò,
 Jam sume claves [ptinax Brakenburi.]

BRAX.

O sæva nostri temporis credulitas
 ô regis animus dirus! ô mens barbara,
 secura turbans jura naturæ ferox?
 Tune inôcentes principes, pueros pios
 monstrū procustos, tune mactasti tuos?
 ô terra, cœlū, mœstūq; regnū Tartari,
 scelus videtis triste? Sustines nefas
 tantū, trisulco horrens Saturnie fulmine
 Acheronte toto merge Syderiū caput
 radiate Tytan, pereat et mundo dies,
 Quis quo suo generi hostis infestus
 fuit,

adeo ut cruentet cæde puerili manus.
 Jam Nero pius es? scelere materno
 madens

nefande Pelops cæde, majus hic nefas
 Sola teneros Medea mactat liberos.
 Jugulare civem semp indignū fuit
 privare luce sceminā tetrū nimis
 at inôcentes, parvulos, infantulos,
 (qui vita quid sit, non p ætatem sciunt)
 spoliare vita, facinus horrendū nimis.

Quid parcet aliis qui suos ferox necat?
 qui nocte pueros mulctat atra innoxios,
 quos suā charos cura cōmendat sibi.
 Heu, heu, quib⁹ jactaris Angla flucti-
 bus?

Discede pietas, et locū quærat fides,
 en longa sanguinis sitis regno imminet.

REGINA, ANCILLA.

REGINA.

Eheu recenti corda palpitant metu
 gelidus per artus vadit exangues tre-
 mor,

Nocturna sic me visa miserā territant,
 Et dira turbant inquietā somnia

At tu pater qui clara volis sydera,
 et igne flammiferū vago regis jubar,
 omen nefandū averte, funestū, tetrū.
 Jam cuncta passim blanda straverat
 quies,

somnusq; fessis facilis obrepit genis
 vidi minantem concito cursu heu aprū
 natosq; frendens dente laniavit truci
 utrosq; sævus mactat. Ætheriæ potens
 dominator aulæ, fata si quid filius
 dirū minantur, in hoc caput crescat
 furor,

matremq; prius jam fulmen irati petat.

ANCILLA.

Quando vacabit tempus ullū cladibus?
 modūq; ponit matris attonitæ dolor?
 Nam triste matri nunciū demens taces?
 totas an animus gaudet ærumnas suas
 tractare, longos et dolores claudere?
 O regio quondā tumens fastu, potens
 Regina.

REGINA.

Misera voce quid media stupescit?
 exire jussus non reperit viā sonus?
 fuisq; turpes lachrymis genæ madent.

ANCILLA.

Sævitur cruento dente frendens aper.

REG.

quicquāne sceleri restat.

ANCIL.

Ah, gnati tui.

REGINA.

Audire cupio miseras statim meas.

ANCIL.

Heu ambo scelere suffocantur principes,

Labefacta mens succumbit: assurge:

hei mihi,

rursus cadentem misera spiritū leva.

spirat, revixit, tarda mors miseros fugit.

REGINA.

Regnare nunc scelestae patruae potes, ni-

hil

timebit imbelles ferox pueros furor.

scelestae vibres sceptrae. adhuc unū deest

sceleri tuo, jam sanguinē nostrum pete,

tui furoris misera testis haud ero.

Quem defleā infelix? propinquos? li-

beros?

anne malis superesse fata quem si-

nunt

tantis? Ego meos mater occidi, latus

Eduarde quando cōnute nudavi tuo,

et tunc asylū deseris dulcis puer.

Te, te, precor supplex mater genib⁹

minor,

qui vindicas flāmas vibras tonans pa-

ter,

et hunc vibrentur tela pjurū tua,

Spolices Olimpū irate fulminibus tuis,

et impiū cœli ruina vindicet.

ANCILLA.

Quin placida cogites, animūq mitiga,

mentemq sana turbidā curis leva.

REGINA.

Adhuc O patruī monstrū nefandū, quale nec
Dirus Procrustes novit, aut Colchos
ferox.

O Cardinalis impiū fallax fides,
cui filiū vesana mandavi meū.

O filii charissimi, ô liberi,
quos patruī crudelis ensis eripit,
suo nec unū sufficit sceleri nefas
vestrumq matri funus invident mihi.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

DUX BUCKINGHA: EPISC. ELIENSIS.

BUCK.

Venerande præsul Eliensis insulae,
depone mœstitiā: prius liber licet
nunc ædibus captivus hæreas meis:
nam te meæ cum crederet fidei ferox
Princeps, parū promitto sæverū fore
Parem tibi potius amicū possides
Jam pristinae vitæ status reminiscere
et non quis es quis fuisti cogita.

ELIENS.

O me beatū (pace quod dicā tua)
carcere quòd isto liberū me sentiā
Sed fata quid non graviter incusent
mea?

Quod mentis initū benevolæ desinit
virtus sed animi rebus afflictis tui
solamen est quæ non potentis respicit
tam copiā, quàm quæ voluntas indigi.

BUCK.

Gratū est voluntatis tuæ indicū mihi,
Adversa quamvis singula videntur tibi:
Cum sic amicè me colis indignū tamen,
conabor, ut quæ voce jactentur mea,

hæc vera tandū expertus affirmes fore,
Nec fata damnes dura, quin potiùs
probes,

tantū nec æstimes malum, te liberū
Non esse quantū est gaudiū vita frui
duras tyrannus regni habenas dū tenet
Quin capite quod non plecteris lucrū
puta :

vita dedit, dum non adimit audax fu-
ror.

Quot cædibus cruentat insanas manus?
Quot destinavit ad necem mentis furor?
dicere nequeo, nec verba sufficiunt
mihi :

dolor tacere jussit. O nullo scelus
credibile in ævo, quodq posteritas ne-
gat.

Patruus nepotes patris heu regno ex-
pulit.

Tantū exiit regno? necem miseris de-
dit.

Frænos dolor vix patitur, ulcisci cupit.

ELIENS.

Præclara suades, inclytū durū genus.
Hoc patribus percerebuit olim pristinis,
IMPERIA SCELERE PARTA SOLVUNTUR

STATIM.

Tanto medelā vulneri nisi feceris,
quæret lues secreta regni vulnra.
Perdere tyrannū laus vel hostem æqua-
lis est.

BUCK.

At sceptrata tutus ut regat potiùs velim
(cujus furor paucis nocebat forsitan)
quam sede dimoveri pulsū regia
Nec talis est, ut in suos sic sæviat :
Stimulo coëgit ira, quæ nescit modū

Cujus tamen regno scio prudens caput
consulere, pax florebit æqua civibus.

Laudandus ergo, cura quem regni te-
net,

et cui suorū civiū chara est salus.

ELIENS.

Superbus eructat animus, nec continet
sese, secretā miscet irā laudibus.

Sic principes illi cautus odiū concita,
ut te tamen sequi puteris nunc magis
stultū est diu occultare, quod prodas
statim

Nullā mihi fidem dabis certò scio,
diversa modò si vellem juvare tibi.

Testor deū, si non fuissent irrita

Vota mea et Eduardo quod obtigit duci

Stetisset Henrico, stabile regni decus,

Henrice, partes non reliquissem tuas.

Sed cū secus tulere fatorū vices,

sceptraq regi deferant Eduardo, magis

quæ voluerā Henrico remansisse inte-
gra :

non sic furore peccitus miser fui,

ut mortui patronus illudar pius.

Calcere victorem quis audet invidus ?

Post ego sequens victoris arbitriū sa-
gax,

in gratiā receptus illico fui,

vivoq nunquā fefelli tibi : tū fidem

Eduarde liberis precabor, et tuis

decora regni sceptrata : longas Angliæ

tractent habenas regis orti stemmate.

At quæ deus contexuit, retexere

non est meū : sed qui fuit regni modò

protector, is nunc regio fulget throno.

Cohibebo me : quin sacra præsulem vo-
cant

senem magia, non studia regni: jam tantum tumet frons tibi, gerit cornu
meis nihil

doctus malis satis: at preces decent Satis (inquit) hoc inermis et novi fera,
modò. Sin esse cornu dixerit frendens Leo,

BUCK.

quid tum perempta pulchra sane dis-
puto:

De rege fatus obmutescit: audio

lubens, sagax de rege quidnā cogitat.

Subridet, omnia sorte felici cadent.

Quin perge pater, egressa verba ne pre-
mas,

BUCK.

animiq tutus vota psequere tui.

Nihil time, leo nil nocebit rugiens,
aper ne dente vulnus infliget tibi.

Hinc non modo periculi nihil, sed gra-
tius

Nil audiet princeps eorum, quæ tu
mihi

votis tuis mox comòdu eveniet tibi.

Narras secretus.

Consultor eris in rebus incertis mihi:

ELIENS.

Quod cogitabā, a rege cūm precib⁹
meis

Hercle aures si suas

impetro tuā domi meæ custodiā.

hic sermo pulset, ipse nec sumat male:

Alterius esset fortè carcer tibi magis
molestus, hic te liberū potiùs puta.

Nil tū timerem, forsitan grates daret.

ELIENS.

Sin mala (quod auguror) potiùs af-
fectio

Factis parem habeo gratiā (dux in-
clyte)

interpres esset, veritatis nec penditur:

utriq verba grande conflarent malū.

BUCK.

at non placet tractare gesta principū

Hoc quicquid est audire mens avida
cupit.

Hic sæpe blanda tecta fronte fraus latet

Quæ dicta sunt bene, sæpe torquent
non bene,

culpam lubens præstabo quamlibet,
haud time

curamq fabula suadet Æsopi Phrigis.

tantū meis morem geras votis pater.

Legem tulit princeps talem feris leo

ELIENS.

passim necis penā minatur horridus,

Nihil herclè dico, sceptra quando pos-
sidet

Cornuta silvas bellua nisi deserat

tantū tumens vesana fronte bestia

Protector, hæc quo jure princeps ven-
dicat,

Jussus tremens regis, parat miserā fugā.

Fortè properanti vulpes occurrit sibi,

Præcarer at suplex tamen, quod pa-
triæ

causq mirabundus exquirat fugæ.

Sylvam fugio: Leonis (inquit) horreo

salus requirit, cujus ille frena jam

mandata: Ridet vulpes, affatur ferā,

moderatur, et pars ego fidelis extiti,

Falsò times demens, nihil de te Leo

dotes ad illas addat ut clemens deus

(his licet abundat, laude nec nostra indiget)

Quod in tuo numen benignū fusiū
sparserit honore, dotibus abundat magis

regniq tractet meliūs habenas sui.

Cohibebo me : hæc tacere me decet magis.

BUCK.

Miror quid hæret, voce quid media
stupet?

Quin seriò cum patre tremulo collo-
quor?

Venerande pater, animū quid incertū
tenes?

seseq vox egressa continet statim
dum fundis interrupta, concludis nihil
et crebrò spiras. Qua fide regem colas
neq scio, neq tuus amor in nos quis
fuit

nostras quòd ornas præco virtutes (licet
in me reperio laudibus dignū nihil)
id me magis nunc mentis incertū tenet
sed tuā odio ardere mentem suspicor
vel amore ductus ista cæco concipis,
vel obstat ut audias vanus timor,
vel impedit pudor senem parū decens,
Effare : honorem pignoro dubio tibi
tuti recessus, surdus audiā.

ELIENS.

Quid est

Promissa cernis, dux nimis fastu tumet,
avidus honores haurit, odit principem
secretus huic aperire mentem quid
times?

aut regis exitiū paras, vel dū faces
accendas irarū duci, tuā fugā.

Captivus ex quo Regis arbitrio tuus
fueram (liceat hac voce pace uti tua)

Quantū molesti carceris sentio nihil,
libris levabam pectus attonitū malis,
sententiā dedici revolvens optimā,
quod nemo liber nascitur solū sibi

Victurus, at partem parentes vendicant,
partem propinqui, maximè sed patria
debet parens cōmunis allicere piū.

dum mente volvo, debitū patriæ juvat
præstare, cujus (heu) statū dum
cogito;

quantū micabat summa regū gloria,
tantū tyrannus nunc iugo premit gravi.
Regni ruinā sceptrā pronittunt sua.
Sed magna miseris non deest spes civi-
bus

dum corpus aspicio tuū, pulchrū decus,
ignis acumen, vimq dicendi parem,
summas opes raramq virtutem ducis,
præ ceteris cui chara patriæ salus
patriæ labanti gratulor, cui contigit
heros mederi quis malis tantis potest
qui regni habenas tractet æquali manu,
quas nunc tyrannis opprimit (Hloestria.
Retineat ille nomen antiquū, novū
parum placet, quod jure sceptrā non
tenet.

Nec invidéo regnum, pios si non honor
Mores simul mutasset effrænis ducia,
novamq mentem nomen acciperet novū,
O gravia passū nobile imperiū Angliæ
graviora passurū, tyrannus si imperet
Immanis usq scelera quid pœquar?
Agnosco qualem stravit ad regnū viā
En optimatū cæde fœdavit manus,
obstare votis quos putabat improbis.

O sacra regnandi sitia, quò animos
trahis
mortaliū? scelestus at pgit furor,
quantūq libuit audet, sceleris haud
modū

ponit, patravit majus et fide scelus.
Ætasne credat ulla, matrem filius
quòd damnet insanus probri solus suā?
Impius inurit criminis falsi notā,
fratresq geminos spurios falso vocat,
nec non nepotes impia notat labe,
stirpemq fratris damnat ambiguā sui.
Hoc est familiæ nobile tueri decus.
Sed cur queror? nū sceleris hic finis
fuit?

gradus mali fuit, hactenus non stat
nefas

Jam regna fratris possidens non timet
audire majora: miser heu implet
manus

funere suorū patruus, insontes necans;
Erumpat ergo vis corrusca fulminis:
an parcat aliis qui suos mactat ferox?
sperare quis meliora nunc demens po-
test?

Majora monstra triste præcagit nefas.
Nunc ergo moveat temporū tandem
status.

Per numen æternū, p Anglorū de-
cus,

titulis superbū si genus charū tibi,
succurre miserris, rumpe fatorū moras,
capesse regnū, sede pulsū deprime
tyrannū, adeptū vindica regni decus.
Nec justa dubiū causa terreat nimis,
defende cives, chara sit patriæ salus
Comes laboris haud deesse jam potest:

plebs tota defectū rebellis murmurat:
magis subibunt barbari Turcæ regnū,
quam rex suo impius cruore luderet.
Quanto magis nunc te crearet prin-
cipem,

in quo genus refulget excelsū? meis
quiesce votis, Angliæ oblatū thronum
Nec respuas, prodesse multis dū potes,
nec te labor deterreat, si quem putas
inesse; sed sit arduū: minime tamen
pro pace patriæ deserendū publica.
Quod si recusas ptinax, nec te sinas
vinci precibus: adjuro p verū deū,
p maximi ducis fidem, sancto simul
quondam p astrictā fidem Georgio
insignis ascitus eques ordinis Garterii
quando fuisti primū, ut in nostrū
caput

sermonis hujus culpa grassetur nihil.
Hoc publicis imploro precib⁹ civiū
Sin alterius optanda sceptræ dexteræ
queris: throno Lancastriæ pulsū ge-
nus

addas paterno, aut filiū Eduardi patris
throno superbo nobilis jungas viri.
Sic impiū tyrannus exitiū feret,
et cladibus defessa gens ponet modū,
habet meā de rebus his sententiā.

Cur sic tacet? miror: metuo multū
mihi.

suspiriū ducit: fidemne decipit?

BUCK.

Video timore distrahi pectus pater.
doloris ansā (doleo) quod tacens dedi.
tu macte sis virtute: non fallā fidem.
O magne cœli rector, et mundi arbiter,
quantū tibi devincta gens est Anglica?

qui fluctuantem sæpius regni statū
Clemens deus manu benigna protegis?
Jam statue tandem gravibus ærumnis
modū,

clementer animis spiritū inspira pater,
ut principem quæramus auspiciis tuis,
qui justa tractet sceptrā regali manu,
statimq; rebus colloce lassæ opem
Reverende sedis præsul Eliensiū,
specimen dedisti mentis erga me tue
clarā satis amoremq; testor patriæ
par culpa nostri, quare nil time dolos
de rege mentis sensa prorsus eloquar,
vires cur illi adjutor adjunxi meas.
retinere postquā non potest fati colos
Eduardus ejus nominis quartus, mori
sed fata cogunt: liberis parū suis
fui benevolus, ille quod meritis parum
dignū referret præmiū, generis mei
titulos nec altos æstimavit invidus
Ergo minùs orbos tū colebā liberos
patris inimici. Vulgo jactatur vetus
dictū facilè regnū labi, cujus tenet
rex puer habenas. Cœpta tū comes
tua

Richarde faveo, judicavi tū virū
fuisse clementem, atq; nunc video ferū
hac fraude plurimū allicit mentes
pias,

ut publico Protector assensu Angliæ
renunciatus esset, et regis simul.
accensa sic honore mens fuit novo,
ut cū secundū possidet regni locū,
tantū placere sceptrā corperunt statim.
Regni decora poscit ad tempus sibi
teneros nepos dum complet annos de-
bilis.

Dubitare postquā nos videt, regni fidem
nec fallimus, spurios nepotes tū probat
patruus scelestus: credimus tandem sibi,
statimq; nostri fræna regni tradimus.
damnabit hæredem ducis Clarentiæ.
crimen paternū, jura avita pdidit
Regni thronū, Richarde sic paras tibi
ruisq; tandem, quò furor traxit tuus
regnare liceat (ut lubet) jam neminē
æquū est metuere, nullus est hostis fe-
rox,

obstare sceptris nemo jam potest tuis.
At quis minister funeris tanti fuit?
Tu, tu tyrannus natus ad patriæ luem,
tu prole matrem sævus orbaris sua,
nec abstines à cæde cognita miser,
teneros nepotes patruus injustus necas.
Quorū necis cū fama penetrasset meas
aures, trementes horror occupat vagus
artus, venas deserit hiantes intus
cruor, soluta membra diffluunt.
Nobis salubre pollicemur inscii,
incerta dū sit propriæ domus salus
Mihi damnat injustū frequens injuria.
Avita si ad justus hæres prædia
suūq; vendico munus comestabulis.
graviter repulsū læsus ingrātū tuli.
Nunquid dabit nova, qui suū nunquā
dedit.

At si dedisset, non tamen gratis daret.
Ope namq; nostra possidet imperii decus.
Agnosco culpā, quū mea carens ope
Nunquā feroci sceptrā gestasset manu.
Fratris redundat in meū crimen caput,
manuq; patriæ vulnus infixi meæ.
Hoc expiabo si medelā fecero;
medebor ergo, sicq; decrevi prius,

justā querelā durus ubi tū respuit.
Non amplius me contineo: dicā ordine
quodcunq̃ mente absconditū tacita latet,
Cum regis animū scelere plenū cernerē
in odium amor imūtat̃, ulcisci paro,
Quem sū passus ejus aspectū statim
tuli molestē, ferre nec vultū queo.

Aulā relinquo regiā, domū peto,
dum cæpi iter, mea facile tunc dextera
erepta posse sceptrā transferri puto,
regnare postquā populus iratus jubet.
Quo mihi placebā ludicro titulo diu,
et justus hæres domus Lancastriæ
mihi falsò videor, ambiens regni thronū.
Hæc cogitanti subitò me rogat obvia
Richmondia cōmūtissa, redditū filio
precarer exuli: si rex benignus annuat,
tum regis Eduardi relictæ filiæ
natū suū despondet ad castos thoros:
dotem nihil moratur, una dos erit
Regis favor, nec amplius mater petit.
Hinc nostra pereunt regna: tū mihi
exciderat animo filio primū suo
matriq̃ jus patēre regni: somniū
thronus fuit, regnūq̃ frustra vendico.
Contemno primū vota Cōmūtissæ pia.
Mens altius dum cogitat matris preces,
tum spiritu impulsā sacro matrem,
bonū

sensissæ regni nesciā imēnsū puto,
Infensa si domus thronos jungit pios,
quæ sceptrā jure dubia vendicat suo:
æterna fieret civib⁹ tranquillitas,
solidamq̃ pacis alliget rectæ fidem,
hæresq̃ dubiæ certus esset Angliæ.

ELIENS.

O recta patriæ spes, salus, solatiū

respicere cœpit mitis afflictos deus.
O sancta lecti jura legitimi, Anglia,
tibi gratulor, lætare, solamen venit.

BUCK.

Nunc tanta quib⁹ arcana tuti pandim⁹
Matris priùs mentem decet cognoscere.

ELIENS.

Jam nostra votis cœpta succedent satis
Servus fidelis ecce Cōmūtissæ venit,
ut nos licèt lentus juvat miseros deus!
Brai potentis servū Comitissæ, tuæ
domine salutis gratus esto nuntius.
Jactata pacis appulit portū ratis:
mox natus horæ sceptrā gestabat manu,
si jure jurando suā astringet fidem
face velit sibi jugali jungere
quæ nata major regis Eduardi fuit.
Nati ergo faustos mater ambiet thronos,
ut sede pellatur sua rex impius.

BRAA.

Tam læta domine, nuncius ferā lubens.
quamcunq̃ vobis atq̃ prestabo fidem.

BUCK.

De rege tandem memet ulciscar probè:
de sede malè parta triumphabit parū.
Nunc sævus infensū inveniet aper sibi
fortem leonem, qui unguib⁹ tantū valet
quantū ille dente: jā scelere cumula
scelus:

Crudelis imple cæde funestas manus:
adhuc iniquè jura detineas mihi:
dominare tumidus, spiritus altos gere:
sequitur superbos ultor à tergo deus,
Reddes coactus, sponte quæ negas mihi,
Nuper superbus Eboraci fastu tumens,
Cinctus corona, vestibus claris nitens
spectanda præbet ora stupidis civibus,

diadema pariter cinxit uxoris caput,
celebratq; plebs honore divino levis :
portendit excelsus ruinâ spiritus.

ELIENS.

Tu tu tyrannû morte mulctabis ferox
si liber essem, vinctus nudus tuis,
meaq; septus insula tota satis,
nihil furentis horreâ regis minas :
nunc ergo liceat pace discedâ tua

BUCK.

Dispersa perdit turba vires debilis,
unita fortius minatur hostibus manus ;
morare paulûm, milites dū colligo
defendet armatus tuâ miles viâ.

LODOVICUS MEDICUS

Comitissa mater læta Bran nuntia
postquâ sui nati de nuptus acceperat,
ut regis Eduardi priori filue
si sacra lecti jura sponderet comes
Richmondus, speraret amissû thronû,
adire reginâ jubet celeri gradu,
tentare mentem sponte quasi pulsû
mea :

ut qui peritus arte medicorû fui,
fœdera medelis sacra miscerem meis,
Lectumq; promissû comitis Richmondii.
Nunc ergo Lodovice, jussus exequi
debet fideles, vince matrem, ne thoros
comiti negaret conjugales filiar.

EPÛS ELIENSIS FUGIENS.

Deserere nolens cogor hospitii ducis
turbata magnû consilia suadent metû.
Nunc ergo consulâ mihi celeri fuga.
Quâm nunc manus miser hostiû sævæ
tremo?

sed cantus incedâ, insulâ petâ meâ,
sulcabo salsa nave mox et sequora,
hospesq; tutus bella spectabo procul.
Te, te potens mundi arbiter supplex
precor,
ab hoste servû protegas sævo tuû.

LODOVICUS, REGINA.

LON.

Regina servans conjugis casta fide
lectû jugalem, siste misera lachrimas,
adesse spera jam malis finem tuis.
Parumper aure verba facilis percipe
vacato nostris precib' : inveni modû
quo trux tyrannus debitas pœnas luat,
tractentq; rursus sceptrâ felici manu
tui nepotes, rege dejecto truci
procerû sibi, plebisq; concitat odiû
Richardus, invisû eximere regno stu-
dent.

Jam vulgus insano crebescit murmure,
quâm ferre possunt gravius imponi
jugû,

an sceptrâ speremus benigna principis ?
nec nepotes patruus infantes dedit.

Querela civiû frequens pulsât Jovem
amare nequiunt, quem execrantur pub-
lici

servile collo populus excuteret jugû,
si notus hæres esset imperii sibi.

Richmondie (nunc exul) Henricus
comes

hæres familiar certus est Lancastria :
huic filiar sociare si thalamos jubes,
nullus de regni jure hæres disputat.

REGINA.

Quod pepulit aures nuntiû lætû meas ?

quid audio? nū misera mens est credula?
hæc facillè credunt quod minis miseri
volunt.

Sed quod volunt, fortuna contumax
vetat.

Prona est timori semper in pejus fides.
Regnat tyrannus, exul Henricus comes,
est vulgus anceps, dubius et populi
favor

Quæ filix facilis patet meæ via
ad sceptræ?

LODOV.

Voto tremulus obstat timor.

Confide causæ, civiū pugnat salus:
prudens familiæ consulas mater tuæ:
cædis recentis mēmor sobolis jaces
cur sic inultā te sinis? stimulet dolor
cædis tuorū, et conjugis chari probrū.

REGINA.

Spem pollicetur animus invitam tra-
hens.

Dotare thalamo filiā Elizabeth velim:
sed spernet illā forsā Henrici parens
illam petas; scrutare nū maneat vetus
domus simulas, exulis gnati potest
Flecti malis, ut fieret ex misero potens

LODOV.

Regina, peragam jussa.

REG.

Respiret deus
consilia læta, perge non dubio gradu.

DUX BUCK. AD MILITES.

Ultrice dextra, milites, sævus cadat
cōmunis hostis ille, tum quisquis comes
fuerit tyranni, jaceat et pene comes.
Quid ira posset, durus expromat dolor

Utinā cœnorē capitis invini deo
libare possim! multa mactatur Jovi
opima magis arasse tinxit victima
quam rex iniquus [aut tyrannus im-
pius].

Violenta nemo imperia continet diu,
sperare tanti sceleris quis demens po-
test

regnū salubre, vel fidem tutā dui?
vobis scelestæ mentis exponā dolū.
Bellū parari dū videt, mox literas
mittit benignas, spondet agros, nil
negat

sensū dolū, morā traho, veniā peto.
Ægre repulsā passus imperat statim
venire? adhuc recuso; sed veniā ta-
men,

Veniam, Richarde, sed malo tandem
tuo

Et ultor adero inimicus infensus tibi,
miseris Britannis pacis autor publicæ.
Fugiens asylū Marchio Dorcestrius
vim militū magnā Eboraci colligit.

Ducem sequuntur Devoniensis Curtinæū,
viresque fratris adjuvat sacrū caput
Episcopi Exetrensis: infesto agmine
Gilfordus impiū tyrannū eques petit,
frequensq Cantii caterva militū.

Mactetur hostis, bella poscunt, impias
dirus suorū carnifex pœnas luat.

Ergo tyrannū patriæ pestem sus-
trucidate, cū sit grata civibus hostia,
præsidia cum sint tanta, quæ partes
student

nostras tueri, et patriæ vitā dare,
omnesq dux ferā lubens angustias,
ut hostis pereat vester ferox Nero.

Quid desideramus? arma cur cessant
pia?

cedendo vinci ut perfidos hostes putes
stultè nimis votisq; pulsando Jovem
vibrentur enses, copias jungi decet;
ad arma ruite, vos ferox hostis manet:
pugnate validi, vir viro inferat manus
tollantur altè signa, bellū tuba canat,
et excitetur classico miles truci.

ACTUS TERTIUS.

RICHARDUS REX SOLUS.

O sæva fata semper, ô sortem asperā
cum sævit et cum parcit ex æquo malā
Fortuna fallax rebus humanis nimis
insultat, agili cuncta pvertens rota.
Quos modò locavit parte suprema, modò
ad ima eodem trudit et calcat pede.
Subito labantis ecce fortunæ impetu
quis non potentem cernit eversā domū?

Heu gnatus, heu primò unicus perit
meus

(ô dura fata, et lugubrem sortem nimis)
qui clara patris regna sperat mortui.

Ut ille magni parvus armenti comes,
primisq; vixdum cornibus frontem ge-
rens

cervice subito celsus, et capite arduus
gregem paternū ducit, et pecori impe-
rat.

O suave pignus, ô decus domus
Regalis, ô Britanniae fumus tuæ,
O patris heu spes vana, cui demens ego
laudes Achillis bellicas, et Nestoris
annos precabar, luce privavit deus.
Nunquā potenti sceptrā gestabis manu

felix, Britanno jura nec populo dabia,
victasq; gentes sub tuū mittes jugum.

Non Franca subiges terga, non Scotos
trabes

in tua rebelles imperia, sine gloria
jacebis alto clausus in tumulto miser.

Porro exul hærens finib⁹ Britanniae
dirū parat bellū Comes Richmondius,
viresq; cogit sceptrā rapturus mea.

Domi cruorem populus en nostrū petit,
incendit animos ptinax nimīū furor,
sceleris ministros armat in nostrā ne-
cem

Quidā minantem virib⁹ Richmondiū
juvare; quidā firma præsidia arcibus
locare? quidā clanculū armatos domi
servare, quidā subditos; fidem ut suā
fallant, rogare precibus infensi student
Nescire velim, cuncta simulavi lubens
dum cæca potui cæpta, concilia dolos
sentire, militūq; vires jungere.

Hujus furoris cū ducem Buckinghamiū
caput esse scirem, et totius fontem mali
Vel Marte aperto trahere, vel precibus
piè

allicere cepi, ne fidem mutat suā,
Dedi benignas ad ducem magis literas,
Felix ad aulā convolet celeri gradu:
Sentit dolos dux, texuit causas moræ,
stomachiq; se dolore rudit premi,
Omnem statim morā jubebā rumpere.
Venturū ad hostem patriæ sese negat.
Et milites cogens suos dux pessimus,
in me nefanda bella demens commovit.
Quid facio? amicus qui mihi sumus fuit
auferre regna quærit: odit maximè
qui maximè colebat: ô scelus impiū!

et dux profundo devovende Tartaro.
At plebs velut procella ventis turbida,
agmine scelesto principem neci petit:
Solum Richardus causa cantatur mali
Quid nunc agendum restat? aut quem
consulā?

Infecta facta reddere haud quivis potest.
Si populus odit, pereor? sed populi
favor

servetur, isto macula tolletur modo,
qua nomen indui scelestus heu meū;
ut in Britannos si quid erumpat malū
damnent nihil, jam mitis, humanus,
pius,

et liberalis civibus meis ero,
et scelere vindicabo nomen impio.
Centū sacrificiis alta surgent mœnia,
curis soluti ut precibus incumbant pus.
Legesq patriæ utiles ferā meæ:
fortasse nostras populus in ptes ruct,
pietate falsa ductus: auri montibus,
blandisq verbis ducitur vulgus leve.

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS.

NUNTIUS.

Adfero ducem fugisse Buckinghamiū,
magnæq quid nunc dissipantur copiae.

RICH. REX.

Quæ causa subito terga vertendi fuit?

NUNTIUS.

Ubi Wallicorū numerat ingentē manū,
qua sylva sese porrigit Danica, viā
pandit superbus, et Sabrinā nobile
superare flumen properat, agmini suo
ut Courtneorū jungat agmen; at minas
dum spirat horrens impio dux agmine,
at non genus mortale curant Numina?

dum milites vicina spectant flumina
altasq ripas non datur adhuc tangere,
subito gravis terrā ruina coeli verberat
divesq pluviis laxat imbres humidas
Auster, et agros altum tegit frequens
aqua.

En piscis ignotas in auras tollitur,
Lectis jacentes arboribus haerent, agris
eversa, tecta: vagit in cunis puer
passim per agros, montibus natant ferae,
terrā diebus obruunt aquæ decem
Stupet miles, cū Courtneiorū copiis
jungere pfusus agmen haud fluvius
sinit.

At Wallicorū turba nullo præmio
invita serviens duci, carens simul
misera cibariis, statim illū deserunt:
Nullis minis gens Cambria adduci po-
test
aut precibus, ut maneat simul belli
comes,
aut pergat ultra. Præda nudus hos-
tibus
suis relictus, cepit infelix fugam.

REX RICH.

Fœlix ad aures nuntius nostras venit:
prius labantem fausta tollunt numina.
Portus ad omnes miles undiq sepiat,
dux exterar ne erumpat ad gentes.
Comes

Richmondus quidnā parat, quærat
simul:
num cœpta linquat, an minetur am-
plius.

Princeps honorem testor, illū qui mihi
captū reducet, præmiū dignū feret.
Si servus ille fuerit, emittā manu:

sin liber, illū mille ditabo libris.

Classis Britannū armata sulcabit mare,
ne perfidus premat Angliā Rich-
mondus.

Aude scelera, ne crescat malū :

exprimere jus est ense, quod nequeant
preces.

Quicumq; sceleris socius in nostras ma-
nus

veniet, piabit sanguine inceptū nefas.

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS.

NUNTIUS.

Captus tenetur vinculis Buckingha-
mius.

REX RICH.

Sacris colamus prosperā votis diem.

O mihi propitios, sed tamen lentos dies

[*al. deos*]!

hostis quib⁹ captus dolis sit, explica!

NUNTIUS.

Ubi Cambrio dux milite orbatū vidit,
obstupuit illic⁹, atq; sorte tā gravi
pculsus, animū pene despondit suū
consilii egenus, sed sibi fidit tamen,
Banisteri tremens ad aedes clā fugit,
cui dux amore eximio prius favebat,
et semp auxit dignitate plurimū :
hujus latere clā studebat aedibus,
donec cohortem repararet, et belli ruinas
nudusve mare fugeret secans Britannū,
Comitiq; sese jungeret Richmondio.
At malē deorū si quis invisus duci
fuerit, paratū non potest fugere malū.
Servus Banister, seu vitæ timens sua,
tuisve ductus præmiis, Salopiæ
Proconsul, tum Mitton prodit ducem

Is militū stipante pgit agmine,

servi præhendit ab aedib⁹ sui haud
procul,

dum fata sylvis dira solus cogitat,
tibiq; vinctū fidus adducit virū.

RICHARDUS.

Si non fides me sacra regno continet,
tentabo mea stabilire sceptrā sanguine,
et regna duro sævus imperio regā
Nunc ergo dux pœnas gravissimas
luat.

Obrumpat ensis noxiū tristis caput,
nullamq; pene carnifex reddat morā.

Regnare nescit, odia qui timet nimis.

Non tua mihi Stanleie dubia fides
fuit.

Comes sitit Richmonds honores
meos.

Gener tuus sibi sceptrā despondet
mea.

uxor suo comitissa quærit filio

Victrice dextra rapta sceptrā tradere.

rapidis volabis gressibus Lancastriā :

illā intimis reclude mox penetralibus,

pateat nec ullū feminae servorū iter,

ad filiū nullas mater det literas,

ne patriæ demens lucem tristem pa-
ret,

et sceptrā mihi mulier rebellis aufe-
rat,

At Strangeū præstantem honore filiū

fidei tuæ mecum relinques præsidem :

testabitur puer patris constantiā

Natura mentem feminae pronā malo

dedit, dolisq; pectus instruxit, negat

vires, malū ut tantū queat vindic-
care.

DUX BUCKINGHAMIUS.

O blandientis lubricū sortis decus!
ô tristis horrendi nimis belli ca-
sus!

heu, heu fatis mortale luditur ge-
nus.

Quisquāne sibi spondere tā firmū po-
test

quod non statim metuenda convellat
dies!

Cujus refulsit nomen Anglis inclytū
modò, pallidos nunc ad lacus trudor
miser.

Quid (heu) juvat jactare magnos spi-
ritus?

Fallacis aulæ fulgor (heu) quos per-
didit?

Heu blanda niniū dona fortunæ!
mare

non sic aquis refluentibus turget, aut
undis

turbatus ab imis pontus Euxinus
tumet,

ut cæca casus heu fortuna magnatū
vocat.

Funestus heu dirusq Richardi favor
quid illa deplem miser tempora, qui-
bus

fretus meo consilio aper frendens, sibi
regnū cruento dente raptū com-
parat?

En, hujus ictu nunc atroci corruo.
Natale solū, illustre decus ô Angliæ,

horrenda quæ te fata nunc manent?
ferox

postquā jugo tyrannus oppressū tenet

heu, heu, miser Stygeas ad undas de-
primor,

Crudelis et collo securis imminet.

ACTUS QUARTUS.

RICARD. REX, NUNTIUS, LOVELL:

HEROS, CATESBEIUS.

RICHARDUS.

Quid me potens fortuna fallaci nimis
blandita vultu gravius ut ruerem, edita

de rupe tollis! finis alterius mali
gradus est futuri: dira conspirat manus

in me rebellis, torqueor metu miser.
disrumpor æstuante curarū salo.

Richmondiensis ille pfidus comes
in transmarinis ambit (heu) regnū

locis:

In cujus arma jurat turba civiū
inimica: mox hujus mali tanti metu

famulos cruenta morte mulctavi meos.
at fama vexat turgidū pectus magis:

thalamos jugales filiæ Richmondio
Comiti studet regina mater jungere.

O triste facinus, hostis in nostra po-
tens

regnabit aula, neq fatis destinat.

NUNT.

Richmondiensis incubat ponto comes.

REX.

O fienda fata! Gesta quæ sunt, explica.

NUNT.

Ubi ter, quatuor, implemet October
dies,

Oculis profundū mane spectantes fretū,
Vagas carinas vidimus appellere.

Portū petunt Dorcestriū, quem Polū

vocant. Dubia nos turba spectantes diu
manemus illic. Nave tum prætoria
comitem ferocem novimus Richmondiæ
Auxilia forsitan alia sperantes manent
aliquot diebus: ut nos celsas vident
ripas tenentes, littus appellant simul
Num simus hostes, miles an charus
duci

quærent: vafros nos fingimus vultu dolos
ibi milites locasse Buckinghamium,
ut comitis adventum maneret exulis,
dubiūq; mox ad castra deducant ducis
Junctæ facillè possent phalanges vincere.
Rex maximo sepultus obruitur metu.
Hi blanda verba suspicantes, carbasa
complente vento laxa committunt mari,
velisq; pansis advolant Britanniam

REX.

Cur ludis inconstans nimis miserum dea?
nup locatum me levas summa rota,
auraq; molli prosperos affers dies:
illico supinum lubrico affligis solo.
Quam varia? quam maligna? quam
levis dea?

LOVELL.

Cur vexat animum cura vesanum gravius?
ubi prisca virtus? pellat ignavos metus
excelsus animus: [fortis haud novit
metum.]

Nullo periculo nobilis virtus labat.

Quorsum ducis manes tremiscis mortui?
quorsum rebelles cæteros? an non jacent
terra sepulti? pulverem demens times?
Promissus hymen, et fides Scotis data
illos fideles pacis officio tenent.
Mandata legati duci Britanno
tua deferunt, agros sibi rebellium

promittis, armis sceptrum si juvet tua.
Quem non movebunt ampla promittenda
desine timere: quod satis tutum est
times.

CATES.

Si præmiis dux pertinax ductus tuis
non excitetur aliud inceptum manet.
Richmondio disjunge promissos thoros
neptis tuæ: Lancastriis si non opem
ferat domus Eborum (fremat licet ferox)
frustra minatur: differa connubium
Richmondii, nec filie Eduardi facces
celebrent jugales, si frui voto velis.

REX.

Rapietur illico, finietque nuptias
districtus ensis, Tartaro nubet prius.

LOVELL

At est asyli grande violati nefas:
meliora cogita ista non prodest tuo
medicina morbo: culpa non sanat reos,
nec est aperto scelere pugnandum æclis
Et nuper allectus tibi populus fuit
quem plurimis dudum modis colere studes.
statim scelere peccatus inani, oderit.

CATES.

Quod impetrari mollibus precibus potest,
non est minis duris parandum, voce vel
sæva tyranni neque frigido metu.

REX.

Tædæne demens patiar invasas mihi
meoque sceptro contrahi? nunquam accidet.
Scelestæ nostrum firmat impietas thronum
audebo quod vis: scelere vincendum scelus:
violare jura facillè regnanti licet.
In rebus aliis usque pietatem colas.
Stringatur ensis: Regna tutatur cruor

LOVELL.

Regina tenera mollibus verbis potest
utrinq torqueri facilè, mox deferant
jussus tuos legati ad illā, ut filias
suas in aulā adduci mater sinat.

CATES.

Si socia thalami fortè moriatur tui,
neptem statim vince ducendā tibi,
illoq pacto fracta spes comitis erit.

REX.

Placet, quod inquis! potius quā regnū
ruat,

tentanda cuncta: triste consiliū tamen
dum vivit uxor: hanc decet lætho dari.

LOVELL.

Frequentet illā rumor esse mortuā.

REX.

Cum salva fuerit illa, quid rumor po-
test.

LOVELL.

Fortasse longa oppressa curarū tabe
moriatur: utq mors sit illi certior,
illico suborna qui susurret clanculū
fecunda quid non sit, fore infestā tibi.
Arcenda thalamis sterilis uxor tuis est.

Aulā beare sobole fœlici decet

Regem: doloris sæva ppetua lucis
matura timida: fata fœminæ dabit.

REX.

Mactabo potiùs, ense læthali, priùs
tollam veneno, quā mei pestis throni
cladesq fuerit: vosq quos semp colo
faciles animi, fida Magnatū manus,
adite templū, tum meis verbis piè
matrem salutantes, colere me dicite,
vitæq sordes esse mutatas meæ
contendo, quævis opprimat silentiū.

Populi favorem nequeo nancisci priùs
quam fratris ut complectar olim filias,
quorū duos miser fratres neci dedi,
natumq Marchionem honore prosequar.
amplos agros promitte, magnas et opes,
si gratus Anglia exul illico venerit.

RICHARDUS REX SOLUS.

Animū tumultus volvit attonitus, rupit
regni metus, quiescere nec usquā potest,
sanare nunc malū queo solū, face
neptem jugali si maritus jungerem
Uxor sed obstat: scelera novimus prius
quid conjugem cessas veneno tollere?
aude anime, nū peccata formidas tua?
serò pudet: peracta pars sceleris mei
olim fuit maxima: piū esse quid juvat?
post tanta miserū facinora, nihil facis.
Parat animus nefanda, parva nec pla-
cent.

Regnū tuemur: omnis in ferro salus.

LOVELL: REGINA ELIZAB. REX
RICHARDUS.

LOVELL.

O socia thalami regis olim, fœmina
illustris, ad te nos legatos principis
fecere jussus, ut soluta sacro carcere
aulā sequaris splendidam mater potens.
Nec moveat antè Regis imensū scelus,
quem tantopere vitæ scelestæ poenitet:
matura sanctè suadet ætas vivere
Vitā cupit mens lapsa spurcā ponere,
serumq cepit vitii fastidiū,
Dum vincere cupis, arma delectant
magis
nescit modū sibi strictus ensis ponere:

at placida victori magis pax expedit,
quem civiū quivis tumultus territat
Partā priūs ne perderet iterū gloriā,
a plebe rex quæsitit ardentem coli.
Hoc efficere priūs nequit princeps pius,
nisi te tuasq; filias sancte colat,
et splendidis illas locaret nuptiis,
cujus necavit filios heu turpiter,
En concidit dolore confectus gravi,
fletu rigantur ora sceleris vindice :
vitæ tantum corrigendæ defuit,
honus tuarū, filiusq; marchio

Dorcettus heros, qui p oras nunc vagus
incognitas perrat exul. Si domū
reversus, arma deserat Richmondii,
florebit alto clarus imperio statum
illustris heros, sibi patebunt omnia
fulgentis aulae dona : nil frustra petet.
Nunc ergo quæras lumen aulae splen-
didū,

In gratiā, Regina cum principe redi
nec regis animū sperne tam charū tibi :
sed dulce pignus filias animi tui
mittas ad aulā, adhuc nec obscuro
horreant

loco, pius quas diligit rex unice.

Quid mœsta terram conticiscis intuens?
errore quid pectus vago versas tuū?

REGINA.

Ergo filiorū sanguine madentes manus?
non liberos crudelis occidit fratris?
nostrosq; conspersit thoros falsa labe?
an non potest matri scelestus parcere,
infame generi vulnus infixit suo
Sævire ferrū cessat, ubi regnat furor?
Quisquamne putet ullū deesse nequitiae
modū?

Sævire cum ratione num quisquā pos-
test?

Strictus tuetur ensis, invitis tuis
quicquid tenere te scias, quicquid sec-
lus
peperit, tuetur majus admissū scelus.
Haud dulcis aula, cruore quæ meo fluit.
Quas nuptias meorū meorū sanguine?
An filiarū nuptias celebret? priūs,
reddat sepulcrū filiorū, plangere
funera meorū mater efflagito priūs,
suis debetur atq; mortuis honor.

LOVELL.

Sepulta quid renovas odia? pectus
premet
æterna vesanū ira? patratū liceat
scelus expiare : quid juvat gemitu adeo
opplere cælū? vel lamentis æthera
pulsare? toties vulnere quid heu manus
adfers? medelā nec pati potes mali?
Si quiq; quoties peccat, illico Jupiter
iratus ignes vindices jaculabatur :
orbis jacebit squalido turpis situ
et tanta damna sobole repararet sua
nunquā Venus cunctis petita viris?
adhuc

ferrūne terret.

REG.

Cujus ictu concidi.

LOVELL.

At melius infligens medetur vulnere.

REG.

Ad arma nova perrumpit ira sæpius.

LOVELL.

Despecta magis irascitur clementia.

REG.

Veteratus at nescit furor clementiā.

LOVELL.

Quid arma metuis, ira quando extinguitur?

REG.

Haud sanguinis saties sitim, nisi expleas.

LOVELL.

At in cruore quod est necesse sufficit.

REG.

At triste furioso necesse quod libet?

LOVELL.

At ira vana luditur sine viribus,
 cunctiq; mox temerarii nimis pudet.
 Quod si furore pectus attonitus times,
 Et regis horres impias adhuc minas:
 hæc sola spes relicta: pugnandū prece:
 Luctantibus nihil valebis viribus,
 Sed fortius cōmota mens ebulliet,
 nullamq; vim patitur sibi resistere.

REG.

Heu mihi mulier, heu, heu, quid infelix agū?

animus vacillans fluctuat, timet omnia,
 sperare rursus jussit amissus thronus,
 Tradamne regi filias? egone meas
 honore privabo? aula filias decet.

At quid facis? cui credis? insontes
 tuos

mactavit, an parcit sorori? Jus idem
 utriq; regni. Cujus heu thoro meas
 Rex filias cōmendat, has qui turpiter
 matre editas mentitus est adultera?

LOVELL.

Errore quorsū pectus uris anxiū?

Sin vita regis sancta nil psuadcat,
 Sed hujus animū adhuc ferocem somnias

quantū tibi iratus minetur, cogita,
 Hujus benigna vota si contempseris.

REG.

An morte quicquā minatur amplius?

LOVELL.

Exosa vitā filias num destrues?

REG.

O filiæ charissimæ, heu, heu, filiæ.
 dotare vos thalamis beatissimis rex parat,
 abite, vos fortuna quod miseris jubet,
 et supplices ad genua patris sternite
 dedisce regnū infausta proles principis,
 privata vos decent magis: regnū nocet:
 facere juvet, quicquid necessitas jubet.
 Omnia timore plena: metuendū tamen
 palam nihil: nunquā preces spernit leo
 timidæ feræ, nec supplices temnit sonos.
 Si sors beabit fausta, jussit en parens
 vos ire: sin crudele fatū pderet,
 Ulciscar ipse morte eadem me simul,
 meiq; pœnas mater incepti ferā.

Adsis fidelis particeps mentis meæ:
 celeri gradu oras Galliæ mox advola,
 gnatoq; Marchioni reditū suadeas,
 dubium nil rerū exitū pavesceret,
 nec horreat minas cruenti principis.
 Sceleris sui regem nefandi pœnitet,
 deflet cruenta miser nepotū funera,
 sibiq; larga pollicetur præmia,
 magnosq; honores, atq; liberā malis
 vitam: ergo præceps vela pandat prospera,

charamq; rursus patriā reddat sibi.

REX RICH.

Geminas video sorores: ô faustū diem.
 Componere vultum, amplectar illas artius.

Neptes amandæ, quàm libens vos osculor.

vestræ miserandam doleo fortunæ vicem,

itaq̃ sacro ægrè carcere inclusas tuli.

Quapropter hunc mutabo luctū flebilem

in gaudiū, atq̃ veste præclara induā, vobisq̃ magnatū parabo nuptias.

Jam gaudet animus; pace sperata fruor.

Has nuptias uxoris invisū caput perturbat. Anna huc confert tristem gradū :

Concepta mente scelera vultu contegū, ægrāq̃ verbis molliā mentem piis.

REGINA ANNA, RICHARD. REX,
NUNTIIUS.

REG. ANNA.

Heu quantis curarū fluctibus æstuo?

Quid mihi horrendi præsagit annus mali?

In lugubres rumpamne suspiria voces?
et quærulīs ferā corusca sydera planc-

tis?

Quid misera faciam? fata deplorā mea?

En, rumor perebuit vitā oblatā mihi,

et garrula volavit fama funeris mei:

ergo vivæ mihi sepulcrū quæritur,

Et nostra lachrymis viva decoro fu-

nera,

cogorq̃ jussa mihi nunc psolvere.

Cur mihi meus minatur ingratus ne-

cem?

nihilq̃ nostros amores crudelis æsti-

mat?

Cardinalis antistes mihi gravis pater
fletu genis madentib⁹ nunciat.

Rex (inquit) jamdudū saturavit amorē,
nec dabit amplexus, aut oscula figet
dulcia:

Te sterilem esse, Regali nec aptā thoro.

Talem regiæ conjugem poscunt facies,

Qualis liberorū possit procreare magnū
decus,

qui tenera patris sceptrā gestabit manu.

Variis animus curarū fluctib⁹ æstuat,

rumorq̃ vexat scelestus augur fati mei.

Quid faciam misera? en quærun't neci

Nostrāq̃ vitæ ultimos claudere dies,

vitāq̃ rupta fila eripere sororibus.

Illustre Britannæ decus, rector potens,

quid misera merui? quid ad mortē tra-
hor

En mortem p̃strepunt garrulæ voces,

et ad sepulcrū funesta turba vocat.

Si non placet thalamis fides tuis data,

aut si tuū demens honorem lasi, invida

aut manibus pudica moriar tuis,

et scelesta tuus fodiat ensis viscera,

nec populi nullies suis vulnerent voci-
bus,

et sordidis regina civibus occidam.

REX RICH.

Nunquā miser charæ pararem con-
jugi

mortem, castasq̃ tuo cruore manus spar-
gerem.

Nec te minæ p̃turbent, cū futilis

erroris esse populus magister solet:

nec principi plēbs novit garrula par-
cere.

Jam siste lachrymas, teq̃ cura molliū.

En nos graves premunt curæ Britan-
niæ,
motusq turbidos cives rebelles conci-
tāt;
Hos maximū decet ducem compes-
cere:
post, mutuis simul fruemur amplexi-
bus.

NUNTIIUS.

Fugit manus Comes Richmondius tuas.

RICH.

Effare, carcerem cur evasit tetrū?

NUNT.

Postquā sinus complente laxos vince-
rent

Impulsa vento vela fluctus turbidos,
littusq puppis tangeret Britannicū,
mandata monstramus duci statim tua.

Hujus dolor premebat artus languidos
nec rebus ullis æger animus sufficit,
Hinc jussa rerū cura Thesaurario
soli fuit, Petrū vocant Landosiū:

Huic mox agros promittimus rebellū,
fortuna vel benigna quicquid addidit,
si patriæ restituat exulem suæ
Richmondiū, comitesq ceteros fugæ.

Promissa vincunt ampla thesaurariū,
Anglisq tanti gaudet autor muneris,
quò se tueri possit Anglorū potens
viribus, et hostis frangat iras invidi.
Mox concito quærit gradu comitē velox
at sensit astus callidos comes prius,
furtoq se subduxit ille Parisiis.
Tum dura quos fortuna jungit transfu-

gas

comites sequuntur: at dolet Lando-
sius

prædam sibi ereptam esse, sed serò do-
let

Cæleri cupit vi prævertere elapsū licet,
terramq calcantes pede ruunt concito
hastas vibrantes extra equites, si queant
tardare fugientem: tamen redeunt sta-
tim

illisq tantus cessit incassū labor.

Nam Rege fretus Gallico tutus satis,
implorat adversā tuis sceptris opem.
Nec finis hic mali: solutus carcere
Oxonii fugit comes Callisiis.

Comitiq jungit supplici supplex comes.

REX.

'O nuntium infestum! ô nitida pal-
latia,

passura graviolem exitū Oedipodæ
domo!

O luce splendens principis falsa decus!
O sors acerba! ô fata Regnis invida!
Sed parce diis demens scelere quos ir-
ritas.

Opaca regna Ditis, et cæcū Chaos.
exangue vulgus, numen abstruxi Jovis,
et quicquid arcet, huc novos spargite
dolos.

Vestras manus Richmondiū vocat nefas,
ut spiritus illico scelestos expuat,
nisi graviores expetat poenas dolor.

NUNTIIUS, REX.

NUNTIIUS.

Regina florens Anna dudū mortua
est.

REX.

O dira fata! seve nimis ô numina!
res possident mortaliū certi nihil;

Consors unica vitæ, et chara conjux,
vale.

Crudele tristis indica exitii genus.

NUNT.

Postquā lugubris sedisset mœsta diu,
suspiria gravibus mista cū singultibus
heu sæpe fundit : sæpe falsis lachrymis
diris querelis conjugem ingrātū pre-
mit.

Tandem inquietam capit attonitus furor,
nuncq̃ huc et illuc currit erranti gradu,
tanquā tumultū patiens in se turbidū :
Statimq̃ querit (voces infractæ sono)
Quæ cor revellit dextera crudelis meū ?
An non est maritus, inquit ? heu fidele
cor

valde est ineptū munus ingrato viro.
Postea pupillæ prorsus occultæ latent,
et solū aperta pallidè albugo micat
vomitiones inde crebras extulit,
animæq̃ in altū sæpe deliquiū cadit
Artus p̃ omnes frigidus sudor meat
orisq̃ subitò nitidus evanuit color :
frons flava marcet, livida ardent tem-
pora

et palpebrarū omnes defluunt pili
Cærulea turpi labia liquescunt situ,
et lingua (visu horribile) specie lurida
prominet hiantē ex ore solito gran-
dior,
unguesq̃ nunc haud amplius clari ni-
tent,

sed quasi veneno perliti pereunt : cadit
tandem misera luctata fatis fœmina.

REX.

Nunc fausta neptis ambio connubia,
neptisq̃ fallam frustra promissos thoros.

Sed neptis huc dubio venit gradu mea,
tentare procus hujus institutū thoros.

REX, FILIA EDUARDI MAJOR.

REX.

O regia de stirpe derivans genus,
et digna sceptris virgo : postquā (proh
dolor)

rapuere fata conjugem tam tristia :
quæ sit magis mihi juncta legali face,
quàm genere quæ regis superbo nasci-
tur ?

Sociemus animos, et thori sponde fidem,
accipe maritū. Quid truci vultu siles ?

FILIA.

Egone, ô nefandum scelus, expandū
rogis

nullis ! egone manus misera conjux
meas

rubente mortuorū sanguine imbuā ?
Olympus uxori decrevit antè suar,
Lunaq̃ gubernabit diem, noctemq̃ sol :
Prius Ætna gelidas emittet ardens
aquas,

Nilusq̃ vagus ignitas laminas vomet.
Egone silebo parvulos misera invidos
tibi nepotes, at mihi charos fratres
crudelitèr tua pemptos dextera ?

Scelestè patruè ? prius ab extremo sinu
Hespera Tethys lucidū attollet diem :
Lepus fugabit invidū prius canem.

Punit nefandū quamvis abditū scelus
Jupiter, et astutos sinit nunquā dolos.
Humeros premebant saxa Sisiphi lu-
brica,

sævus Proustes asperā pœna luit,
quoniam suos vim necarunt hospites.

Non hospites tu, sed nepotes (heu) tuos est imperandi principi duplex via,
nuper relictis fasciis miser necas. Amor et metus: utrumq; regibus utile.

RICH.

Cogere.

Agedum effrenatas virgo voces amove,
ne ob unū scelus corpora pereant duo.

FILIA.

Si cogas mori sequor lubens.

Cruore soliū fateor acquiri mēū
et innocentū morte: sic fati placet.

RICH.

Moriere.

Cecidere fratres? doleo; facti pœnitet
Sunt mortui? factū prius nequit infici

FILIA.

Grata mors erit magis mihi

Num flebo mortuos? lachrymæ nil et præstat ærumnis mori oppressā sta-
valent. tim,

Quid vis facerem? an fratrū geminā quam luce curis obsitā frui diu.
necem

RICH.

hac dextera effuso rependā sanguine?
faciā? paratis ensibus pectus dabo

Morierere demens.

FILIA.

et si placet magis, moriar ulnis tuis
ignes, aquas, terram, aut minacem Cau-
casū

Nil minaris ampliūs?
mallet mori virgo, tyranno quā viro
incesta vivere, diis, hominibusq; invida.

RICH.

petā, petam Tartara, vel umbrosū ne-
mus

Hem quid agis infelix? thoros spernet
tuos.

atræ Stygis; nullū laborem desero
si gratus essem tibi. [virago regia]

Regina vivas, sis mea, miseros sile
fratres.

FILIA.

Sit amor, sit odiū, sit ira, vel sit fides;
non curo: placet odisse, quicquid co-
gitas.

FILIA.

Miser non est quisquis mori sciet.

RICH.

Tuus prius penetrabit ensis pectora,
libido quā cognata corpus polluat.

Anne lubens? en nullus est ferro me-
tus,

O Jupiter sævo peritus fulmine.

strictusq; nescit ensis unquā parcere.

Cur non trisulca mundus ignescit facē?

FILIA.

Cur non hiulca terra devorat illico?

Neronis umbræ, atq; furis Cleopatras

Immane portentū ferocis principis,

truces resurgite, similem finem date

terrore superans Gorgoneū genus.

his nuptiis, qualem tulit Oedipodæ do-
mus.

RICH.

Pessima, tace: solū silet in armis fides.
nihilne valet amor? nihil thoros movet
regius? acerbæ neq; lachrymæ valent?

Nec sufficit fratres necasses tuos prin-
cipes?

Et nobili fœdare cæde dexterā?

quin et integrā stuprare quæras virginē
maritus? ô mores, nefanda ô tempora!
at sæva prius evadat ales viscera:
in me feras prius tuas atrox nemus
emitte, vel quod triste monstrum nu-
trias,
quàm casta thalamos virgo sequor adul-
teros.

RICH.

Discessit, et nostros fugit demens tho-
ros
negligit amores stulta virgo regios.
Nunc ista differam; minæ forsan ca-
dent
rabidæ puellæ, patriæ dū consulo.

NUNTIUS, REX.

NUNT.

Gerebat altos nup animos insolens
Richmondus, celso superbus vertice
tumebat: at cecidit miser tandem sui
serò pudet coepti, atq franguntur minæ.

REX.

O grata lux, quæ sceptrâ confirmat
mea!
Jam solida certe pacis emergit fides.
at cuncta narras: nam spes miseros
alit.

NUNT.

Adhuc juventæ flore vix primo viget
rex Galliæ, nec prima depinxit genas
barba, nec sceptrâ puerilis manus
ætas tuetur; quin tenera tutoribus
curanda datur ætas, virilis post vigor
dum regna discat: hos frequens pulsât
comes
votis iniquis, rebus et fœssis opem

implorat ardens, nec preces frustra
sinit

perire. Dum multos fatigat anxius
multo labore, nec pati potest moras
mens lassa, planctus atq frustravi suos
ægrè tulit tam sæpe; dū longū pati
cogit repulsâ multiplex procerū favor:
desperat animus, optat exul vivere
potius, inanis et laboris pœnitet.

REX.

Festū diem celebrare jam lætos decet,
ô mihi dies albo lapillo nobilis!
Jam sors beatis mitior rebus fluit.
Quot modò procellas concitat frustra
Comes.

et quàm graves nuper minatur exitus?
Quin in suū redibit authorem scelus.
Jam frustra placido classis incumbit
mari,

Richmondus jam falsò reditus excu-
bat,

ergo rates hæc nunc ponto veta,
milesq portū quisquis adversū cavet,
deponat arma, finis hic malorū erit.
Tutò licet regnare jam cessit timor,
nisi quod timendū non sit, id timeas
tamen.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

NUNTIUS, MULIER, MULIER, ANUS.

NUNT.

Quis me p auras turbo raptat conci-
tus?

fuge, fuge, civis, hæret à tergo Comes:
minatur horrendū furor Richmondus;
portū pedite Milfordiū inani premit.

totamq̃ calcat prodiā sibi Walliā:
furens comes toti minatur Angliæ.

MULIER.

Quo, quo fugis charā marite conju-
gem ?
frustra q̃ tot perire patieris preces
uxoris ; en fletu genæ multo fluunt
miserere ; sin fugere lares dulces juvat ;
det simul conjux itineris p̃vū onus.

ALIA MUL.

Hearc let divers
mutes tun over
ye stage from
divers places
for feare
Te p̃ deorū numen et
datam fidem
thori, p̃ annos filii tene-
ros precor,
ne deseras iñitis ah tristem domū.

ANUS.

Matris tuæ solamen ô fili mane.
Sin hostibus domū relinques pfuga,
scrutetur ensis nota quondam filio
ulcera ; tuo mater peribo vulnere.

HENRICUS COMES, RHESUS THOMÆ
WALLICUS.

HEN. COM.

Optata tandem tecta cerno patriæ,
miserisq̃ nosco maximū exulibus bonū.
ô chara salve terra, sed salve diu,
frendentis apri dente lacerata impio.
Da (patria) veniam, bella si geram pia,
da quæso veniā : causa cōmōvit tua ;
dirumq̃ principis nefas bellū vocat.
Rex est peremptus : occupat regnū

Nero :

cum rege fratre parvulus periit puer.
Solū tuentur templa reginā sacra.
Regū cruoris ultor adveni pius :
pœnas dabit Richardus Henrico : dedit,

si nostra clemens vota concedat Deus.
Rhesū Thomæ de stirpe video Wallica.

RHES. THOM.

O clare princeps regia stirpe edita,
honore præcellens Comes Richmondia,
heros Britannia gentis auxiliū unicū :
Optatus Anglis civibus venis tuis.

HENRICUS.

Post multa vota, et temporis longas
moras.

natale semper mente complector solū :
servile collo strenuus excutiam jugo.

RHES.

Tu patriæ nunc columen, et verū ca-
put :

tu solus affers rebus afflictis opem :
Et rege tanto læta gaudet Anglia.

HEN.

Non quem fatentur ore principem suo,
hunc corde semp̃ intimo cives colunt.

RHES.

Deus trisulca qui quatit flāmā polos,
et in profunda pfidos Proserpinæ
detrudit antra, me premat vivū nigra
tellure, si datā fidem fallā tibi.
Si signa campis Cambriae ponere ju-
bea,
in Wallicū agrū messor impius, ruam.
Quoscunq̃ velles disjici muros, citò
hac aries actus saxa disperget manu :
Nec miles ullus in meis castris erit
quin te sequetur.

HEN.

Rhesæ, grata est mihi fides

Si cœpta Numen prosperet mea, spon-
deo
te præsidem toti futurū Wallia.

BURCHER: HUNGERFORD: MILES.

HUNGERF.

Splendens equestri clare Burcher ordine,
lætus scelestas hostis effugi manus:
agmenq̃ lubens Duci Brakenburio
p noctis umbras abstuli densas miser.

BURCH.

Quot per recessus labimur Hungerford vagi
huc usque nostro terga vertentes duci?
At ô quieta noctis almæ tempora,
tuq̃ miseris præbens opem Phœbi soror,
adhuc tuere: differas Titan diem,
donec tyranni tuti ab armis, inclyti
tentoria Henrici comitis attingimus.

MILES.

Let heare also
divers mutes,
armed soul-
diers, run over
the stage one
after another
to ye Earle of
Richmond
Fœlix tuas fugio p umbras
cara nox
mactetur ense quisquis
obstabit mihi.
HEN. REX. [COMES.]

Quis hic locus, quæ regio quæ regni
plaga?

ubi sū? ruit nox: heu ubi satellites?

Inimica cuncta: fraude quis vacat locus

quem quod rogabo? tuta sit fides, vide,
nativus artus liquit internos calor,
rigore frigent membra: vix loquor
metu:

tremesco solus, cura mentem concoquit.

Hos vitricus luctus dedit meus mihi

Stanleus: illi tantæ quæ tenent moræ?

Dum varia sortis cogito ludibria,
dubiamq̃ solus civiū volvo fidem,
exercitum præire jussi: tum moras
damnare tantas vitrici cœpi mei.
Postquā metus cor, spesq̃ dubiū verberat,
et quicquid obstat mente dum volvo
satis:

densas per umbras lapsus aspectū fugit

exercitus, suo errat orbatus duce:
sum nudus hostib⁹ relict⁹ perfuga

COM. OXON.

Ingens premebat cura sollicitos (comes
illustris) animos horror excussit gravis,
dux milites quid absens deseris,
dum nocte cæca sūmma montiū juga
vincunt, nec ullus jussa privatus facit
Mox triste pectus mœror invasit gravis:
nunc voce miles frustra compellat ducem.

nunc civiū timemus incertā fidem,
lætiq̃ æro fruimur aspectu, hæc
animus adhuc turbatur excusso metu.

HENRI.

Quorsū times, pellatur ignavus metus:

solū juvat secreta sæpe volvere.

HUNGER.

Sævi tyranni creptus insidiis miser
supplex tuo vivere sub imperio, comes
illustris, atq̃ signa cupio sequi.

HENR.

Propago clara, equitūq̃ generosū genus;

jam vos sequetur digna factis gloria.

me grata delectat voluntas civiū,

vestramq̃ tantā lætus amplector fidem.

At quas tyrannus copias ducit, doce.

HUNGERF.

Pauci sequuntur sponte signa militis,
et cogit arma jungere Richardi metus:
sese magis dubius metuit exercitus,
suis nil armis miles audet credere.

HENRI.

Tu transferas ad castra milites sua.

HENRICUS COMES, STANLEUS HEROS.

HENRI.

Nisi vota fallunt, vitricus venit meus,
domus suæ Stanleus eximiū decus.
verumne video corpus? an fallor tua
deceptus umbra? Spiritus vires capit.
exultat animus, et vacat pectus metu.

STAN.

Et nostra dulce membra recreat gau-
diū:

generū juvat videre: complexus mihi
redde expetitos. Sospitem qui te dedit,
det tua vicissim corpta pficiat deus;

HENRI.

Dabit, tuo si liceat auxilio frui.

STANL.

Utinā liceret quæ velim.

HENR.

Quidni potes?

quid non licebit.

STANL.

Sæpe quod cupis tamen
non absq̃ magno pfici potest damno.

HENR.

Quidnam times, dū patriā juvas tuā?

STANL.

Quod vita chara filii fuit mei.

HENR.

Serat Richardus obsidem fidei tuæ.

STANL.

Ne te juvarem, pignori datū tenet.

HENR.

O subdolū scelus, ô tyrannū barbarū!
amore quos fidos parū credit sibi,
horū fidem crudelis exprimit metus.

STANL.

Irā coërce, pectus et nobile doma
palā juvare si nequeo, furtim tamen
subsidia nunquā nostra deerunt tibi.

HENR.

Disciscit: heu, me lenta vitrici fides
pturbat: hujus quanta spes fulsit mihi?
Frustra at quærelis pectus uritur anxium,
vanisq̃ juvat implere cælū quæstibus:
quin triste præcipitare consiliū decet.

DUX NORFOLCIENS: RICH: REX.

DUX NORF.

Armatus expectet suū miles ducem
bellū ciebunt æra, nec moras sinent.
Richardus huc dubio venit princeps
gradu:

secreta solus volvit, et curæ premunt.
Quæ subita vultus causa turbavit tuos?
quid ora pallent? mente quid dubis
stupes.

RICHARD.

Norfolciæ charū caput, dux nobilis,
cujus fuit mihi semp illustris fides;
falso celabo nihil fronte pfidus.
Horrenda noctis visa terrent proxima.
Postquā sepulta nox quietem suaserat,
altusq̃ teneris somnus obrepsit genis:
subitò premebant dira furiarū cohors,

sævòq laceravit impetu corpus tremens,
et fœda rabidis præda sũ dæmonibus:
somnosq tandem magnus excussit tre-
mor,
et pulsat artus horridus nostros metus.
Heu! quid truces minantur umbræ
Tartari?

DUX NORF.

Quid somnia tremis? noctis et vanas
minas?
quid falsæ terrent mentis et ludibria?
Jam strictus ensis optimũ auguriũ canit:
aude satis, nec vota formides tua.
Tibi rebelles spolia tot cives dabunt,
vinctæ fatebuntur manus victoriũ.

RICHARD.

Nil pectus ullus verberat tremulũ me-
tus,
ignava nec quassat tumultus corpora
audere didicimus prius: telis locos
hostes vicinos jam premunt, bellũ vo-
cant:
acies in armis nostra ex adversis stabit.

DUX NORF.

Quid agimus? hem quid cæca fata co-
gitant?
quidnã parat suspecta civiũ fides?
Inventa nup scripta me talia monent.

NORFOLCIENSIS INCLYTE

NIL CŒPERIS AUDACIUS:

NAM VENDITUS REX PRETIO

RICHARDUS HEROS PERDITUR.

At nulla nostram macula damnabit
fidem:

Richardi nunquam signa vivus deseram.

ORATIO RICHARDI AD MILITES.

Comites fideles, milites et subditi
Crudele quamvis facinus, et dirũ sceli
olim patravi: lachrymis culpã pius
satis piavi, sceleris et pœnas dedi:
satis dolore crimen ultus sum suo.
vos tanta moveat ergo pœnitentia.
Partũ tueri melius est quã quærere.
Pugnate fortes, regna parta viribus
vestris studete fortiter defendere.
Non est opus cruore multo: Wallicus
oppugnat hostia, regna vendicat impu-
dens.

Illum sequuntur pfidæ Anglorũ manus
sicari nequã, genusq prodigũ,
vestræq flamma patriæ gens Gallica.
at civiũ me credidit manibus deus,
quorũ fides spectata mihi semp fuit
quorũ paravi viribus regni decus,
oriq nisi decipiar interpres, truces
victoriã vultus ferunt, [dandum mihi]
oculi diris necem minantur hostibus.
Vicistis, inquã, vicit Anglorũ manus:
suo video cruore manantes agros:
simulq Gallos, Cambrios simul leves
mox fœda victor strages absumet
mea?

Sed fata quid moror? cur his vocibus
vos irruentes teneo? mihi veniã date:
Nunc quanta clemens ultro concedit
deus?

Si vincat ille, vos manent diræ cruces.
ferrũ, cathenæ, et duro collo sœrvitus:
et nostra membra quærit ensis hostiũ
me nil morabor: cura sit vestri salus:
consulite vobis, liberis, uxoribus:

prospicite patriæ : hæc opem vestrâ jam bella poscunt, tempus aliud petit :
petit :

estote fortes ; victus hostes occidat,
dubiūq martis exitum nemo horreat.
Nobis triumphî signa dantur maxima :
Non vos latet, summa ducis prudentia
niti salutem militū : nullos habet

En vultus : Henrici minas frustra
times

et robur invictū ducis Richmondii.
Infesta quare signa campis fulgeant :
cursu citato miles infestus ruat,
et hostis hostem vulneret ferus ferū
vos, vos triumphus (nobiles socii) ma-
nent :

Hac namq dextra spiritū ejus haureā,
qui causa bellorū fuit civilīū.

Aut moriar hodie, aut parabo gloriā.

NUNTIVS, REX RICHARD. DUX
NORFOL.

NUNT.

Magnanime princeps, jussa p̄feci tua.
Respondet ore Stanlcus duro nimis,
si filiū mactes suū plures habet.

REX RICH.

Detractat ergo p̄fidus jussus meos
ingratus hostis, et scelestus proditor ?
Mactabo gnatū, vota psolvā statim
te digna patre. Tam diu cur filius
vivit scelsti patris ? ô patiens nimis,
ô segnis ira post nefas tantū mea !
Tu jussa p̄age : mitte qui velox
mihi
ejus pempti referat abscissū caput.

DUX NORF.

Animū doma nec impius vexat pater

Signis vicina signa fulgent hostiū.

REX RICH.

Parcamne gnato inultus impii patris ?

DUX NORF.

Post bella gnatus patris expiet scelus.

REX RICH.

Ergo nefandi patris invisam prolem
in castra ducite. Marte confecto
statim

capite paterni criminis pœnas dabit.

ORATIO HENRICI COMITIS AD MILITES.

O sceleris ultrix, signa quæ sequeris
mea

Britanna gens, vanos metus nil som-
nics,

Sin ulla justus bella curet Jupiter,
nobis favebit regis excusso jugo,
quos liberam videre patriā juvat.
En rapta fraude scepra jure posci-
mus.

Quæ causa belli melior afferri potest
quam patriæ ? Hostis regiæ stirpis
lues

ergo tyrannus morte crudeli cadat.

Scelere Richardus impios vicit Scy-
thas :

Te (Nero) vicit cæde matris no-
bilem.

Suos nepotes ense mactat impio :
matris probro nihil pepercit filius :
stuprare neptem audet libido patrui.
Sic fratris exhibes honores manibus ?

Cesset timor, et infestus hostem vul-
neres :

nil arma metuas tanta : media ducem

linquent arena. Quos sequi cogit metus,
parùm ducem tuentur inimici suū.

At sint fideles, nec suū spernāt ducem :
pugnent acriter, et millibus multis
ruant :

non copiarū numerus, at virtus ducis
victoriā potitur, et laudem feret.

Hujus timebis arma, qui scelus timet
nullū? nepotes morte confecit suos.

Asyla rupta, frater occisus, stupro
tentata neptis, falsa cui deniq̃ fides.

Quid non patravit patriæ pestis suæ
adversus hostem corpus ensc cingite
In bella ruite, agmenq̃ strenuè rum-
pite,

tollantur altè signa. [quisquis occidat]

Bello fidelis pfidos, pius impios,
placidus tyrannū, mitis inūitem petis

Quòd si liceret (salvo honore prin-
cipis)

ad genua vestra volverer supplex,
petens

ut verus hæres Anglici Henricus
thrōni

vincat Ricardū, sceptrā qui furto tenet,

Sin vincat ille, vester Henricus vagus
patria exulabit, aut luet pœnas graves
et vos pudebit colla victori dare.

Petatur ultro dū parat vires modò.

Heare y^e battell Aut perdat, aut peribit,
is joyned. hoc certū est mihi.

Uppon his retourne, lett gunns goe of,
and trumpetts sound, wth all stir of
Souldiers wth out y^e hall, untill such
time as y^e lord Stanly be one y^e
stage ready to speake.

STANLEUS AD MILITES,

Properate, solvite patriā tyrannide
infesta ferte signa, pugna dū calet,
ut verus hæres regna teneat Angliæ.

Pugnabit adversus scelus virtus pia
Pugnate tantūm, vestra y^e battell.
cum victoria.

Si vincitis, patria tyranno libera
medios in hostes ruite passu concito.

Let heare bee the like noyse made as
before, as soone as y^e Lord Stanley
hath spoken, who followeth the rest
to the feild. After a little space, let
the L. Northumberland come with
his band from y^e feild, att whose
speech lett the noyse cease

ORATIO COMITIS NORTHUMBRIÆ AD MILITES

Northumbriorū illustre nil damnes
genus,

nostramve lunā (miles) ignavā putes,

quod tela fugiens hostiū terga dedi

Immane regis execror tan- y^e Battell.
dem scelus.

horreo suorū sanguine madentes ma-
nus.

Suasit vetustas fatidica regi fore
victoriā, manus prius si conferat

Mutata quā sit luna. Luna no-
sumus :

Mox ergo lunā (milites) mutavi
mus,

tyrannus ut dignas scelere pœna
luat.

Let hear be the like noyse as before,
and after a while let a captaine run
after a souldier or two, wth a sword
drawne driveinge them againe to the
feild, and say as followeth.

CENTURIO.

Ignave miles, quo fugis ? nisi redis
meo peribis ense.

After the like noise againe, let souldiers
run from y^e feild, over the stage one
after another, flinging of their har-
nesse, and att length let some come
haltinge and wounded. After this let
Henerye, Earle of Richmond come
tryumphing, haveinge y^e body of
K. Richard dead on a horse : Catesby
and Ratcliffe and others bound.

NUNTIVS.

Sedata lis est. Juditiū Mavors tulit,
Iacet Ricardus, at Duci similis jacet.
Postquā feroces mutuò sese acies vident,
et signū ad arma classicū cecinit tuba :
sævus paratū miles in bellū ruit.
fugiente tandem milite, comitem videns,
equo Richardus admissio in illū ruit,
Catulis Nemaus ut furens raptis leo
per arva passim rugiens sævus volat.
Vexilla Comitiss fortè Brandonus tulit,
Cruore cujus hastam tepefacit suā.
Hinc se Richardo Chæneiū armis va-
lens
offert : Richardus hic viribus unā cadit.
ventū est ad hostem : quem validè solū
petit,
In Comite solo comorabatur ferox

Contrà, potenti dextra sese Comes
defendit : æquo Marte pugnatur diu,
donec tot hostes convolent illò simul,
ut ille multis vulneribus fossus cadat
O laude bellica inclytū verè ducem,
Si sæva Gallus arma sensisset tua,
vel pfidus fallens datam Scotus fidem.
Sed sccleris ultor cœlitū potens pater
est serò vitā, sed satis ultus tuā.

ORATIO HENRICI COMITIS.

Rector potens Olympi, et astrorū decus,
terrestriū qui pastor es fideliū,
et principū cujus est potestas cordiū :
tu læta Regibus trophæa collocas :
Nitida caput cingis corona regiū,
Solut deorū falsa vincis numina,
hostesq; generi affigis invidos suo :
Ingens honor debetur et gratia tibi,
qui splendidū triumphū indulseras.
Cedit tuis armata jussibus cohors,
Si strage quis sæviret Astyages ferox
Phrygiove Pelops rege natus Tantalo.
expectet ille Cyrū, et ultorem tremat.
Henricus audebat Richardū pellere.
At tu nitentis ô gubernator poli
Quem terra colit et vasta mundi fa-
brica,
dum corpus aura vescitur, nec ultimū
diem claudunt fati sorores invidæ,
teneros levis dum nutrit artus spiritus,
te laude perpetua canemus, debitas
tibi afferemus gratias, potens deus :
Tu bellū meis demandā viribus
mitis dabis, heu civibus pestem sua.
At vos graves passi dolores milites,
curate mox infecta membris vulnera,

crudele ne quò serpat ulcus longiùs.
Reliqui sepulcra mortuis mites date.
Et inferis debetur excellens honor.

STRAUNGE HEROS PUER, HEN. COMES,
STANLEIUS.

STRAUNGE.

Non semp æquor fluctibus rabidis tu-
met.

Non semp imbre Jupiter pulsat mare.

Non semp acres Æolus ventos ciet.

Nec semp humiles cæca calcant sors vi-
ros.

Aliquando fluctus sternitur rabidi ma-
ris.

Illico caput radiatus et Titan micat,
Pressosq; tollet æqua sors tandem viros,
rex olim exul Gallicis et Britonũ
latens in oris, victor en potens suo
regno potitur. Regis ó charũ caput
salve, tuq; lætus in solio sede,

multos in annos Angliæ verũ decus.
felix deinceps subditis vivas tuis,
fideiq; captivos tuos hos clemens cape.

HENRICUS COMES.

O Stanleiorũ chara progenies mihi.

O Straunge nobilis, en libens te con-
spicor :

quos mihi dedisti, reddo captivos tibi.

STANL.

Rediisse charũ patri salvũ filiũ

crudelis elapsũ tyranni dexterã,

exultat animus lætus, ó fili, mihi

pericula post tam dira quod sospes venis.

HEN. REX.

Regno mihiq; gratulor : regno, gravi

quòd sit tyranno liberũ : porro mihi,

quod sceptræ regni tracto regalia mei.

Quare supremo regna qui dedit deo

laudes canamus ore supplices pio.

FINIS.

Let a noble man putt on y^e Crowne upon kinge Henries head att the end of his oration, and y^e Song sunge wch is in y^e end of the booke. After an Epilogue is to bee made, wherein lett bee declared the happy uniteinge of both houses, of whome the Queenes majestie came, and is undoubted heyre, wishinge her a prosperous raigne.

EPILOGUS.

Extincta vidistis Regulorū corpora,
horrenda magnatū furemtem funera :
funesta vidistis potentū praelia,
et digna quæ cepit tyrannus præmia.
Henricus illustris Comes Richmondius
turbata pacavit Richardi sanguine,
Antistitis cōmotus Eliensiū
sermone fœlici, sagaci pectore
et gloriosi marte Buckinghamii,
tum Margaretæ matris impulsu suæ,
illustre quæ nostrū hoc Collegiū
Christoq fundavit dicatū sumptibus :
Quæ multa regalis reliquit dexteræ
nunquam laudatæ satis mentis suæ
præclara cunctis signa quondā sæculis.
Hic stirpe regali satus Lancastriæ
accepit uxorem creatam sanguine
Eboracensi : sic duarū fœdere
finiunt æterna domorū jurgia.
Hinc portus, hic Anglis quietis perditis
finisq funestæ fuit discordiæ.
Hinc illa manavit propago nobilis
hæresq certus, qui Britanni Cardinem
regni gubernas jure vexit jam suo,
Henricus Henrici parentis filius.
Qui verus afflictæ patronus patriæ,
tum singulis unū reliquit cōmodis
præstantius multò, licèt quàm plurimis,
Cum tam potentem procrearet principem.
Elizabethā, patre dignā filiā,

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